

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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WHAT ARE THEY DOING AT VASSAR?



VASSAR COLLEGE.

WE spent time enough in May, upon the ground, to essay answer to this question. And once for all we acknowledge the more than courtesy with which all parties, Chairman of Executive Committee, Treasurer of the Corporation, President, Professors, and Teachers, as well as students, helped us. Plainly one article in the Vassar creed is to afford proper opportunity to inspect the College, from its topmost turret to the lowest stone in the foundation.

Here there were, on the bright day when we reached Poughkeepsie, over three hundred and fifty young women.* Their average age was 19 years, but they ranged from 15 to 30. Of these the State of New York furnished 131; Ohio, 36; Pennsylvania, 29; Massachusetts, 28; Illinois, 25; Connecticut and New Jersey, each 17; Kentucky, 12; Missouri, 11; Indiana, 9; Vermont, 8; Maine, 7; Michigan and Wisconsin, 6 each; Canada, New Hampshire, and Alabama, each 4; Rhode Island, Minnesota, Iowa, Tennessee,

and the District of Columbia, 3 apiece; Kansas, California, and Arkansas, 2 each; while Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Georgia, Texas, and New Brunswick each sent 1.

We saw quite enough to convince us that these young women are seriously employed. It is claimed that there are not above six triflers in the whole number, a fact the more extraordinary when we know that the patrons of Vassar are as yet mainly from the wealthy and well-to-do classes.

Our question is one of practical interest. Great expectations centered about this college. So far, the anticipation that what it would offer to woman would be sought for, has been more than met. On the 20th September, 1865, when it was opened, over 300 applicants were admitted, and they were soon increased to 350—of whom 115 were from fifteen to sixteen years of age, and fifty-four of the more mature were from twenty to twenty-four. The first annual catalogue reported 353 students; the second, 386; the third, 339; the fourth, 362; the fifth, 382; the sixth and last, 381. Already Vassar is answering to a degree the wants of a stirring and productive

* Twenty-five students left before the close of the collegiate year, June 21, 1871. The students for the whole year have been 381.



GATEWAY AND PORTER'S LODGE.

people. We may see, further on, where its power to do this is somewhat limited.

The short answer to our question is: *Vassar College is educating women, in the true sense of the word—is leading out their own powers, bodily, mental, moral.* The impression is unavoidable if the observer use his facilities for judgment. The College has the old theory of symmetric discipline as the means to this end, and steadily pursues it—more steadily year by year. For its present students its ability is ample; and a chief element in its ability is location.

The whole region is famous, but many who know Hudson River scenery do not know the charms lying back from the river, and especially in the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie. Pencil and brush can feebly reproduce them; language conveys but a poor conception of them. Stand on Sunset Hill, on college grounds, three hundred rods away from the College, and eighty feet above it, two miles from the city, whose spires are just visible in the distance, and you take in the sight of a wonderful basin of beauty fifty miles square. To the northward, at a distance, are the Shawangunk Mountains—behind and over them, in misty outline, the far-off Catskills. To the south lies the Fishkill range, rugged and broken, yet holding the basin as with a wall that is a sure protection. Eastward and westward, too, you are shut in. The Hudson is invisible, for it flows through hills that are below you. Spread all around within this basin is every variety of lesser hill, with valley, running stream, and forest—touched in all directions by the hand of cultivation, and teeming with the best results

of American country life. So that when we saw it it was not hard to credit the statement of a traveled companion, that nowhere in Europe, save in rural England and on the plains of Northern Italy, can its wonderful attractions be paralleled. The lines of "the vagrant Childe"

were at once upon our lips:

"Oh! Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!"

In this area, at easy drive from the pleasant city, but so far from it as not to be disturbed by any of its excitements, and too far from it for annoyance by intruders, are set the two hundred acres of land which MATTHEW VASSAR has forever devoted to the purposes of "an institution which shall accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men." The accompanying plan of these acres was made from surveys by the first class in Trigonometry formed in Vassar College. Boundary and superficial lines are quite irregular, but all through are landscape effects which are gems of loveliness. A third of the two hundred acres is laid out and planted with a view to ornament, after a plan from Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux; the other two-thirds are worked as farm and garden, for use by the College family. As years bring the growth of nature, the fruition of this plan will display great results in the way of beauty.

Going out from Poughkeepsie, soon after entry upon the College grounds, you pass through the gateway and porter's lodge.

This structure is utilized by its affording two dwellings for the families of men employed upon the College Farm. At a straight distance of 1,000 feet stands the main College building, the roadway thither flanked right and left by evergreens.

But the out-door aspect of things which we have come upon is too delightful in good

weather to permit us now to enter it. We shall rather find at once some of those allurements with which Nature, here, is ever wooing the students to open air and to health. Let us start for Mill Cove Lake, marked O in the Diagram.

We shall find its surface, at almost any hour of the day, dotted with the College boats (there are six), the students rowing, while at the little wharves of plank, groups of expectants wait their turn. The view we present in SCRIBNER is faithful to nature and fact, as are all our illustrations. In winter the lake makes a capital skating-ground, and many students are proficient skaters.

One scene in the valley of this brook speaks so clearly for itself, that we insert it without further addition than to say that in the shadow of these trees, in warm days, many students may be found in study or in conversation. Or at the dawn of day some may

be gathering wild flowers. *Apropos* of that, the collecting of flowers for analysis and preservation is by no means confined to College grounds. Excursionists go miles away, and under proper guidance, for these prizes.

Another place to be admired is at no great remove from the College. It is a grove of willows whose roots have been swayed in the oozy earth by tempests among their branches, until their huge trunks stand leaning in picturesque confusion of outline. Painters and lovers of rural scenery have here a subject for their best taste and enjoyment.

Near these runs the brook. Anywhere the visitor may fancy that Tennyson had it for his inspiration when he wrote:—

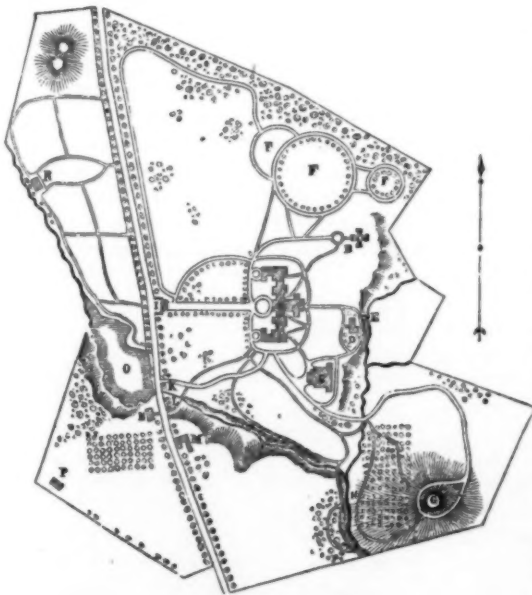
"I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows."

And other thoughts may be with him as he knows that he is standing by the little stream which pours its waters into the Hudson at New Ham-burgh, where so many souls went up that winter's night, in the baptism of fire.

Here is one limit of the Vassar Grounds, and this is one of the most captivating places in the whole domain. Half-wooded little hills approach each other, and the inwoven branches of trees with their covering of verdure form a shelter for the bed of this and another stream which come together. This second brook has run down from behind the Observatory, and the spot has been christened—"The Meeting of the Waters."

Still another place of beauty is the Glen, through which the brook in the rear of the Observatory has flowed. This last of our illustrations of natural scenery at Vassar is preraphaelite in its fidelity.

These superb facilities for producing the *mens sana in sano corpore*, and for developing æsthetic taste, are in constant use. By



PLAN OF FARM AND GROUNDS.

In this plan, A, is the College; B, the Observatory; C, Calisthenium; D, the Gas and Boiler-house; E, the Gasometer; F, Play-grounds; G, Sunset Hill; H, Casper's Kill; I, Gate and Porter's Lodge; K, Pump-house; L, Ice House; M, Barn and Stable; N, Farm House; O, Mill Cove Lake; P, Tenant House; R, Garden Store-house.

college regulation, each student, save in stormy weather, is to be out in the grounds twenty minutes every day, and sixty minutes every other day. They may go when they like, if not engaged in recitations or other College exercises, but go they must, and go they do. Nor has any instance ever been known of their disturbance in the freest use of all the grounds.

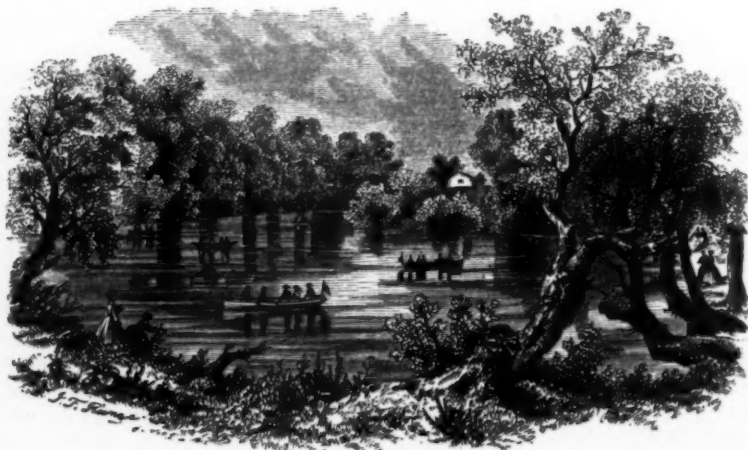
Northward of the College, on its front, lies a circular flower-garden, a half-mile in circumference, worked wholly by such students as enroll themselves members of the Floral Society.

It is an admirable sight to look upon these grounds, filled with bright and happy girls, walking, gardening, engaged in games, rowing on the lake, or occasionally making ready, in some shady recess, for work in class-rooms.

It is a constant joy at Vassar to see that bodily health is not to be sacrificed to any other object whatever, and that, so far as the result is attainable by means within its power, those whom it educates are to become physically well developed, vigorous, and graceful women, prepared to take enlightened care of their own health, and that of others under their charge. In the past training of our countrywomen this end has been so much neglected that we shall present in this connection, and for the sake of unity, what else we noted in our visit which induced us to

believe this. Diet and regimen were fully laid before us. We sat at the College table, and bear witness to its variety, wholesomeness, and fullness. No man can go with the Steward through all his department and miss the conviction we have expressed. These young women and their Faculty were eating 200 lbs. of beef, or mutton, or lamb, or 70 shad for dinner daily, after 125 lbs. of steak for breakfast. They consume 270 to 350 quarts of milk per day—80 quarts raised on the place, and the balance purchased; from 75 to 100 lbs. of butter daily; one-half barrel granulated sugar, 6 lbs. coffee, and 3 to 4 lbs. tea for the same time. Canned fruit of all sorts is eaten largely. Twice a week they did away at dinner with 160 quarts of ice-cream. The young ladies always increase in weight at the College, and, as a rule, dresses require enlargement three months after each arrival. Mrs. Grundy may regard such health as vulgar, but Mrs. Grundy's day goes by "in the good time coming" all the faster for this result. Farinaceous food abounds. From twelve to fourteen varieties of bread are on the tables, in profusion. Two articles, with bread and butter, are always supplied at tea. Twice a day they have some acid. Winter brings buckwheat and rice cakes, and twenty barrels of syrup are used in a year.

Regularity of employment and wise distribution of time are instrumental towards all



MILL COVE LAKE.



SCENE IN MILL COVE VALLEY.

that Vassar does for the body. Note a day's engagement. Ten strokes from the Messenger's room in the College building, delivered upon electro-magnetic bells which are connected with a powerful battery in the chemical laboratory (the bells at each end of the four corridors), tell the students, at 6 A.M., that the College day has begun. At 6:45 A.M. eight strokes summon them to breakfast. They must be by their seats, all eating in one hall on the first floor, at the thirty tables (twelve to a table), within three minutes, or explain their absence to the Lady Principal if they enter tardily. It is rarely that six students are behind time at any meal. A tap of her bell, all sit—and each silently invokes God's grace. Then they "loose the jesses of the tongue," and while eating indulge in free and cheerful conversation. Thirty minutes are given to breakfast. Students withdraw from this meal at any moment within the half hour, when excused by the lady presiding at their table. At dinner (1 P.M.) and at tea (6 P.M.) they remain at table until the bell gives a signal for rising. At 7:30 A.M. six strokes call to morning prayers at chapel, attended by the Lady Principal. Then follows morning "silent time" for twenty minutes. Each young lady is within her room, and is alone. Stillness is enjoined throughout the College, and no one is at liberty to intrude upon or to disturb another. Afterwards, till 9 A.M., is

recreation season. Then study and recitation hours commence. These are cut up into periods of forty minutes each, with intervals of five minutes for conversation, as follows:—

<i>Morning.</i>		<i>Afternoon.</i>	
Period I.	9:00—9:40 A.M.	Period VI.	Recreation.
" II.	9:45—10:25 A.M.	" VII.	2:45—3:25 P.M.
" III.	10:30—11:10 A.M.	" VIII.	3:30—4:10 P.M.
" IV.	11:15—11:55 A.M.	" IX.	4:15—4:55 P.M.
" V.	12:00—12:40 P.M.	" X.	5:00—5:40 P.M.

Forty and sometimes fifty minutes are given to dinner. Tea fills thirty minutes. Next are evening prayers, conducted by the President or a gentleman professor. The exercises are singing (from the Plymouth Collection), led by the student organist and choir (the last including teachers), Bible reading and prayer. After these comes "silent time" again. Evening study hour is from 8 to 9 P.M.; at 9:40 P.M. seven strokes tell that the retiring hour is near—at 10 P.M., ten more, that it has come, and the work day is over. Gas goes out, no noise is heard, and Vassar takes its rest. All this is a fact accomplished five days in each week. Saturday and Sunday have their own arrangement. The whole of Saturday after morning "silent time," the evening of Friday, and the unappropriated portions of all other week-days, are free to the students for recreation, for social visits, or for any use to which they may choose to devote them, subject to the rules and authorities of the College,



GROVE OF ANCIENT WILLOWS.

and within the limits required by order and decorum.

Calisthenics are taught in most approved forms. They are practiced in simple uniforms of gray, with red sash, and so practiced—for forty minutes every other day—as to give pleasure and impart health and grace.

Horseback riding is another means of life and strength. By trained horses, and under the care of a good master, this exhilaration gives its benefit to all who seek it in the riding school or open country. Our cut shows the Riding School room—its dimensions 60 x 120 ft. by 46 ft. high. The only larger one in the United States is that where the West Pointers practice their cavalry drill.

It is part of the duty of the Professor of Physiology and Hygiene to maintain personal supervision over the students' health. She is a physician, resides in the College, and besides her regular class instruction delivers occasional lectures to the students on matters pertaining to the care of their health. We found her order on the slate in the central stairway, where all the ladies read it as they passed, one morning, from breakfast to their rooms:—

“Open windows, ten inches, top to bottom. A. C. A. May 15.”

In the College Infirmary, not often used, complete arrangements provide for the comfort of the sick, and a competent nurse is in attendance. Isolated from the rest of the College,

with a southern exposure, with cheerful appointments in dormitories and parlor, it makes a place of rest acceptable to any who need temporary respite from duty.

This is, in part, what Vassar does for her women physically. But all the material endowment with which she started is to be taken into account in estimating her capacity and her achievement. Her provision was munificent, but so much has been said of it that perhaps a tinge of disappointment is the first impression as one goes from the gateway to the College. In the place of piles of buildings, here is but one College edifice, nor is it very uncommon to find structures of equal capacity. Yet this impression may be due to the fact that the College stands somewhat lower than the Observatory, and still lower than several points that are not far from it, and it does not continue. The more the one edifice is explored, the more commodious, serviceable, and praiseworthy will it be considered as an instrument for the purposes of its construction. It stands 500 feet in length by 200 feet in depth for the center building, and 170 for each wing. The wings and center are joined by connecting portions which appear in the engraving. The building is of dull red brick, the joints pointed in black mortar. Center and wings are five stories high, the connecting portions four. Each wing has two private residences for professors' families; in the center building at the

southern side is that of the President and his family. Entire privacy is practicable in these dwellings. In the central building are office, laundry, kitchens and store-rooms, college-parlors, dining-hall, library and chapel, art gallery, cabinets of natural history, laboratory, rooms for philosophical apparatus, studios for drawing, with lecture and recitation rooms *ad libitum*.

All the building of which we have not spoken is occupied by students' apartments arranged in groups, three sleeping-rooms usually opening into one study-parlor. There are accommodations for about four hundred young ladies. Some of the sleeping chambers contain single, some double beds. Ventilation is fully secured in all. The rooms are neatly carpeted and furnished by the College, and kept in order by a matron. Beyond that, curtains, pictures, books, etc., with the nameless ornaments of woman's taste, are left for the students' furnishing, to suit themselves. The height of the building in center, from foundation to dome, is 92 feet. Each partition wall is of brick, carried up from ground to roof. In every story is an immense corridor running back 12 feet from the front windows, 585 feet in length (counting the two wings), affording ample opportunity for exercise in dull or rainy days. Each corridor can be at once divided into five compartments by iron sliding doors, in pairs, connected with eight fire-proof walls. Iron pipes from four water-tanks on the attic floor pass down through all the stories, and distribute 20,000 gallons of filtered water, from a large spring, through the building, daily. Fifty feet of hose is attached to these pipes on every floor. A watchman traverses the building all night, and the engineer or his assistant is always on duty.

This brings us to mention the Boiler and Gas-House,

by which so great an establishment is furnished with warmth and light. It stands behind the College, at a distance of four hundred feet (its dimensions 84 × 42 feet), and covers four boilers, which generate sufficient steam for cooking and laundry service, and to warm all the rooms in the College, even in the severest weather, by means of over fourteen miles of steam-pipe—some of it at a distance of one thousand feet from its source. Water heated by the same agency is carried into all parts of the College. This building also covers two benches of gas retorts, capable together of making eighteen thousand feet of gas a day, with the necessary Center Seal purifiers and meter, and room for storing a large quantity of coal. The coal consumed in all the operations is from fourteen hundred to fifteen hundred tons per annum. The system of steam, water, and gas pipes measures over twenty miles.

In the College building, covering an area of 50,000 square feet, are 1,000 doors, 600 exterior and 150 interior windows, upwards of 800 rooms exclusive of the chapel, and the floors measure almost 200,000 square feet. There are ten external doors, and eight stairways



THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

from top to bottom. Over it run 6,000 feet of lightning-rods.

But our enumeration of the Vassar equipment in buildings is not complete. Besides the attractive grounds and farm, and besides the College, we find the Calisthenium, a little southeast of it. It is irregular in form, with a width of 130 feet, and an entire depth of 145 feet.

With the Riding School and Gymnasium it holds a Bowling Alley 30×82 feet, much used, if its need of new flooring when we were there be any index; stable accommodations in the rear for twenty-four horses, barn in the rear, at top, and dwellings for four families. Here also are the Hall of the Philalethean Society and numerous rooms for piano and vocal music.

In a position correspondent to that of the Calisthenium, but at the other end of the College, and northeast from it, is the Astronomical Observatory, which, as a feature of

Vassar, may warrant special description. Set upon the rock, its foundation is ten feet above the general level of the plain, which is here 200 feet above the Hudson. We present a meridian section and ground plan view. A A is the terrace from which the building rises; B, the native rock; C, the surface of the plain; D, in the ground plan, is a stairway leading to flat roof; E, is the transit room; F, the prime vertical room; G, the clock and chronograph room; H and K, the piers for same; M, the room for the equatorial telescope; N, an open stone platform; O, a covered platform of same material. The scale in these drawings is 48 feet to the inch. The octagon is 26 feet from face to face, and the dome above it is 25 feet 7 inches in extreme diameter. The wings are all of one size and form, 21×28 feet in extreme dimensions, making the entire length of the building 82 feet.

The basement of the wings is 9 feet high, but the floor of the octagon is $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the corresponding floor of the wings. The vertex of the dome is 38 feet above the foundation, its form hemispherical, on a cylinder of 2 feet altitude. All the walls of the building are of brick, and the piers for instruments, of stone. Platforms are of large stone, railings and stairways of iron. The octagon walls are solid, those of the wings hollow. The dome is of ribs of pine, resting on a circular plate of the same timber, and is covered with heavy sheet-tin. It revolves by an arrangement of iron pulleys, running on a circular track of iron. Wheels and crank are so provided that a force of ten pounds moves it, though it weighs one and a half tons. The opening in the dome for the telescope is twenty inches.

The Astronomical Professor resides at the Observatory, but has her meals at the College. The union of zeal for science and womanly culture, clearly the *genius loci*, strikes the visitor here at once. Certainly this was so at our first visit. When we went again, in the evening, it was plain that though *Do not touch the instruments* was one rule in the establishment, there were exceptions to it, for we have a recollection of labor at the wheels and crank before referred to, under supervision of the Professor, which



THE GLEN.

demonstrated their need of lubrication. But when that was done, we saw Mars if not stars, and though the night was a poor one for observation, give our witness to vision which showed the excellence of the great equatorial. When first mounted, indeed, it was second only to three others in the United States, in the size of its object glass. These were at Cambridge, Mass., at Hamilton College, N. Y., and at the Dudley Observatory in Albany.* The Professor has about the Observatory three smaller telescopes of good working power. One of them has revealed to the eye of the observer the time-star δ in Ursa Minor, of the fifth magnitude, at 10 A.M. Her class during 1870-71 has numbered twenty, and four of them are proficient. One young lady, from New York, resident graduate at the College, has ordered for her own use a \$400 telescope, now in process of construction. Careful study of the changes in the planet Jupiter has been the main employment at this Observatory for months past, and its results are stated in an article from the Professor in the last number of *Silliman's Journal of Science*.

The buildings named, with the pump-house, covering the water wheel and steam pump, which drives water to the reservoirs above the College edifice, and the requisite farm-houses, barns, vegetable depots, ice-house, spring-house, *et al.*, complete a collection which justified the compiler of the first College Catalogue in saying that Vassar could "challenge comparison with sister institutions everywhere for the perfection of its material arrangements." They make a possession consecrated to woman's elevation of which the world may be proud, are of course exempt from taxation, and have cost, with the farm and with

* Diameter of the object glass 12½ inches clear aperture; focal length, 16½ feet; hour circle, 18 inches in diameter, reading by verniers to four seconds of time. Declination circle is 20 inches in diameter, reading by verniers to 30 seconds of arc. It has nine negative eye-pieces, of powers from 50 to 1,500, for direct observation; and a finding telescope with object-glass 3 inches in diameter; also ring micrometer, large position Filar micrometer, with eight positive eye-pieces, and a spectroscope for the examination of the various spectra from celestial objects.



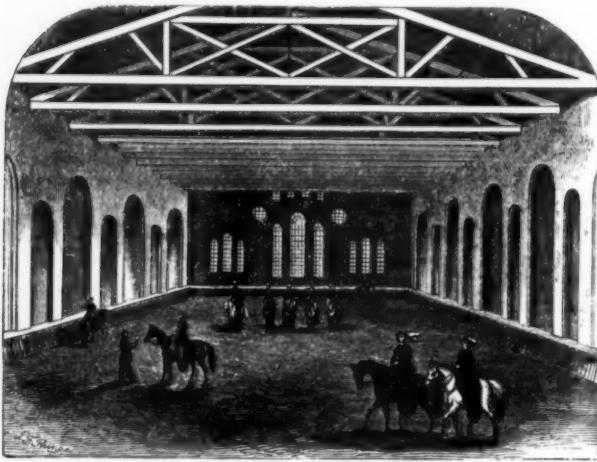
STUDENTS' CALISTHENIUM.

the apparatus, by the last report to the Regents of the University of the State of New York:—

College Edifice, including Gas and Steam House, Water Tanks and Ice House, \$341,484.93; Calisthenium, \$46,098.70; Grounds and Farm House, \$40,000.00; Observatory, \$6,040.85; Gate Lodge, \$6,684.00. Making total real estate, \$440,308.48. And other College property:—Library, \$8,303.44; Art Gallery, Library, and Materials, \$26,359.09; Furniture, fixtures, and outfits, \$64,522.79; Musical Instruments, \$11,000.00. Apparatus:—Chemical, \$756; Philosophical, \$3,675.62; Anatomical, \$767.35; Mathematical, \$200.00; Astronomical, \$8,108.44. Cabinets:—Ornithology, \$5,750.00; Zoology, \$1,216.41; Geology and Mineralogy, \$8,000.00. Stocks, \$1,000.00—\$139,659.14. Aggregate amount of College Property, \$579,967.62.

We can now inquire after Vassar's education of the intellect. What we have seen of grounds and buildings is the fundamental preparation for that.

The College year contains forty weeks, beginning about the middle of September and closing about the 20th of June. A short recess



THE RIDING SCHOOL.

is had at the winter holidays, and another in the spring; but only those students go then from the College who can do so and return within these intervals. Holding the idea of a College as a place where means are furnished for advanced intellectual, or for a *liberal* education, and understanding the term *liberal* in a distinctive sense, as opposed, on the one hand, to special or professional training, and on the other hand to popular or elementary training, the authorities at Vassar insist first upon certain requisites in students for admission; and second, when the students are admitted, insist upon guiding them in the selection and arrangement of their studies; so that time and strength may be economized, and that, within a reasonable period, one object may be secured—a symmetrical development and discipline of the whole mind, and a consequent preparedness alike for the general duties of life and for the more ready and successful acquirement of any particular profession.

Attempting this, they require all candidates for admission to be fifteen years of age and of good character, and do not receive students for any shorter period than the forty weeks of the collegiate year. It is to be hoped that ere long they may be able to take higher ground in this last respect. Applicants for any and every grade are examined in Arithmetic, English Grammar, Modern Geography, and the History of the United States. For admission

to the first academic or Freshman class, examination is had in the following, or their equivalents:—

Andrews's Latin Lessons; Caesar, four books; Cicero, four orations; Virgil, two books; History of Ancient Greece and Rome; Robinson's University Algebra, to Equations of the Second Degree; Quackenbos's Rhetoric; Physical Geography; Otto's French Course; Williams's English into French, first 50 pages.

In the Freshman class studies are common to all. In the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years they are elective, under guidance of

the faculty and with certain restrictions. At least five members are necessary to the formation of any class; and no student is allowed to take more than an equivalent for three full studies (a full study is that in which there are daily recitations five days in the week) at one time, together with an art study. The Freshman studies (obligatory) are as follows:—

FIRST TERM.—*Latin*.—Livy; German and Prose Composition. *French*.—Borel's *Grammaire Française*; Williams's English into French; Pylolet's *Littérature Contemporaine*. *Mathematics*.—Robinson's University Algebra. Lectures on Physiology and Hygiene. Exercises in Composition and Elocution. Lessons in Linear Drawing.

SECOND TERM.—*Latin*.—Virgil. *French*.—Borel, Williams, and *Littérature Contemporaine*, completed. *Mathematics*.—Loomis's Geometry. *Natural History*.—Gray's Botany, with laboratory practice and excursions. Exercises in Grammatical Analysis and Composition.

During 1870-71, the following has been the actual working of the Elective System in the three higher classes:—

In the first Term, and of the Sophomores, 49 (all the class) took English Literature, 45 Mineralogy, 40 Trigonometry, 10 took German, and 9 Latin. In the second Term, and the same class, 48 studied German, 43 Zoology, 29 Botany, 25 French, 17 Calculus, 12 Latin, and 5 Greek. Of the Juniors (132 in all) there were for the first Term, 29 in German, 26 in Natural Philos-

ophy, 14 in Rhetoric, 14 in Geology, 7 in Astronomy, and 3 in Latin. 2d Term, same class, 28 in German, 28 in Natural Philosophy, 22 in English Literature, 7 in Astronomy, 3 in Calculus, and 1 in Logic. Of the Seniors (22 in all), first Term: 20 studied Mental Philosophy, 18 Chemistry, 16 German, 7 Astronomy, 5 Natural Philosophy, and 1 Geology and Mineralogy. Second Term, same class: 20 were in Chemistry, 19 in German, 17 in Physiology, 6 in Astronomy, 3 in Calculus, 2 in Natural Philosophy, 2 in English Literature, and 1 in Logic.

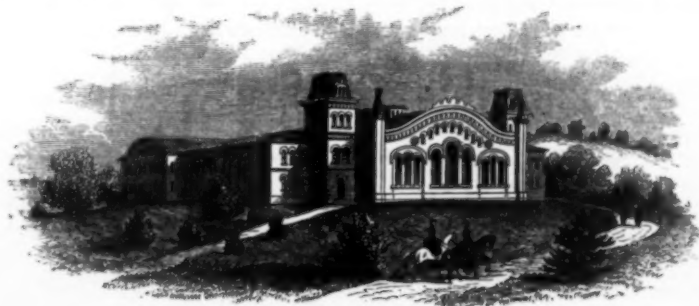
The Freshman class this year has numbered 66, the Sophomore 53, Junior 33, Senior 22; total 174.

In addition to this work with students in the College course, provision is made for special study by other women who are advanced in general knowledge, but seek to supply deficiencies in past education, or to pursue particular branches. For them special courses are arranged. This privilege is not offered to young persons in the regular process of their education. It is intended only for ladies of maturity, and such as are sufficiently well advanced in general culture to pursue study to advantage in the College classes; and to enter upon it the student must be eighteen years of age. It is gratifying to know that it is not an infrequent thing for "Specials" to enter the regular College course. During 1870-71 there have been 55 students in the Special course, and these have been their studies:

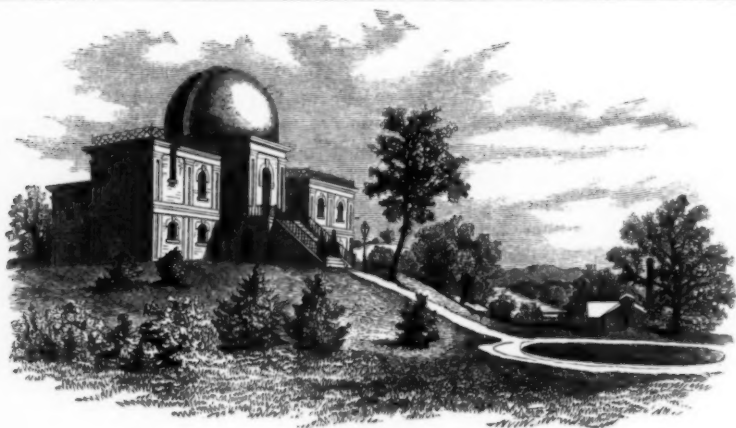
In the Preparatory Grade there were, for the 1st Term: 31 students in French, 19 in Latin, 10 in Rhetoric, 9 in Algebra, 2 in Physical Geography and Book-keeping. 2d

Term: 21 in French, 16 in Latin, 5 in Algebra, 4 in Rhetoric, 1 in Ancient History. Freshman Grade, 1st Term: 15 in French, 14 in Algebra, 6 in Latin. 2d Term: 14 in Botany, 11 in French, 7 in Latin, 7 in Geometry, 2 in Greek. Sophomore Grade, 1st Term: 26 in English Literature, 17 in Mineralogy, 5 in Trigonometry. 2d Term: 28 in Zoology, 21 in German, 7 in Botany, 5 in Calculus, 5 in French, 2 in Latin. Junior Grade, 1st Term: 16 in German, 7 in Astronomy, 6 in Natural Philosophy, 5 in Geology, 2 in Rhetoric. 2d Term: 7 in Natural Philosophy, 6 in Astronomy, 4 in Logic, 4 in German. Senior Grade, 1st Term: 13 in Chemistry, 2 in Mental Philosophy, 2 in German, 1 in Astronomy. 2d Term: 11 in Chemistry, 3 in Physiology, 2 in German, and 1 in Astronomy.

Besides "Regulars" and "Specials," there are at Vassar a large number of "Preparatories." For many young ladies desiring to take the regular four years' course are so far deficient when they present themselves (in a single branch of study or two) as to fall behind in examination. To make up in this direction, and to bring them where they can enter as Freshmen, or Freshwomen, they are received, and, according to the judgment of the Faculty, give attention to study in the direction of their deficiencies until ready to pursue the academic course. In 1870-71 there have been 141 such students. The same provision exists at present for students who contemplate becoming "Specials," and there have been 10 such Preparatories this year. Of course this work at Vassar is temporary, and will disappear as her general influence in raising the



THE CALISTHENIUM.



THE OBSERVATORY.

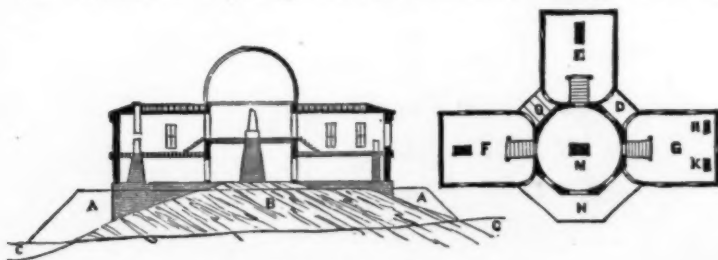
standard of woman's preparatory education is extended.

For all its departments of instruction the College has a Faculty of 37 persons, including President, Lady Principal and Assistant, 8 Professors, and 26 Teachers. Such inspection as we gave to their means and methods enables us to give some further answer to the question of this article. The President of the College is of course its chief executive officer. He fills also the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy. His text-books are Sir William Hamilton and Wayland's Moral Science, with lectures; and his instruction falls within the Senior Year. The Professor of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry, who is also Superintendent of College Grounds and Buildings, with his three assistants (ladies) employs Robinson's, Levin's, Stöckhardt, and Bowman's hand-books, besides lecturing on all subjects in his province. His facilities in apparatus and material are ample. The Professor of Physiology and

Hygiene does a work of which much has been said before this. Her medical lecture-room is equipped for instruction with skeletons of both sexes, a manikin capable of complete dissection, dissectible *papier-mâché* models of the eye, ear, and other organs, etc. Under her direction, dissecting is also practiced by students.

One feature of instruction at Vassar will be appreciated by all liberally cultured persons. Objects and specimens are placed freely before the students, who by inspection and by handling are made familiar with their nature and construction. Cabinets are rarely locked, in the building, and are always easily accessible.

The Professor of Rhetoric and English Language uses Shaw's Manual of English Literature, Whately's Rhetoric and Logic, with exercises in English composition which extend through all the course, and in special studies lectures on the history of the language, with illustrative readings. Students use the



SECTION AND PLAN OF OBSERVATORY.

note-book, and are questioned at a succeeding meeting upon all they have written. A valuable adjunct to his labors is the College Library, in charge of a teacher, but under his supervision. At almost any hour of day or evening it is full of students and instructors. Evidently its 7,000 volumes are for use. Already the books go beyond the proper capacity of the room, and call for wider quarters. Its departments are those of Natural History; Physiology and Chemistry; Education; Metaphysics; Religion; Encyclopædias;

sets of Reviews, domestic and foreign; Travel and Fiction; Ancient and Modern Language. They have been and are selected by each Professor according to the needs of his department. The Astronomical Library, of 200 volumes, is at the Observatory. In the College Library are the prominent daily papers of New York; the weekly papers (mainly religious) of all parts of the country, and some from Europe—German, French, and English; the monthlies of the United States and the Old World, for all of which the College pays. Once a week this Professor meets his three assistants for consultation.

In Natural History, its Professor, commencing with introductory chemical lectures, uses Dana's Manual of Mineralogy, lectures, laboratory practice, and excursions. In all lectures the black-board is of service. Specimens exhibited to the classes are subject to the hand, the file, or even saw, by the students, that they may know more than the names of objects they have shown to them. In 1870-71 the Professor and members of his classes have visited Mauch Chunk and Philadelphia, Pa., and the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, to study objects of interest to be found there. In the Museum of Zoology, with its 5,000 specimens, are two cabinets of South American birds, some of which are not to be found in the British Museum or the Garden of Plants in Paris that was.



THE CABINET.

Here are a hundred species of South American humming-birds, used as well by the Professor of Art to teach color, as by the Professor of Natural History. A peculiarly convenient and tasteful arrangement characterizes the mounting and display of specimens. A *workable* condition seems the result aimed at and secured. The Giraud collection of North American birds is connected with this department. Presented by J. P. Giraud, of Poughkeepsie, to Vassar, it is thought to equal any in the world, having many specimens from which Audubon made drawings for the *Birds of America*. The Herbarium is arranged in boxes for easy use. In care of this Professor, too, is the Cabinet of Lithology, as well as that of Geology and Mineralogy. Of the latter we present a view. It is on the fourth floor of the College, at the southern end of the center building; its area 24 x 75 feet.

The most thorough and advanced fruit of German university training is brought to bear upon Vassar students by the Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages. Three of his five assistants (ladies) instructing constantly in Latin, demonstrate the truth that in this College it is honestly believed and fairly acted on that for the purposes of the best education no means of disciplinary preparation has yet been discovered, so effective, as the study of the ancient languages, with abstract mathematics.



THE ART GALLERY.

We ought to say much more perhaps, than is possible, of Art instruction at Vassar. Our view of the Art Gallery shows the room which holds 130 oil paintings by American and European artists, 250 original water-color and pencil pictures, and 40 copies (by photograph and models) for the illustration of architecture and sculpture, with a thousand rare volumes of works upon the fine arts. Its size is 30 x 96 feet, with dome 40 feet high, and skylight at either end of the room.

The Professor of Painting and Drawing has just procured the addition, from Europe, to its treasures, of the following rare plaster casts:—Bust of Pallas Velletri (Paris); Niobe (Rome); Jupiter Atricoli (Rome); Young Augustus (Rome); Clitia (London); Dante cast on nature (Rome), with statue, original size, of Apollo Belvidere, in Rome; Venus de Medici (Florence); Cupid (London); and statues 2½ feet high of the Discobolus in Repose (Rome); of Apollino (Florence); The Borghese Warrior (Rome); Jason (Rome); Venus of Milo (Paris); and four bas-reliefs of the panels of the bronze doors of the Baptistry of St. John in Florence, made by L. Ghiberti, 1422-1424 A.D. Drawing, so far as it is obligatory upon all students, is taught after a system elaborated in 1600 by Albert Dürer, by which profile and front of any object being measured and drawn, the object itself is done away with, and the pupil then draws it in all positions and every situation.

Education in Music is under the charge of a Professor, with eight lady assistants. It is taught in lessons and by lectures, and illustrated by concerts and historical recitals. The last have been highly commended by foreign musical journals, as well as sought after and imitated in Europe. There are thirty-four pianos of diverse manufacture, an organ of twenty-five stops in the chapel, classes in choral singing and individual instruction in vocal music, teaching in musical theory, etc. One hun-

dred and fifty students give such attention to it as may not be inconsistent with proper regard for other parts of their education. The musical library has a rare collection of old music of all nationalities. Letters frequently come, asking for ladies who have been under the musical training at the College, to fill positions in all parts of the country. The programme of its Celebration Concert of the Beethoven Centennial Anniversary, December 14th, 1870, given by the Cecilia Society of the students, will convey to many of SCRIBNER'S readers, some idea of their proficiency.

1. SIXTH SYMPHONY—Pastoral, op. 68, arranged for two pianos; Misses LOUGH, CLARKSON, BRACE, BLAIR. 2. ADAGIO—Sonata, op. 10; Miss E. CORNELL. 3. ALLEGRO—Sonata, op. 7; Miss M. YOUNG. 4. WONNE DER WEHMUTH; Madame RAYMOND RITTER (Assistant). 5. LARGO AND RONDO—Sonata, op. 2, A major; Miss L. PHILLIPS. 6. KENNST DU DAS LAND; Miss A. BALLARD (Teacher of Singing). 7. ANDANTE—Sonata pathétique, op. 13; Miss M. RAYMOND. 8. FIRST SYMPHONY—Op. 21, 2d movement; Misses EMERSON, HINKLEY, MILLER, SHOUSE. ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR F. L. RITTER; Subject, BEETHOVEN. 9. SECOND SYMPHONY—Op. 36, 2d movement; Misses ADAMS, DU BANT, KELLOGG, CLEVELAND. 10. ANDANTE AND ALLEGRO—Sonata, op. 57; Miss A. SANFORD. 11. ADELAIDE; Madame RAYMOND RITTER. 12. FIFTH SYMPHONY—Op. 67, 1st movement; Misses S. RAYMOND, MCBAIN, SAGE, SHEPHERD. 13. THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING; Sung by a Chorus of 100 young ladies.

In nearly every class-room in the College, so far as we could judge, commerce between

instructor and student is so carried forward as to draw out the student's power of observation and disposition towards inquiry. No system of marking as to scholarship exists at Vassar, and it has no non-resident professors.

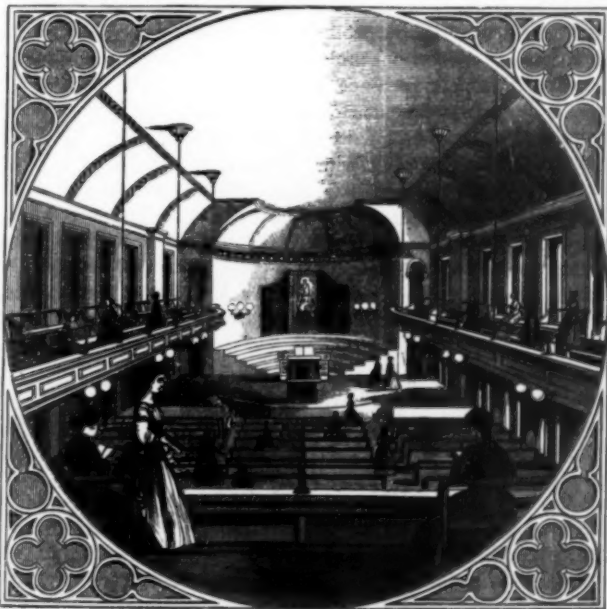
But what are they doing at Vassar for the moral and religious training of their four hundred young women? We met the students in service and worship, mingled with the teachers of different religious denominations, conversed upon the subject with students, teachers, professors, President, and patrons, and can answer that there is at the College a positive desire and endeavor to make it a "School of CHRIST—a place where His word and doctrine shall be taught in purity and power, and where His renewing and sanctifying Spirit shall continually dwell."* Its directors aim to keep it free from all sectarianism. The founder wrote with his own hand, at the age of 75, February 26, 1861:—

All sectarian influences should be carefully excluded; but the training of our students should never be intrusted to the skeptical, the irreligious or immoral.

And despite everything which to a mind bent on suspicion might indicate preponderating denominational influence, we are persuaded that Trustees and Faculty are carrying out the wishes he expressed. The President's instruction in Moral Philosophy and the Evidences of Christianity,—a daily service in the chapel, on the second floor of the College, which will seat six hundred persons,—one preaching service on the Sabbath by the President or a good representative of any order of Evangelical Christians, whose preaching is sought for by correspondence or otherwise,—Bible Class instruction, upon which all students

are expected to attend,—daily and weekly meetings for prayer among the students,—the "silent time" already spoken of,—private conference with individual instructors,—a "live" Society of Religious Inquiry, building up an interest in Christian missions,—sewing circles of the young ladies for benevolence,—such are the means by which attempt is made to cultivate religion. A Sunday at Vassar is very attractive. Almost all the students are in the building; few avail themselves of the privilege of attending church in the city. Breakfast comes at 8 A.M.—preaching at 11 A.M.—Bible classes, social and other religious gatherings, are scattered through the hours, but not permitted to become burdens. General religious life in the College does not appear obtrusive, but can be discovered as real. Every one joins in attributing marked influence in this direction to Miss Lyman, lately Lady Principal.*

* Hannah W. Lyman was born at Northampton, Mass., in 1816; and educated mainly at Ipswich, Mass. She began teaching in her 18th year at Gorham Academy in Maine, and pursued it at Mrs. Gray's Seminary in Virginia. For many years she taught at Montreal in Canada. Called to Vassar College at its



THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

* P. 14 of College Prospectus, issued in 1865.



BUST OF MATTHEW VASSAR.

As to social and domestic life in Vassar, gratifying results have already been attained in developing the feeling that, being women, and being together in a single edifice, with active good influences about them, these students are of right more to each other than young men in our colleges are soon likely to be. We cannot prolong statements to show this. We may not speak of their bearing towards each other, or towards their instructors. We cannot write of their Philaethean (Literary) Society, with its organization by chapters; nor of Cecilia, the voluntary association for advancement in music, nor of the Society for improvement in French and Natural History. The Students' Shakespeare Clubs, for study and reading of the immortal bard, their chess club, their college papers, college colors, etc., must be left unnoticed. And the College lecture course, as well as the Philaethean's more popular course, the latter provided by a committee of their number, can only be named. Their holidays—Thanksgiving, the Birthday of Washington, the Founder's

opening, she stamped much of herself upon it, and died there February 21st, 1871.

Birthday, the Annual Concert of Prayer for Colleges—must have the same treatment.

But one thing to be mentioned well shows the *animus* of the present Faculty at Vassar: their steady pressure of advice, counsel, and example, on the students, against extravagant adornment in dress. The late Miss Lyman felt very deeply as to this, and labored zealously against it. And the College is helping to hasten the era of good sense in the removal of this curse upon American women. This, notwithstanding the impression, somewhat widely diffused, that Vassar is solely designed for and exclusively adapted to the wealthy.*

On the other hand, if any conviction be left with special force upon the mind, after such fair and full inspection as we gave, it is this, and we want the public to share it: that the spirit of the place is a strong desire to have its facilities for education enjoyed by the greatest possible number of women. The great needs of Vassar to-day are two—the dis-

* The cost of tuition and board *per annum* is \$400, and no extra charge is made for any instruction, except that given in private lessons to individual students in extra-collegiate studies, namely, music, riding, or the arts of design. The total income of the College for the year ending June 22, 1870 (the last available statement), was for board and tuition, \$153,476; sundries, \$5,190.17; total, \$159,566.17. Expenditures: Salaries of instructors, \$37,731.70; of officers employed and servants, \$23,933.13; table expenses, \$53,121.74; fuel, \$16,100.39; repairs, \$16,713.17; total, \$147,600.13. Excess of revenue over expense, \$11,966.04.



MATTHEW VASSAR'S BIRTHPLACE.

tinct confidence of Christian men and women, in her welcome recognition as the Woman's College of no sect, but of all who love our Lord, and the coming forward of men or women to complete the work its Founder began, by making such endowment as shall enable the Trustees to lower the rates of tuition to the daughters of clergymen, and to other young women, who cannot now afford the really moderate cost of education there, but are looking by hundreds, with eager eyes, towards the college doors. That they are looking, is matter of positive knowledge to the authorities.

The life-work of Matthew Vassar was put into this Institution.

Some day his statue should be set in the College grounds, as his portrait, by Elliott, now adorns the College chapel—but his best

memorial is to be in the women his munificent donations will elevate and bless. One hundred and thirty-five have already been graduated in its first five classes, besides the many who did not study for a degree. Mr. Vassar's gifts, besides the grounds, buildings, furniture, and apparatus, were, by his will, a fund of \$50,000 for the annual increase of the Library, Cabinets, and Gallery of Art; another of \$50,000 for a Lecture Fund; a fund for the aid of students needing pecuniary assistance, of \$50,000, and one of \$100,000 for the yearly repairs of the buildings. It was a long way from his humble birth home in English Norfolk, a view of which we print, to the great College whose picture is at the opening of our article; but he trod it, and the time to come will hold him as one of the best benefactors of the world.

LIFE IN THE CAUCASUS.

THE Isthmus of Caucasus, as it is called, lying between the Black and Caspian Seas, has been, until lately, almost a *terra incognita*, for independent of the predatory character of many of the tribes, some portions of the country were for more than sixty years, with short intervals, at war with Russia, thus rendering it unsafe for travelers. It is but seven years since the long struggle ended.

Stretching away on either side from the Caucasian Mountains, whose tops are covered with perpetual snow, it embraces within its limits twelve different tribes, that remain distinct as though they constituted different nationalities. They have even different religions, and yet the entire territory is less than 700 miles long, with a varying breadth averaging a little more than a quarter of its length. Many of these tribes live by plundering each other, and are distinguished for ferocity of character. The two best known to Europeans have been the Circassians and Georgians, renowned for the remarkable beauty of their women, who for a long time have supplied the Sultan of Turkey with the young hours of his harem.

The chain of mountains that traverse this strange country is impassable except in a few

places, and with its profound abysses, precipices, torrents, and avalanches, beats back the hardy adventurer who would scale its summits. The great water-shed of the country, the streams on the one side flow into the Black, and on the other into the Caspian Sea. The latter receives several large rivers into its bosom, from which they never emerge. No outlet carries off this eternal flow of water, which in olden times gave a mysterious character to it. Some dark subterranean channel was supposed to constitute the outlet; but modern science has shown that the water escapes by evaporation. Notwithstanding this endless influx of fresh water from several broad rivers, this inland sea of between six and seven hundred miles long is never freshened. Sunk nearly 400 feet lower than the ocean, as though the crust of the earth had once given way where it spreads, its yellow, turbid, tideless waters lave a desolate, sickly shore.

The whole Caucasian country is peculiar, both in its physical character and the character of its inhabitants. Portions of it possess great mineral wealth, and abound also in mineral waters, while in some districts fountains of petroleum and naphtha burst through the sur-



COSSACK POST.

face. The people, imbued with a love of freedom and possessed of indomitable valor, long withstood the whole power of Russia; but at length were compelled to submit to her sway. This, however, over the fierce mountain tribes is more nominal than real.

The present century opened badly for this wild, secluded country. First, in 1800, Georgia, after a fierce struggle, fell into the hands of Russia. Fourteen years later four other provinces succumbed. In 1828, Armenia with Erivan; the next year several other tribes,—it was thirty years before another was conquered; last of all, just sixty-four years from the time the conquest began, Circassia abandoned the contest as hopeless.

This was five years after the indomitable chieftain Schamyl was made prisoner. This incomparable general, who has just died, 74 years of age, held for years the attention of the civilized world by the heroic, successful resistance he made to the overwhelming power of Russia. Dim accounts of battles and victories came out of those gloomy gorges; but the details of his wonderful campaigns, his marvelous endurance, heroic courage, and unbounded sway over his devoted, untamed followers, were all unknown. If his history is ever written, he will take his place beside Tell, Winckelried, Hofer, and other heroic leaders who have battled bravely for freedom. On the inaccessible heights and in the deep gorges of the Caucasian Mountains, backed by the fierce and haughty tribes that laughed at death, he contested long and nobly against overwhelming odds, and at last, after years of unparalleled struggle, in which deeds of daring were performed and narrow escapes effected that would read like a romance, he was sur-

rounded in a fortress and taken prisoner. His greatest and most successful campaign was in 1849. The brilliancy of his strategy, and the plan and fury of his battles can only be inferred from the results. A true account of them will probably never appear, as the proper materials for it have doubtless not been preserved among those wild tribes, while those which Russia could furnish would be one-sided and unreliable.

In that year the Russian army under Godovin had made extensive conquests in Caucasus, and established a great number of forts, to be held permanently for the complete subjugation of the people. But Schamyl, concentrating his troops, who regarded him a prophet as well as their military leader, by a succession of masterly movements flung himself on this chain of forts with such suddenness, skill, and resistless fury, that he carried them one after another with a rapidity that astonished and paralyzed his enemy. He drove the whole Russian army back from his soil, leaving the mountain slopes and gloomy defiles piled with their dead. It was hoped that this would end the contest, and this brave chieftain be left to the freedom of his mountain home. But it was impossible by any means to exhaust the military resources of Russia, and a new invasion was planned. In the year this great campaign was fought, that electrified the world, William Wilson, since dead, wrote the following stirring lines upon it:—

Hear ye the hurricane sounds that come
From far-off mountain lands,
Where legions marshal to bugle and drum,
And bondsmen bare their brands?
Their fetters and fears to the winds they have given;
Their country, their homes, and their cause to Heaven!

Like the desolating locust cloud,
The spoilers blight the plains.



COSSACKS PLAYING CHECKERS.

And the blaze of freedom's sun they shroud
 With carnage, blood, and chains;
 Like the rush of the mountain cataract,
 The patriot warriors shall bear them back.

How Manhood spurns at the name of slave,
 When raised from slavery's dream!
 How nerved each arm that wields the
 glaive,
 With vengeance in its gleam!
 While thickly the autocrat's savage hordes
 Are sinking beneath their chivalrous swords!

The deep-voiced winds with freedom roam,
 The waves with freedom roar,
 As mountain-like they crested foam
 To the quaking cliff-bound shore;
 And the warrior land, late an ice-bound
 sca,
 Hath mustered the might of its wrath—and
 is free!

With him perished the last hope of the brave mountaineers of Caucasus. Said this proud Tartar chieftain once to an envoy of the Czar that had been sent to propose terms to him:—"I do not compare myself to great sovereigns, I am only a Tartar; but my marshes, my forests, and my defiles make me more powerful than they. If I were able I would pour consecrated oil on every tree of my forests, and mingle sweet-scented honey with the very dirt of my roads, so dearly do I love them." One day he was hemmed in by the Russians, with every avenue of escape strongly guarded, so that his capture seemed certain. At last he took refuge in a cavern with his few followers, and a shout of joy arose from his pursuers. But this cavern had another opening on the banks of a stream, and while they were closing cautiously around one entrance, Schamyl was hastily throwing together a raft at the other, on which he embarked; and by the time his enemies had penetrated his retreat he was far away, borne swiftly down by the rapid current. There seemed no end to the protracted struggle until the Russians absolutely occupied the entire country, and whenever they took a village burnt it and established a fort there, from which detachments operated in every direction. After the close of the war several tra-



TARTAR.

velers passed through the country, and among them a French artist by the name of Moynet, accompanied by Alexandre Dumas. A Russian also traversed it, sketching many of its picturesque scenes, but paying especial attention to the different types of men he encountered. In this sketch we shall give only some of those illustrations that show the peculiar physical characteristics of the people. Hommaire de Hell and Blancard also penetrated this region about the same time. The artist whose sketches are here reproduced left Astrachan, one of the most remarkable cities of the Russian empire, in 1868, and made an

extended trip, though it did not embrace the whole country.

The whole of Caucasus is unlike any other portion of the eastern continent, not so much in its scenery, though that is peculiar, as in the various and distinct tribes that make up its population. The Cossacks—lying as it were between Russia proper and the wild hordes of interior Caucasus, and furnishing a sort of barrier between the two—are tolerably well known. A daring, chivalrous tribe of barbarians, almost living on horseback,—the most fearless riders of any land,—they have not only by their deeds of heroism, but by a sort of savage nobility and grandeur of character, given a dash of romance to their very name.

The mode of traveling through their country partakes of the character of the people. It is headlong, dashing, reckless. Their "posts," or places where horses are changed, are usually surrounded by an enclosure pier-

ced with openings, and capable of a stout defense. A tower of observation is reared in the center in time of war, constructed ordinarily of fir-trees or timbers, as it may be, sunk in the earth, so as to make a square, and of a height corresponding to the character of the country to be overlooked. On the top is laid a floor, roofed over so as to protect the watcher from the weather. A pair of stairs or a ladder goes up to this, and there a Cossack stands day and night on sentinel duty. To one of these four upright timbers, or posts, a bundle of tarred straw is hung, attached to a pole. When the watcher discerns danger in the distance he detaches the pole, and, setting fire to the straw, lifts it on high. The brilliant flame, being at such a lofty elevation, can be seen at a great distance, and as the posts are only a few miles apart, the alarm spreads so rapidly that troops scattered here and there are soon concentrated at the required spot. The accompanying en-

graving is of one of the same character, though more elaborately finished.

They have their villages, varying in population from a thousand to two thousand inhabitants, and surrounded by a palisade with two grand entrances. Beside the gates are two donjons, formed like a square, where a Cossack sentinel can hold a post of observation. Formerly a horse was kept saddled at the base to be sent off with the first alarm, but since the conquest of the country only the forms of a warlike post remain. The Cossacks are splendid horsemen, and in attacking a train hardly check their wild career, but pass like a whirlwind through it, taking their booty with them. While under full headway they will leap to the ground and spring again to the saddle with the ease and agility of circus riders—in fact, like them, will stand in the saddle and ride at a headlong gallop over the uneven country. They consider themselves superior to the ordinary Russians, on whom they delight to play all sorts of tricks.

In traversing Caucasus from north



A YOUNG NOGAY.



NOGAY CHILDREN.

to south, the traveler, after leaving the Cossack country, strikes the vast arid plains called steppes, over which roam those strange people, the Kalmucks and Nogay Tartars. The religion of the former is a sort of alteration from Buddhism. Their ragged tents, scattered over that part of this desolate region which they appropriate to themselves, are estimated to contain 15,000 families. In 1771, unable to endure the vexations of Russia, they, like the children of Israel in Egypt, moved off in a solid mass into Asia,—two millions and a half of them,—a sufficient answer to those who doubt the Biblical account of the number Moses took with him.

Like flying camps, these villages of tents move from place to place as the impulse seizes the owners. As the traveler comes upon one of these vast camps at mid-day, no signs of life meet him. All is silent and moveless on the desolate burning plain on which they are pitched. The men are away, pillaging from neighbors not of their own race, while the women and children hide themselves in their ragged tents from the rays of the sun. The interiors of these tents present an indescribable medley of trunks, valises, chests, saddles and bridles, and old clothes, piled in a confused heap together—spoils which the men have gathered in their forays.

The fireplace alone shows that it is the habitation of a family. This, in winter, serves the double purpose of cooking, and a place for the children to sleep in, who roll themselves up in the warm ashes to protect themselves from the cold. These, even up to ten years of age, go almost entirely naked in the summer-time, for the heat in these desert plains is then intense. In the winter, when the cold wind sweeps unchecked over them, all huddle together in their ragged tents, which often for days are blotted out by the snow-drifts that cover them.

Clad in a dirty shirt, with bagging pantaloons, red morocco boots, and woolen cap encircled by a huge band of sheepskin with the wool on, the Kalmuck presents a singular appearance. He has a debased countenance, high cheek-bones, and long disheveled hair. Though small in stature, this child of the desert is strongly built, and tough as iron. Theft is regarded as the proper business of life, and is practiced with an adroitness hardly conceivable. He will take away a simple peasant's animal right before his eyes. Theft he impresses on his child as a religious duty, and how to succeed in this, his only proper occupation, is the sole education he gives him.

The Nogays, or Nogais, divide with the Kalmucks these vast steppes. They are a Turkish race, peaceable in their habits, and tillers of the soil. In other respects they resemble the Kalmucks in their manners and mode of life. Burned by the rays of the sun in summer, and swept by the biting winds and long, frightful snow-storms in winter, they lead a miserable, suffering existence. Between 1856 and 1860 more than 300,000 of these nomads emigrated to Turkey. No particular reason was assigned for this extraordinary emigration. Whether, driven by the vexations of local authorities they hoped to find, a spot where they would be free from them, or whether, drawn there by their Mohammedan faith, or moved by some report that reached them of a land like that of Canaan, flowing with milk and honey, is not known; but village after village struck its tents and moved southward, till more than 300,000 bade farewell to their native steppes.



NOGAY.

They sold all they could find purchasers for, and abandoned the rest. Their sad route was marked by dead bodies of entire families that had perished with famine and fatigue. Typhus fever seized those who were able to reach their place of destination, and with no medical skill to combat the disease, it raged unchecked amid the dirt and filth and privations of the unhappy victims. They fell rapidly before it, until the vast plain on which

they had pitched their tents became one great charnel-house. When the disease had run its course, only a mere handful of the whole 300,000 remained, and these became miserable beggars among the large towns and cities. At length their distressed condition became known to the Russian government, which, taking pity on its old subjects, offered aid to those who wished to return to their country. Many accepted it, and took their

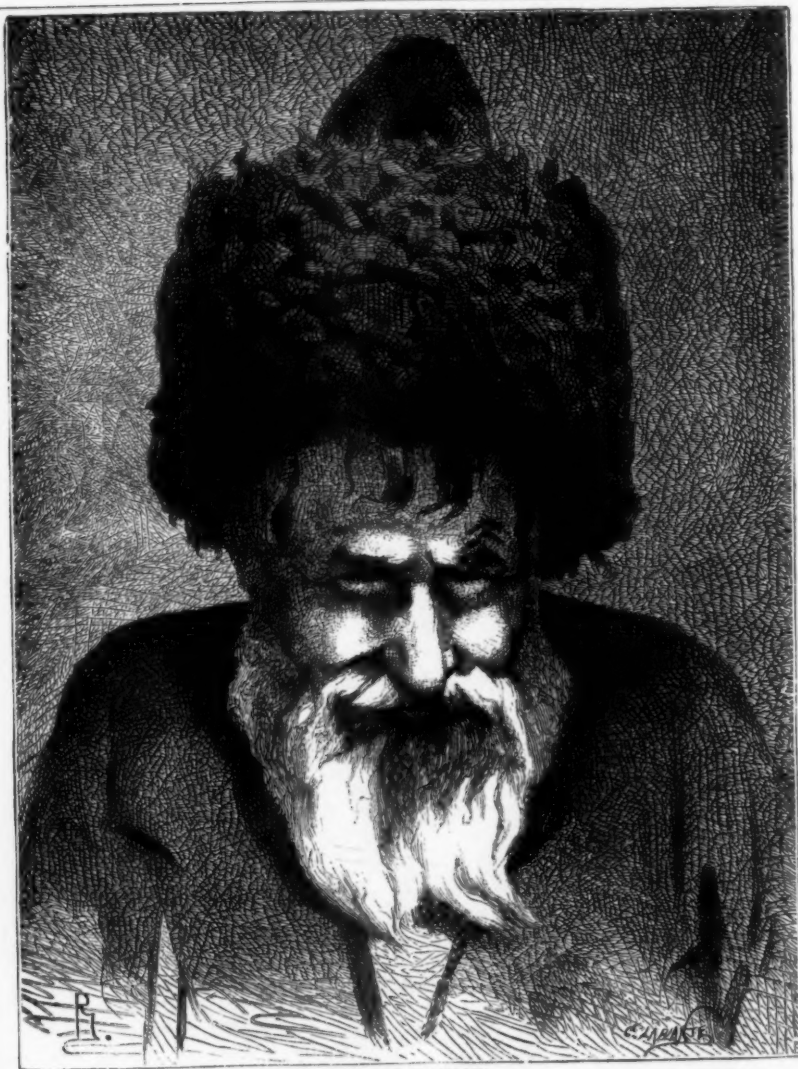
weary way back to their old desolate tenting-ground.

A Russian traveler in passing through Caucasus met those broken, half-starved, ragged bands, which filled the air with curses against Stamboul and their own stupid folly in leaving their homes. They had come to a halt, and the animals, unloaded or unhitched from the wagons, were scattered around, browsing the dry stunted herbage covered with dust. The men, to pass the time, were

hollowing from pieces of wood rough spoons and cups, to sell to the peasants that might pass that way. The women, some of them, were occupied in patching together all sorts of rags; others were preparing a thin miserable soup, out of such scraps or herbs as they had been able to gather together, while the children swarmed like flies around the kettle, in the hope of snatching a morsel to stay their famished stomachs. One part would reproach the other as being the cause of their miseries,



BOHEMIAN FORTUNE-TELLER.



BOHEMIAN OF MOZDOCK.

and altogether they made a deplorable spectacle.

There are now, it is supposed, about 400,000 Nogays in Caucasus, many of whom speak the Russian language quite purely, showing that they are not wanting in native intelligence. Klaproth, who gives, in his work on voyages, history, and geography, a description of the different tribes of Caucasus, says the Nogays are of dark complexion,

Mussulmen in their religion, and number 8,432 families; that of all the Tartar tribes they resemble most the Mongols in the shape of their head and their physiognomy. From this he concludes that the two tribes have once been mixed. He denies, however, the statement made by many modern writers, that they speak the Mongol language, but rather the remains of an ancient Tartar dialect. Many families ordinarily live together.

The number composing an "Aul," as it is called, is determined by the number of kettles in the society; for every family must have its own kettle. Milk forms their chief nourishment; though they have various kinds of cheese. They are very fond of mare's milk, and hence horses compose their chief wealth. Out of this milk they concoct a kind of brandy, of which they are very fond, and on which they are constantly getting drunk. The women are quite beautiful, though dark. Yet it is very remarkable that their women of quality—the aristocrats (for they have their social distinctions)—are white, and of a lively disposition. Their priests have to study six or seven years in Turkey, but the people are deplorably ignorant. It is singular that the women of quality of this wandering, ignorant tribe should be of the same complexion as their neighbors, the beautiful, the brave, and prodigal Georgians.

The latter, though bearing the Caucasian type, are superb specimens, physically, of men and women. Walking the streets of one of their large towns one will every now and then meet a man dressed like a prince—his glittering arms at his side—who might have stood as the model of Apollo Belvidere. But, like the Nogays, they are fond of the wine-cup. At a dinner party no table is furnished, but a carpet is spread, around which are arranged low seats. No glasses are used, but the master of the house fills a horn richly ornamented with silver, and, merely putting it to his lips, passes it to his neighbor, who drains it at a single draught. This continues to go round until an amount of wine is drunk that seems incredible. They keep it up till all are stretched helpless on the ground.

The native wine which they drink does not easily produce inebriation; but this is necessary to a Georgian's happiness, and so he has invented a sort of metal bottle with a spiral neck, which, by making the wine circulate in its long course, favors evaporation. The orifice is large enough to admit the nose when he drinks, so that the fumes go into the head at the same time that the liquor goes into the stomach. This double process enables him to get drunk quicker than he otherwise would, and thus accelerates his anticipated happiness.

The Georgian always goes armed, and as he never will fire a blank cartridge, the firing off of guns on a fête-day is often attended with the loss of life.

But perhaps one of the most singular customs of this beautiful and brave race is the blessing of the waters, which takes place in January. Alexandre Dumas witnessed this once in his journey through the country. Snow having fallen on the mountains, whose distant peaks gleamed white against the sky, the air was chilly; yet all who descended to the Koura river were dressed in summer clothing. To make the contrast more striking, the river bore through its green banks cakes of ice which it had brought from the cold heights of the central region.

About two hundred fanatics had assembled to throw themselves into the stream, and take a bath which they believed would wash away their sins. Several battalions of Russian troops, in bright uniform, lined the gravelly shore, while two batteries of artillery crowned the bank, ready to fire a salvo the moment of the benediction. A grand tent of blue cloth was erected on the shore, and a plank run out over and just above the stream. The entire clergy, with the archbishop at their head, all clothed in dazzling costumes, were grouped on either side on the bank. A multitude of spectators covered the balconies and terraces, the gay and variegated colors of the dresses giving to the human mass the appearance of a vast mosaic, while the town, from its amphitheater of hills in the background, looked quietly down on the strange yet magnificent spectacle. The archbishop and clergy at length slowly advanced to the central tent. Immediately the poor sinners took off their clothing—the bell struck twelve, when the cannon thundered forth their salute—the battalions fired a rolling volley, the trumpets blared, and the military band struck up a stirring air. The archbishop then advanced to the brink and dipped the double cross in the water. This was the signal to the stripped sinners to plunge in, and one after another they sank in the icy flood. Some could not stand the cold, and with chattering teeth paddled back speedily as possible to the shore; but the greater part, considering this sinful,



BOHEMIAN WOMAN.

took a regular bath. This was all. The shivering wretches at length crawled out one after another, the crowd slowly dispersed, and the ceremony was over. There seems no reason why midwinter should be chosen for it, except that the colder the water the greater the expiation.

But though we have confined ourselves in these illustrations to the lower types of the Caucasian tribes, the majority of these barbarians are high-minded, generous, and often chivalrous in their notions of honor, while a braver people does not exist. Once, in a battle with the Russians, an old mountaineer was wounded and taken prisoner. A Russian surgeon went to him, took care of him, and cured him. He was so old and feeble that no one dreamed of his escaping, or else cared nothing about it, and he was left unguarded. The result was that he soon rejoined his tribe.

Five years after, a young warrior of the same tribe came to this surgeon and told him his grandfather was sick and about to die for want of a physician, and asked for his services. The surgeon at first, being suspicious, refused to go, but at length, overcome by his entreaties, consented. When away from camp and on the road, the young man handed the doctor his pistols, saying: "On the first sign of treason in me shoot me." At their arrival at the designated place the surgeon found that the pretended sick man was the old warrior whom he had cured five years before. He was then told, to his astonishment, that the Russian camp would be attacked next day and destroyed, and to save his life he had been sent for, and must remain with them till after the battle. True enough, the next day the camp was attacked and swept like a hurricane. The surgeon was then set free, and returned to the Russian lines.

At another time the Russians laid siege to a village, the walls of which rapidly crumbled to pieces under their heavy fire. In the village was a mother with a new-born infant. The besieged, finding at length that resistance was hopeless, unfurled a flag of truce, when the firing ceased. Soon two men advanced from the gate, accompanied by a woman bearing in her arms some object wrapped in linen



AN INTELLIGENT COURTESANCE.

cloth. Meeting the Russian flag, they said to the officer in charge:—"We know we can hold out but a little longer, but we prefer to die rather than surrender." Meanwhile the woman advanced, and, uncovering the bundle she carried, exposed to view a new-born infant. "Before dying," continued the brave soldier, "we have come to ask if some one of you will adopt this infant." The strange request was granted, when the two soldiers and the mother went proudly, serenely back to their crumbling village, and the firing commenced. The battle raged with terrific fury; but at last the place was carried by storm, when the conflict continued in the streets. The enraged Russian soldiers set fire to the village and burned it to the ground, but not a soul surrendered—each died with his face to the foe.

The long struggle of these brave tribes against their oppressors is full of such touching instances of chivalry, honor, and tenderness, joined with unparalleled heroism.

The Russian poet Lermontof, sent as envoy to the Caucasians, has made their brave endurance the theme of one of his poems. After apostrophizing their grand mountains, around which gathers the cloud and sweeps the eagle, he says:—"The races that inhabit thy wild abysses are savages. They are born in war, and for war they grow up. The infant enters life in the midst of battle, and in battle will finish his career. They have but one word, 'The Russian enemy.' It is with this word the mother breathes into the infant on her knee an indomitable courage, and teaches it to show no mercy to a foe. He is faithful to friendship, but still more faithful to vengeance. His love and his hate are both unbounded." But in traveling through this strange country, faces of other type than the Caucasian are met with. The Greek beggar presents a striking contrast, both in form and feature, to the proud, warlike native of the mountain. Bands of these forlorn mendicants slowly toil along the wretched highways



GREEK BEGGAR.

in the summer-time, pushing on even to Moscow. Their tattered garments hang in rags around their filthy bodies. The Russians are full of pity for these poor creatures of the same faith as they, especially for the friars or monks, and give liberally; and there is no doubt the latter return to their own sunny clime in winter with well-filled purses. They have but one story to tell to the Russian traveler; they say, "Me Greek—me brother of Russian—nie orthodox—me very poor orthodox." And to prove their orthodoxy they make the sign of the cross after the Russian fashion—that is, by putting the hand first on the breast, and then on the right shoulder, and last on the left. And lest any one should doubt their story of poverty, they will arrange their rags in a way to increase the traveler's disgust at the spectacle they present. If he seems to remain unmoved they pull apart their rags and exhibit any sore or infirmity that disfigures their persons. The greater part of them, however, notwithstanding their feeble gait and manner, are strong as Hercules, and single-handed can master an ox.

By the side of this vile multitude is another



GREEK BEGGAR.

class of beggars that presents a very different appearance, though equally tricky with them. They scorn to be put in the same category, for they do not journey on foot—they "give themselves the pleasure to travel through blessed, sacred Russia" in carriages. They are monks, or at least wear the costume of the order, and are full of wonderful stories, in which they never weary of enlarging on their ascetic lives and of the martyrdom they have suffered for orthodoxy. Although they never refuse the smallest pittance, yet they prefer to make their appeals to the rich merchants and to women, and invariably return home well supplied with money.

With the exception of the great military roads, the highways of Caucasus are always in a dreadful state. Occasionally the peasants will assemble and fill up the gullies and miry

holes with brush, but this is all; hence the traveler is compelled, in the main, to go on a walk. If he complains of the slowness, the driver coolly remarks: "The slower you go the farther you will get." Especially after the autumnal rains the roads are almost impassable, and overturns and breakdowns are of constant occurrence; but so desperately slow are the vehicles compelled to move that lives are seldom lost. Add to this the rudeness of the inspectors of stations, and a journey through Caucasus is full of discomforts. Accustomed to fault-finding, and sometimes to heavy blows from travelers, they become brutal and indifferent to their wishes. At one station the drunken inspector, separated from you by only a single wall, will spend nearly the whole night in excruciating psalmody. At another an old man will invite you to hear

him play an endless variety of airs on the flute.

The "Bohemians," or, as we call them, gypsies, abound in Caucasus; yet on the arid steppes they retain the same distinctive characteristics that they do in England and on this continent. But there they move in large bands. Wagons filled with baggage of every variety and description—beds and kettles and tents—with the swarthy heads of the women and children peering above the mass, present a curious tableau. A cloud of dust usually marks the course of the miserable procession, out of which arise discordant sounds, cries, and frightful oaths. Establishing themselves in the neighborhood of a large town, they ply their various vocations,—chief among which are horse-trading, theft, and fortune-telling. It is singular how this strange, wandering people should not only arrogate to themselves the power to foretell the future, but everywhere find such multitudes to believe them. Perhaps it is their isolated wild life and mysterious appearance that make them seem like beings connected with the supernatural, and give them such power over both men and women.

A Russian traveler in his rambles through Caucasus came upon a band of these, and made sketches of some of the most marked characters. He found that a little money would secure a sitting, and he began his work. But he had completed only a few faces before a rupture of a comical character occurred. One day the whole band crowded around him, loading him with reproaches, and heaping all sorts of opprobrious epithets upon him. It turned out that the hand of one of the band, whose portrait he had sketched, had become diseased, and they leaped at once to the conclusion that some sort of poison had been inoculated in the process of taking the likeness, and they cried out as he appeared, "You are a demon,—you bring diseases upon us."

They had no idea at first of the object of the artist in desiring a sitting, or in fact what he was after—they thought only of the pay they were to receive. But when they saw the likeness of themselves produced on the paper they were astonished, and looked upon it as a

species of necromancy. The effect was ludicrous. Some, on seeing themselves as it were in a mirror, laughed outright like children,—others became suspicious, as if the devil or some other malign influence had reproduced them in a manner wholly unaccountable, and they would steal silently away; and no bribe, not even the strongest to them, "drink-money," could tempt them back again. The beggars were the most docile subjects.

But who are these Bohemians or gypsies, and where did they come from? Savans have in vain tried to answer this question. The simple and only well-known fact is, that they are found scattered over Europe, Asia, and even America, and that their physiognomy presents a type wholly exceptional to the races they wander among, and seems to point to a southern origin.

There are other wandering tribes,—in fact, one would think in passing through Caucasus that almost the entire population was nomadic. The Tartars that live in the neighborhood of the Black Sea migrate from the plains to the mountains and back every year. The lowlands are hot and unhealthy, and they stay there only about four months in the year, during which time they lead a miserable life. Knowing, if they put material of any value into their houses, that when they leave in the spring the first passing tribe will plunder them, they build the most forlorn structures in which to hibernate. As soon as spring comes all is commotion, and the entire village prepares to depart. The day of leaving is looked upon as a fête-day, and each one puts on his or her gayest apparel. Their march is gay and noisy, and they leave behind them a vast cloud of dust as they press on towards the distant mountains, amid which they expect to rove for eight months.

The camel of this country is of a fine breed, and when trained to the course is remarkable for his speed—swifter, it is said, than those of any other country. He is indispensable to the wandering Tartar, though he is often unmercifully abused. The death of one in camp is always an occasion of both grief and joy—grief at the loss of a valuable animal, and joy at the prospect of a great feast.

SOME OF THE FRENCH LEADERS.*

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE FOURTH OF SEPTEMBER.

CERTAIN members of the Government, who had been long distinguished as deputies of the opposition, remained identified with the opposition when the Empire no longer existed to be opposed,—and this because they failed to identify themselves with anything else. Their reputation was as intimately associated with the ill fame of the Empire as is that of a district attorney with the crimes he denounces to justice. Hence, by an odd but explicable paradox, these men, who had represented the Republic under the Empire, wellnigh represented the Empire under the Republic. Their title to office was the most superficial of all,—they existed only in the most superficial stratum of the situation, and, in truth, seriously hindered the expansion of what was more profound. These men were, Eugene Pelletan, Jules Ferry, and Ernest Picard.

ERNEST PICARD.

M. Picard was perhaps the most robust personality at the Hôtel de Ville. His force, like that of Bismarck, was largely due to its concentration within the arrogant limits of this personality. The immense breadth of his shoulders seemed to constantly suggest the jostling of crowds out of the way. The reputation of their owner was founded on a single element, his aggressiveness. His wit had the point of a rapier and the force of a cudgel, and he lived by his wit as others by their wits. Member of the famous group of Five that in the Corps Législatif constituted the original nucleus of the opposition, he had been for years the life of the house, with his brilliant invective and pitiless sarcasm. With such weapons had he relentlessly pursued Baron Haussman, Prefect of the Seine. So actively had he denounced the edile munificence of the Imperial favorite, that he had grown to be regarded as a sort of tutelary genius over the plundered finances of Paris.

On this account was he named Minister of Finance on the 4th of September, not for anything he had ever done himself, but for his vivacious criticisms on what others had done.

The latter days of M. Picard at the Corps Législatif had been embittered by much complex vexation. Radicals had arrived among the deputies who threw the ancient cuicuncx of opposition quite into the shade, and whose criticism of the Empire entirely eclipsed that still ventured by Picard by its vehemence, if not its wit. Nothing is so intolerable as to be surpassed, during one's own life-time, by one's own disciples. It is like tasting beforehand the bitterness of death and the ingratitude of posterity. M. Picard recoiled further and further from the Left wing of the house—he occupied solidly the Left center—he cast longing eyes on the peaceful benches of the Right, of the majority, undisturbed by heresy and schism. But, second irony of fate! His friend and colleague Ollivier gained on his movement of reaction precisely as Rochefort and Gambetta had surpassed his movement of reform. Ollivier went over to the Empire, while Picard was still hesitating in the delicacies of doubt. The rupture of friendship was already a severe trial, but it was intolerably aggravated by the rapid promotion of his friend. Picard lived to see Ollivier Prime Minister, but his own hopes of advancement were suddenly blasted by the untimely intervention of the Republic and the ruin of the Empire. Nevertheless, he consented to embrace the Republic, but with just that shade of magnanimous spite with which a woman sometimes marries a man who has interrupted other matrimonial negotiations that she would have greatly preferred.

It might, however, be expected that a man so practical and supple as M. Picard would know how to accommodate himself perfectly to the new situation, and to make the most of the golden opportunity that fortune had thrown into his lap. He was to devise or create the funds needed to pay the troops,

* These sketches are from a MS. History of the Siege of Paris, written there before the occupation of the capital by the Government of Versailles.

to manufacture cannon, to support the families of the National Guard, to clothe the poor and feed the hungry. He was called upon to restore to Paris the autonomy of whose privation he had so long complained, and to vindicate the city of whose fortunes he had so long been the champion. To this rôle M. Picard seemed fitted by his antecedents and by the tenacity of his character; by his faults and by his virtues; by his ambition as well as his ability; his vanity no less than his sagacity; his self-love, and whatever disinterested affection for Paris and for the Republic really found room in his capacious chest amidst the torrents of abuse he had so long accumulated to lavish upon their enemies.

But what general would desire peace who only received his pay during the battle? What physician is really anxious for the permanent disappearance of epidemics? What lawyer, for the reign of brotherly love among men? It is the fatality of those who owe their success to the public calamities they attempt to avert, that the future of such success is annihilated by its completeness, and the public benefit, once assured, is a source of private misfortune to the benefactor. What was to become of M. Picard when there should no longer be any Haussman to attack, any Emperor, any Empire? No majority to make fun of, no President Schneider to dismay, no Rouher to put in a passion? A frightful abyss of nothingness yawned before him,—that into which the march of events had precipitated all his enemies. In his consternation, honest Picard was led to regret his enemies, and to hate the march of events. The "wise moderation" of an immense number of conservatives has no other real reason of existence than the instinctive desire to prolong the period of their own importance. Their wisdom is merely the self-preservation that is the first law of every creature. Hence, closer scrutiny into the case tends to considerably dampen the first confidence inspired by consideration of M. Picard's antecedents, abilities, and antipathies. Reason is discovered to fear that all the public action of the new Minister of Finance would be dominated by a certain discontent, by an instinc-

tive spite against the situation; that he would restrain himself to a dogged consistency to everything he had ever said, and be at pains to ignore that anybody had ever said anything else, or that the situation required anything new; that he would be ridiculously stingy in public expenditure, merely because M. Haussman had been ridiculously extravagant; that he would be tender towards Bonapartists because they recalled the day of his bygone usefulness and consequent greatness; that he would be pitilessly sarcastic upon the Republicans, partly because they survived him, partly because he had no one else to fling at; that he would be philosophic in regard to the Prussians, would sneer at Paris, and discourage the defense; that, with all these criss-cross motives at work in that ponderous breast, and animating that strong, compact brain, it was more than probable that M. Ernest Picard would lend but sorry aid to the immense task imposed upon the Provisional Government; and would, moreover, harass, scare, frighten, ridicule, and domineer over all his colleagues whose breadth of shoulders and width of girth were less ample than his own.

JULES FERRY.

As to M. Jules Ferry, first known as political writer for *Le Temps*, it were difficult to decide whether he should be regarded chiefly as the shadow of M. Picard, or as that of M. Jules Favre. In the latter capacity had he been elected as deputy from the Faubourg St. Germain, in 1869. In the former, he had distinguished himself by the invention of a *mot* concerning M. Haussman, which he had placed at the service of his elder brother in arms. He had nicknamed the Prefect's Reports, "*Les Comptes Fantastiques de M. Haussman.*" The *mot* had the effect so frequently due to *mots*, since Richelieu legalized their function by the foundation of the *Académie Française*—it made the fortune of M. Jules Ferry. Upon it he was sent to the Corps Législatif; on account of it, after the revolution of September, he was installed Prefect of the Seine, and later, after the resignation of Etienne Arago, appointed Mayor of Paris. His individuality was not sufficiently distinct to furnish the elements for a predic-

tion of his political career, otherwise than that it would be an ambitious imitation of that of his associates.

TROCHU.

The military element of the situation was naturally represented in the Provisional Government by General Trochu.

Trochu was a noted and honored name in the Orleanist party, and he had manifested his fidelity to his political principles by his persistent refusal to compromise with imperialism. As soldier, he had been aide-de-camp of the famous Marshal Bugeaud, and had carried his orders on the 24th of February, when the insurrection of Paris won its victory over the victor of twenty battles in Africa. He had fought in the Crimean War, in Italy, at Solferino. But his reputation was based, not on any military exploit by which he had distinguished himself, but on a book that he had published in 1867, to criticise the organization of the French army. This effort of audacity, remarkable on the part of a professional man, was said to have debarred him from all further advancement in his profession. In reality, however, it made his fortune; for on account of it, on the one hand, he won an immense share of popular confidence; on the other, he was promoted to the post of Governor of Paris during the last days of the Empire. The members of the Palikao cabinet—the most hardily Bonapartist of any that had been in power since the days of Maupas and Morny—felt the ground give way beneath their feet, and summoned their Orleanist enemy to their assistance. Trembling with rage and ill-concealed fear, they flung the reins of government into the hands of the man who had opposed and criticised them, with the spiteful injunction, “Do better if you can.”

Trochu had every reason to desire to do better, and his friends might have reason to hope that he had every capacity. A Breton, a sincere Catholic in the midst of general scepticism, a simple soldier, intent on doing his duty unmoved by the brawl of politics or the noisy clamor of personal ambitions, loyally faithful to the monarch who had tried to govern France on the model of an honest bourgeois family, summoned from his dignified

seclusion by enemies compelled to render homage to his unobtrusive merit—Oh, who so fit as General Trochu to inspire the confidence due to uprightness, modesty, simplicity, and good faith?

Nor were these moral qualifications all possessed by the President of the Provisional Government to entitle him to his position. The opinions and judgment expressed in his book afford the most favorable indications of the author. This book is admirably written. The style is so clear and animated, that the reader the most ignorant of military details is fascinated as by a novel. These same details are discussed with all the technical knowledge of an instructed officer, and with a breadth and elevation of judgment of which such officers are not always capable. The author seems entirely above the ordinary mediocrity which is ready to sacrifice an end for the sake of routine fidelity to the means. He takes the greatest pains to distinguish between the means and the end, and ascribes to moral influences, or the motor power of an army, an importance equal to that of its executive apparatus or material force. In the service of an unjust cause this force is secretly weakened and finally melts away, however imposing its nature and whatever its immediate success. The General desires that the army be to the nation like his sword to a just man—ready at need to enforce his argument, but never drawn until this argument has failed on account of the obduracy of the hearts to whom it was addressed. He plans an organization of the army that shall serve as a means of moralizing the people, instead of constituting an inexhaustible source of demoralization. He rejects the conscription; he demands that the obligation to defend the country be imposed upon every young man destined to take rank among its citizens. This obligation is intended to combat personal egotism by the continual association with the interests of society, and with the duties owed to the State. On this account the General avoids the substitution of one egotism for another, and condemns the adoption of the army as a professional career. “Old soldiers,” declares Trochu, “are the most unreliable part of the army. Their courage and endurance are

nearly always measured by the most sordid calculations of their possible profits. The idea of their rights always primes that of their duties, and accumulates a latent fund of discontent that may break out at any moment, and the habit of mutinous grumbling is rendered all the more dangerous from the peculiarly independent character of the French soldier."

Trochu analyzes this character with much *finesse*, and insists on the impossibility of subjecting to Prussian discipline men who were absolutely uncontrollable except by the influence of an idea. This might be true or false, profound or superficial, just or absurd, selfish or generous, but it was always an idea, and no habit of brute obedience could replace the energy of its action. "The national army," says Trochu, "always reflects the character of the nation." The most distinctive characteristics of the French people depend on the remarkable predominance of the intellectual element over the rest of their nature. To this are equally due the virtues for which they are admired, and the faults for which they are condemned. To this are no less due their inconstancy to a purpose that seems unattainable.

What remarkable good fortune had furnished such a chief as Trochu to the militia army of Paris, where all the peculiarities of the French soldier were necessarily enhanced to the utmost! What rare coincidence had placed at the head of the Provisional Government a man who knew so well the influence that may be exerted by authority, on a population always inclined to seek its inspiration from above, and to reverence Government as the most concentrated expression of society! What an opportunity was offered to the moral forces of the situation, when this situation was controlled by a man like Trochu, so accustomed to place in such forces his supreme confidence and deliberate esteem!

And, as if to render the Governor of Paris the very hero and darling of the National Guard, his book contained a criticism on the education of the soldier, that seemed to singularly fit him for the command of inexperienced troops. He denounced as superfluous or vicious much of the drill imposed on

the soldier, much of the education conferred on the officer. "One consideration alone should regulate military exercises—not their effect on parade, but their effectiveness in time of action." "A good gymnastic training was preferable to many cumbrous technicalities actually enforced, and invariably thrown aside in the heat of battle." A few rules—bodily endurance and agility; confidence in their leaders; these are the essentials in a soldier's training, and these may be obtained in comparatively short time under pressure of sufficient motives, and may convert raw troops into invincible heroes. What remarkable chance of success was added to that of the defense, when its chief, called upon to improvise an army at such a frightful emergency, to break with routine that the situation rendered impossible, to forego precedent, of which the situation was deprived, to originate a plan which the situation alone could equal in originality—what good fortune, I say, that this chief was the author of such a book, and was named Trochu!

Nevertheless, certain details in the panegyric that we have found reason to pronounce excite a shade of distrust on second reading. This loyalty to Louis Philippe was but a singular guarantee for successfully weathering a crisis that had revived all the slumbering passions against the Orleanists. Diplomacy modeled on the administration of a bourgeois family might prove as corrupting, and as inadequate to the vaster needs of society as had been the administration of Louis Philippe itself. The greater the fidelity of Trochu to the memory of this monarch, the greater the danger that he would imitate his eminently respectable crimes.

Again, this sincerity of religious faith may be said to imply much less a nature elevated above the ideas of his time than depreciated below them. A sincere Catholic dangerously resembles a sincere Jesuit, and the sincerity of a Jesuit is but another name for perfidy. Catholicism was but a rotten reed to oppose to the Lutheran mysticism of the Prussians. Belief in the miraculous intervention of St. Genevieve was little calculated to strengthen the feeble knees of the defenders of Paris.

Breton superstition would be scarcely capa-

ble of dealing with the mocking population of Paris, skeptical, or borne in the current of a new belief that filled the pious soul of Trochu with horror. But even the graces of his book contained certain omens unfavorable to the military success of the General. Its literary talent greatly exceeded any that he had been known to display as a soldier, and yet he was a soldier by profession. Now, a man who distinguishes himself more highly outside of his profession than in it, is rarely a distinguished member of the craft to which he belongs; moreover, the talent exhibited by Trochu was peculiarly incompatible with military genius. His prose was graceful, elegant, flowing, exhibiting nothing of the terse brevity and concentrated energy that characterizes the speech of a man accustomed to energetic action. Innate capacity for mastering the brutal facts of war is inconsistent with the facile suavity that wins laurels at the Institute.

Finally, this criticism upon the army, like that of Picard upon the Empire, had been made without the least expectation that it would lead to any practical result. On this very account had it been addressed to the public, and plunged like a sword into water. To tell the truth, the technical reputation of Trochu was not high among his colleagues, and, from a certain point of view, his book might be likened to the popular dissertations on Hygiene written by doctors whose theses have been refused at the Faculties of Medicine.

It was, therefore, unfortunately possible that the sagacious critic, like the critical orator, might at the most important moment find himself paralyzed by the reflex influence of his own inefficacious speech.

GAMBETTA.

The national element of the situation was represented by Gambetta. This selection was purely accidental, for nothing in Gambetta's antecedents indicated that he, more than any other, was especially fitted for this rôle. Named Minister of the Interior on the 4th of September, he did not leave Paris until the 13th of October, and during the interval his individuality remained merged in that of the other members of the Provisional Government.

But from the moment of his arrival in the provinces the "indomitable Gambetta" rose to the height of the situation, at least in so far as regards the conception of its necessities. His figure stands out in energetic relief against the inertia of his colleagues, and the ineffable platitude of the rural districts. Alone, he seemed to be inspired by the tradition of 1792, and dreamed of imitating its achievement. His imagination was haunted by the memory of St. Just, as he paraded the guillotine in the streets of Strasburg; or of Danton, whose stentorian voice resounds through history with the cry: "De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace." But what may accomplish a single voice, a single will, even though the one possessed all the power of Danton, and the other all the inflexibility of St. Just? Mirabeau would have been accused of gasconade had he lavished his invective on the inhabitants of the Byzantine Empire. Robespierre would have been as impotent as a Damascus blade to cleave a feather pillow had he been surrounded by a troop of eunuchs, sent to his assistance by the Sultan of Turkey. No wonder that the energy of Gambetta failed before the general inertia; no wonder that his voice resounded faintly, as a trumpet blown in space exhausted of air. Sound requires not only an organ of utterance, but a medium of vibration—not only a tongue to articulate, but an auditory nerve to respond.

There was nothing in his antecedents that could indicate the special character of his rôle. By a whimsical contradiction, Gambetta, who intrinsically had nothing to represent, was the only person in the Provisional Government who consistently represented it.

JULES FAVRE.

The Republican element of this situation was unquestionably represented by Jules Favre. This was the "eminent man" who, by foreigners, had so long been regarded as the weightiest champion of Republican liberty in France. Consistently with the foreign preponderance of his reputation, M. Jules Favre was now called upon to defend the Republic by assuming the portfolio of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. His reputation was European, like that of Lamartine, the illustrious Min-

ister of Foreign Affairs in 1848. The fame of Lamartine was confounded with that of his eloquence. The renown of Jules Favre was inseparable from that of his oratory. The more sonorous the eloquence, the larger the audience chamber required for its exhibition. All Europe had constituted the audience chamber of Lamartine. M. Jules Favre instinctively addressed himself to all Europe. M. Jules Favre, like Lamartine, had frequently spoken in favor of the Republic before fortune offered him the opportunity to render it an immense and practical service. In 1830 he had demanded the abolition of royalty and the formation of an *Assemblée Constituante*. In 1835 he defended political criminals before the Court of Peers, and opened his pleading with the affirmation, "I am a Republican." In 1848 he mingled with the crowd that flocked to the Hôtel de Ville, on the 24th day of February, to salute the Provisional Government. Under this government he had served as secretary to Ledru Rollin, Minister of the Interior. After the *coup d'état* he retired for six years into private life and the lucrative practice of his profession, but finally consented to take the oath of office he had at first refused, and was then elected deputy to the Corps Législatif. Here he remained in steadfast opposition to the Empire, and as a more or less steadfast champion of the Republic, until the revolution of September swept him upwards to a post of far wider responsibility.

The primitive nucleus in the character of Jules Favre was that of a lawyer. As a lawyer he had begun to plead for the Republic when, in the person of Raoul Bravard, he defended the victims of the *coup d'état*, assailed afresh in the infamous prosecutions of 1853. Then he had opened his suit against the Empire, and he closed his case when, on the third of September, 1870, he pronounced the destitution of the Bonaparte dynasty. He consecrated to the Republic his talent as advocate. But this was far from all that he offered in homage to the cause. Unlike as possible to Ananias and Sapphira, he brought forward spontaneously all that he possessed, all his opportunities, all his renown. Two or three years ago Jules Favre was nominated

member of the Institute, and succeeded to the *fauteuil* left vacant by the death of Victor Cousin. His inaugural address on this occasion was a *chef d'œuvre* of Republican eloquence, and justified the long expectancy of the crowd that had waited five hours before the Institute doors in order to secure places to hear it. The oration teemed with the innuendo so dear to the Parisian heart. Everything it said was intended as a simple index to something it did not say. The official eulogy on the eclectic philosopher served only as a pretext for pungent sallies against the Emperor. Victor Cousin was left in the shade befitting his shadowy principles; and discreetly as his own faith veils his skepticism did his name serve as a transparent medium for that of Louis Napoleon. On this occasion the new member of the Institute seemed to concentrate all his abilities, all his fame as orator, scholar, man of letters, philosopher, and citizen, into a single triumphant effort to stigmatize the infamy of the Empire, and to vindicate the honor of the Republic. His success rivaled that obtained by Lamartine at the prophetic banquets of 1847. And such noble emulation unquestionably became Jules Favre's motive power when the day arrived for him to inherit the position of Lamartine at the Provisional Government, as he had succeeded to that of Victor Cousin at the Institute. Although I have certainly never been honored with an admission to the secret communings of M. Jules Favre, I have always been persuaded that in that awful secrecy the Minister of Foreign Affairs communed much less with himself than with the shade of his predecessor. Whenever the uninitiated spectator of the siege of Paris failed to understand a trait in the character or policy of Jules Favre, he had but to turn over a page of history and read the explanation in Lamartine.

The ideal to which aspired the ambition of Lamartine was much less the salvation of the Republic than the glory of himself as its saviour. In regard to the Republic, he was infinitely more anxious to guard against the possible excesses of its friends than against the certain conspiracies of its enemies. In regard to himself, the ideal of his usefulness

infinitely surpassed the limits of "the form of government" whose safety had been committed to his trust. He so burned to save Society, Humanity, Philosophy, Religion, Poesy, Art, that the simple business consigned to his fidelity was almost lost in the glow of his universal enthusiasm.

This dangerous comprehensiveness was equally characteristic of Jules Favre. The war against the Prussians, and the solid establishment of the Republic, might have absorbed the energies of a more vulgar mind. But his penetrating glance went at once to the kernel of the matter, and detected, as the most important circumstance in the siege of Paris, a new opportunity to defend society against the ravages of Socialism. He derived exquisite pleasure from the gratitude lavished upon him by the *bourgeois* each time that he was supposed to have saved them from anarchy, atheism, and pillage; and this pleasure afforded a subtle temptation to artificially multiply these delicious occasions. The consciousness of power constitutes the keenest inducement to its exercise, and M. Favre was not always free from a certain feminine coquetry in the manner in which he excited alarm for the purpose of soothing it to rest again.

Lamartine had a prodigious confidence in the power of words. He seemed sincerely to believe that the external world of facts constituted a mere phantasmagoria of dissolving views, ready to melt into one another under the magic influence of his voice. He believed that he had dissipated Socialism, and all its formidable claims, by his airy metaphor concerning the "*drapeau rouge*" and the Champ de Mars. He believed he had saved Poland when he published his famous European manifest that announced the foundation of the French Republic, and its intention to make common cause with oppressed liberty all over the world. He believed that he had satisfied public feeling, and performed his duty as an honest man, when he subsequently declared to the people assembled to demand the relief of Poland: 'That their sentiments were reasonable, just, and noble, and did them infinite honor; and that, moreover, they should not wrest from him a vote in favor of interven-

tion for Poland until they had passed over his dead body, henceforth powerless to defend the dignity of his resolution.'

In 1870 the famous European circular of Jules Favre, modeled on the manifest of Lamartine, was believed by its author to have placed the Republic beyond the reach of all danger, and Paris above the necessity of defense. Or, if further doubt remained on the subject, it must necessarily be dissipated by the result of M. Favre's eloquence that would be displayed at Ferrières, or of M. Favre's diplomacy, employed in the mission of Thiers. Again, on the 8th of October M. Favre would harangue the first manifestation in favor of the Commune and the "*drapeau rouge*" on that same Place de l'Hotel de Ville where Lamartine had exposed such conclusive considerations concerning the Champ de Mars. Like his predecessor, M. Favre would dissipate reason by a metaphor, and retire from the field with complacent self-congratulations upon his influence over popular passions. Finally, when the people should demand that he make good his solemn engagements for the defense of Paris, exactly as they had claimed consistency from Lamartine, he also would place his hand on his heart, and swear that no amount of violence should compel him to this unseemly determination.

By those who surround the political Lamartine with the aureole conferred on the historian of the Girondists and the author of the *Meditations*, these various analogies may be regarded in the most favorable light. Nevertheless, an overweening confidence in the power of words can hardly be considered to indicate all the moral and intellectual vigor requisite for a brutal conflict with things. Enthusiasm for the Republic, hitherto exhibited in the well-warmed air of banquets, lawsuits, and receptions at the Institute, is not necessarily strong enough to stand exposure to a ruder climate. An enemy affords a certain protection so long as he remains in power, because, holding fast to the position, he discharges all other shoulders of the responsibility. Such protection is an ineffable boon to certain natures; and others, whose original strength might perhaps have enabled them to dis-

pense with it, become absolutely dependent through force of long-acquired habit.

Hence, the first sentiment with which M. Jules Favre would acclaim the new Republic might easily be tainted by timidity and distrust. Over the head of the tender plant, so long nurtured in a green-house, every fragment of screen or shelter had been blown away, and, defenseless, it shivered under the blasts of heaven. Jules Favre shivered. His nature was delicate, like that of a sensitive plant. Sensibility was certainly the predominant feature of his character, and manifested itself later in his abundant tears. With such a nature, how could he fail to tremble at such an atrocious situation? The Republic was there, all alone, fallen from the sky, and, as if it were the sky itself that had fallen, overwhelming its faithful adorer with stupefaction. True, it was his own word that had precipitated this astounding catastrophe,—but who would have supposed that the mere touch of a bell-rope would bring the whole edifice tumbling to the ground? When a person pulls a bell it is in order to summon a servant to do something that he cannot or will not do for himself. When M. Jules Favre pronounced sentence on the Empire, it was in order to make an appeal to history. It was simply shocking to be obliged to respond to this appeal in his own person. What! He had been advocate, he had been judge, and he must now perform the office of executioner? His nerves shrank from the task. He loathed the sight of blood. His affection for the Republic was so delicate and intimate that he was convinced these qualms and terrors must be shared by the idol of his heart. A Republic founded in blood! It was horrible; it was abominable. True, none had ever been founded in any other way, but that was the fault of all past Republics. His Republic, the Republic of Jules Favre, of Victor Cousin, of Lamartine, should be pure as Graziella whom Lamartine deserted, mild as the Eclectic Philosophy that Victor Cousin preached, reverent for powers in high places as Jules Favre himself. A tender, timid, virgin Republic, that had laid aside the bold Phrygian cap and assumed the white robe of the first communion. In such guise should she make the European tour, escorted

by M. Thiers. In such guise should M. Favre, who had been her sponsor in baptism, espouse her definitely before the same altar that should be erected for an imperial coronation at Versailles. But all the faith in the virtue of the Republic, so long and eloquently professed by M. Jules Favre, was liable to be nullified by his distrust of its strength. All his loud admiration of its beauty might be rendered useless by his unconsciousness of its real dignity. All his sensitive compassion for its misfortunes serve only to fill up their measure, because he was so innocently ignorant of its rights.

The Republic that M. Favre had advocated was a purely political republic. He repudiated the contamination of socialism like the touch of an unclean hand. In 1848 he had joined in the cabal against Louis Blanc, and been one of the committee to denounce him after the affair of the 15th of May. In the *Assemblée Constituante* he had opposed liberty of reunion by voting for the law on mass meetings and on the clubs. Notwithstanding his vote in favor of progressive taxation, he had perpetuated the ancient abuse of the *gabelle* by voting against the abolition or reduction of the tax on salt. He was, in fact, a *blue* Republican.

In the tricolor, or national flag of France, the white stripe represents the monarchy; the blue, the parliaments or *bourgeoisie*; the red represents the people. Whenever the interests of the people or socialism gains for a moment the ascendancy, the pure red flag is claimed—the famous “*drapeau rouge*,” so skillfully averted by Lamartine. Were the *bourgeoisie* consistent, it would symbolize its government by a flag entirely blue, as that of the monarchy before the revolution had been entirely white, and as that of socialism was entirely red. But in the minds of this party the dread of destroying anything that already existed, entirely overwhelmed every other consideration. In the tricolor flag they were careful to preserve the emblem of the royalty they attempted to abolish, and in their doctrine they were yet more assiduous to preserve its principles.

From the moment that the social revolution for the people has been distinctly imagined, desired, and claimed, the political revolution,

which only transfers power from the nobles to the *bourgeois*, has been rendered superficial; and this not because its real advantages are less than they were, but because something more profound had been upheaved from beneath it.

All history is resumed in a succession of such upheavals—such successive explosions of interior force—in virtue of which the strata first visible are gradually thinned and worn away. The ideas of M. Jules Favre, confined to a superficial stratum, could not fail to lack the impulse of the passion that only moves in regions more profound. There would be no intensity in his assertion of the Republic, no defiance of Europe, or contempt for kings. On the contrary, he would be tremblingly anxious until admitted into their august society, and until his own mission had been sanctioned by powers necessarily and radically hostile to it. To reign in heaven, he would deem essential the consent of all the principalities of hell. For him the Republic was simply one form of government, and the Empire of Russia another less preferable. Nothing, therefore, would seem more natural than to send an envoy of the Republic to crave the good offices of the Russian Czar.

This hope of foreign intervention was destined to seriously weaken the internal effort necessary for the defense. All serious preparations would be adjourned until M. Favre's tenacious confidence in the virtues of diplomacy should have been repulsed by a thrice repeated humiliation. Then it was too late to regain the impetus of the original moment. Though this still existed in the people, the vitality of the government had been undermined, and was ready to be exhausted.

This consideration may show how intimate were the relations that existed between the republicanism of M. Jules Favre and the fortunes of the siege of Paris.

Those whom the Revolution surprised among the deputies at the Corps Législatif were installed at the Hôtel de Ville, as a matter of course. This group in the Provisional Government was composed of Glais-Bizain, Crémieux, Etienne Arago, Emmanuel Arago, and Garnier Pagès.

GARNIER PAGÈS.

Of this group Garnier Pagès was much the most important member. Like Crémieux, he was already deputy when the revolution of 1848 exploded, and, in overthrowing a ministry, dispersed a Corps Législatif and shattered a throne. He also had mingled in the events of the 24th, had been member of the committee assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, and still in session while the Duchess of Orleans was trying to plead her cause before the Corps Législatif. Named by acclamation Mayor of Paris, he subsequently abandoned this position to Etienne Arago, and assumed the portfolio of Minister of Finance.

M. Garnier Pagès has written an elaborate history of the Revolution, in which the recital of his own adventures, and the defense of his own measures, not unnaturally occupy an important place. The tone of this book is serious, honest, naïve, conceited, ponderous, and dull. The fall of Louis Philippe is described with such tenderness and pathos as betrays all the influence the prestige of royalty still exercised over the imagination of the republican. The drivelling scene of the abdication,—“of which I was the mute witness,” says Garnier Pagès,—he ennobles as “grand.” After relating all the miserable vacillations and the subterfuges with which the King tried to avert his merited disgrace, this “mute witness” exclaims: “It was enough to move the soul the most habituated to the contemplation of human vicissitudes!”

The memory of this scene haunted Garnier Pagès long after the undignified flight of Louis Philippe, and his own installation as Minister of Finance under the Republic. His first thoughts were directed towards securing for the Republic the adherence of the Orleanists, whose ambition the Republic had crushed, and whom its advent had turned out of office. He hastened to write to Odillon Barrot, who had been nominated colleague to Thiers during the last effort made to save the throne of Louis Philippe by the sacrifice of the Guizot ministry. M. Garnier Pagès is so proud of the inspiration that dictated his letter that he quotes in full the reply of the Orleanist, with which he seems delighted. Barrot advises the

minister who has risen to power on his defeat "to *regularize* liberty as soon as possible, and to exert himself to prevent a political reform from *degenerating* into a social revolution, that is, from attacking property and the family."

This last clause contains the usual "conservative" fiction, which asserts that the organization of labor must necessarily be accompanied by a community of wives. The same idea that dictated his overtures to Odillon Barrot fills M. Garnier Pagès with exultation over the voluntary adhesions that flocked to the Provisional Government. Bugeaud, who had fought against the Republic on the 24th of February; Changarnier, destined to be an accomplice of Bonaparte; the whole family of Bonapartes—Pierre, Napoleon, Louis Napoleon—all were welcomed with naïve confidence and unreflecting enthusiasm.

From this first indication it is already evident that the influence of Republican tradition as represented by Garnier Pagès would present, in one respect at least, an analogy with the modern republicanism of Jules Favre. It would be directed, not to the vigorous development of the principles intrinsic to the Republic, but towards the effort to conciliate them with such as they radically opposed. This policy is based on the following axiom: "It is always safe to neglect your friends—never your enemies. By neglect of the first, you are relieved with impunity from the obligation of serving them. By attention to the second, you avoid skillfully the danger of offending them." This high-minded axiom had ruined the Republic in 1848,—would it prove equally efficacious in 1870?

The public acts of Garnier Pagès in 1848 afford, however, much more precise indication concerning his presumable influence in 1870; all the more so that, as I have said, the interests forcibly repressed by the advent of the Empire had instantaneously revived with the Emperor's ruin. The social situation was essentially the same. The siege of Paris often seemed to represent the reign of the Provisional Government of 1848, with the Prussians added as a supernumerary consideration of comparatively little importance.

Now in 1848 the great battle had involved

an immense crisis in finance, and in the system of labor by which all existing financial institutions were supported. The Minister of Finance might therefore be regarded as the commander-in-chief of the position. It was for him, more than any one else, to recognize the nature of the crisis, to measure its necessities, provide for its emergencies, and secure the triumph of the just principles at stake. M. Garnier Pagès was unquestionably anxious to do his duty, and all his measures were decided under pressure of this anxiety. He assures us so himself. He passed a decree of legal tender that saved from ruin the Bank of France. He strengthened tottering commercial credit by the establishment of national discounting houses. He relieved groaning warehouses of manufactures by the creation of warrant docks. Finally, to fill up the enormous deficit in the Government revenues, he decreed the famous tax of 45 centimes, that succeeded in bringing in a little money to the Treasury, but excited the unutterable hatred of the peasants, and thus largely contributed to ruin the Republic, and pass over the peasant vote to the Empire.

Second inconsistency and shortsightedness: To relieve the increasing distress among the working-people, M. Garnier Pagès aided his colleague, Marie, to establish the national workshops. The system was vicious, degrading, and sterile,—it necessarily collapsed. The workshops were closed from lack of funds to sustain them, and the ten thousand paupers, turned suddenly out into the streets, exploded their rage and misery in the terrible insurrection of June.

The radical faults of M. Garnier Pagès's administration depended on his intellectual weakness. He was either superficial, although just, or utterly inadequate, although well-intentioned. To a situation that required all the unerring precision of genius he brought the mumbling perceptions of mediocrity. True genius is always the genius of the situation. Its word is concentrated, incisive; it pierces at once to the marrow of things across all the cumbrous hindrances of flesh.

These ponderous pages in which M. Garnier Pagès makes such conscientious efforts to resume the situation with justice and im-

partiality, these diffuse reasonings for and against every disputed point, this shallow clearness, this correct elegance of diction—in all this we encounter a new instance of the vice that seemed inherent in every member of the Provisional Government,—a passion for words, and an unlimited facility of phraseology. Like Picard, Trochu, and Jules Favre, M. Garnier Pagès was condemned in advance by the fatal omen of his excessive fluency of speech, uncompensated by any effectiveness in action. But his practical administration had not lacked the benefit of contemporary criticism, coming from his colleagues, from the press, the clubs, the public meetings, the tumultuous delegations.

"Instead of saving the Bank of France," cried these discontented critics, "you should allow it to fall, and seize the opportunity to establish a National Bank in its place. The financial interests of the nation are pre-eminently a concern of the State, and should not be left to the control of private companies. Instead of limiting the benefits of association and credit to capitalists and *bourgeois*, you should extend them to the people. You should encourage the formation of co-operative societies that everywhere are springing into existence; you should assure to them the control of capital, the necessary instrument of labor, and deprived of which the laborer remains eternally a slave. You recognize as legitimate the direct intervention of the Government at such a moment of crisis in the affairs of citizens. But such intervention should be extended to all, and not limited to a class already too highly privileged. You decree an unvarying tax that, pressing equally upon the rich and the poor, is ten times heavier for the latter on account of his lesser strength. It revives, therefore, all the injustice and iniquity of the fiscal expedients under the ancient monarchies. Instead, adopt a system of progressive taxation that, passing over entirely incomes below a certain minimum, shall gradually increase with the fortune assessed, and constitute a powerful indirect means of securing equality of conditions. Finally, you issue Treasury Bonds to your Discounting Houses, to save the notes of the *bourgeois*: this is well enough; but in addition

advance loans and give important orders to the associations that are struggling to obtain bread and dignity for the people. You convert unsalable goods into bank deposits: well and good; but you allow the whole machinery of industry to lie idle on account of disorder in the superficial part of its mechanism. Profit rather by the occasion to direct industry towards the satisfaction of the real wants of the laborers. They shiver with cold; call them together and invite them to manufacture their own clothes. They perish with hunger; throw open to them the vast uncultivated lands belonging to the State; bid them dig, plow, sow, reap, and eat the fruit of their labors." Otherwise, might have whispered a prophetic voice, if you neglect this opportunity, a certain Louis Bonaparte may avail himself of its chances and be carried to power over your heads on the reputation of schemes devised for agricultural colonies, and for the extinction of pauperism. Because the Socialists claimed what is contained in this criticism they were stigmatized as crazy Utopians. Because the people demanded this they were decried as savage and dangerous monsters. Because Louis Blanc demanded the organization of a bureau that should especially occupy itself with the interests of labor, Louis Blanc has been denounced as an arch mischief-maker, and responsible for the ruin of the Republic. And Americans often echo these commonplaces, and Paris correspondents to the *Tribune* relate hypothetical conversations with Trochu, in which they suggest the use of "sharp measures with the Radicals."*

Yet during the American war of secession, engaged, like the Revolution of 1848, to settle an immense question of labor, American audacity shrank from none of these Utopian enterprises. The Government, elected in the interests of this labor question, like the Provisional Government of 1848, manufactured paper money, guaranteed by national credit, destroyed the property of a privileged class, imposed an enormously progressive tax, opened a Freedmen's or Labor Bureau, revo-

* See the *New York Tribune* for November 8th, 1870.

lutionized the relations between master and workingman, accepted the guardianship of four millions working-people, placed in their own hands the instruments of labor, encouraged the development of their independent industry, shattered an entire social organization, and erected another on a radically new basis.

This healthful audacity is to the eternal honor of the American people. But they are often singularly forgetful of the nature of their own achievements when they begin to discuss European affairs.

The representation of the tradition of the past—practically limited to that of 1848—was likely, therefore, to prove as little reliable as the other elements of the Provisional Government. Not the past, but the men who had inadequately interpreted it when present, had revived on the modern scene. Their representation could hardly fail to be even more inadequate the second time than the first. "Garnier Pagès was morally too old in 1848," said his opponents; "and to-day he is absolutely fossilized." He would certainly return to his old principles, in the first place because he had never left them, and in the second place because to their former exercise was due the simulacrum of importance he now enjoyed. To the dulled sensibilities of the old man the situation was much less interesting in itself than because it served to awaken agreeable recollections of his vigorous prime. Should the voice of Garnier Pagès be heard in the councils of the Provisional Government it would be muffled like the voices of the past. It would recall timidity, hesitation, compromise, at a moment when the desperate emergency of the situation would render faults doubly dangerous. Finally, it was more than probable that the voice of Garnier Pagès would never be heard at all, but that he would represent the past principally by his immovability and his silence. And this is exactly what happened. From the beginning of the siege to the reign of the National Assembly, not an individual word or action may be ascribed to Garnier Pagès. His influence, if he had any, was as silent as himself, and exerted principally by the medium of the personal recollections of his colleagues, who also had survived from

1848. Only, alas! M. Garnier Pagès was destined to be an omen if not a force, and an evil omen too. For the Republic of 1848 had succumbed to violence. The Republic of 1870 was threatened by violence; would it also succumb? The character of its defenders afforded little guarantee of success, and the distrust they inspired was increased by recollections of the part they had already played in precipitating a previous failure.

ROCHEFORT.

In the Provisional Government the representation of socialism was awarded, by common consent, to Rochefort.

Every one knows the slight antecedents of Rochefort. A rakish, dueling, good-hearted, helter-skelter *boulevardier*, he emerged into public life about three years ago, as writer of political squibs for the *Figaro*. These squibs made the fortune of the paper; but in the end they irritated too severely the sensibilities of the Imperial Government. Orders were given to the proprietors of the *Figaro* to dismiss their pungent contributor under penalty of being dismissed themselves. In such an emergency the decision of Villemessant could not be doubted,—he turned his colleague out into the street, with all the energetic indignation that may be excited by paramount devotion to one's own interests. Left to his own resources on that December night, Rochefort started afresh on the capital of his martyrdom, which certainly brought in rich returns. The success of the *Lanterne* was immense. Seized at the eleventh number, it redoubled in popularity. Rochefort quarreled with the printer who refused to risk the publication of the condemned journal, and capped his refusal by insulting the editor's daughter. Blows were offered, if not exchanged. Rochefort was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, which he avoided by a timely flight to Belgium. Here he continued to write his *Lanterne*, and even contrived to send a large number of copies to France, where it was read with all the zest that could be added by a successful defiance of the police.

The popularity of Rochefort was maintained at its ancient pitch of enthusiasm, and in 1869 he was nominated candidate for the Corps

Législatif. He was elected from the 7th district of Paris over the head of Jules Favre, the rival candidate, but his legislative career was short. It comprised a *bon mot* and a popular manifestation, and terminated in a new sentence of imprisonment. The *mot* was flung at the Emperor, whom the incorrigible deputy had the ill manners to describe at a former period of his history, when "he promenaded at Strasburg with a piece of meat in his hat and a tame eagle fluttering over it."

Rochefort had been sent to the Corps Législatif for the express purpose of reviving such recollections; but the precepts of well-bred society and the principles of President Schneider were outraged. According to these principles, the members of the Legislature were assembled to enjoy the august hospitality accorded to them by the Emperor, and allusions to the peccadillos of his past were as unseemly as the *gaucherie* of a guest who should observe to his munificent host, "I remember the day when you were only a baker!"

Called to order, but not repressed, Rochefort reappeared in public at the funeral of Victor Noir, assassinated by Pierre Bonaparte. His energetic eloquence restrained the just popular excitement, and probably prevented a useless effusion of blood. Yet none the less was he impeached as a fomentor of revolt, and his colleagues at the Legislature voted to revoke his official inviolability, and to condemn him to six months' imprisonment. When this first term had expired, the Government had the effrontery to add that of four months, to which Rochefort had been sentenced previous to his flight into Belgium. The Revolution of September, that surprised the other republican deputies at the Corps Législatif, found him still languishing at St. Pélagie. The crowd rushed to the prison, forced open the doors, delivered the prisoner, and bore him in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville. Here the other deputies already installed consented to receive him as a colleague.

So in former days, the days of the Fronde, had the people of Paris delivered the old councilor Broussel, in defiance of Mazarin and Anne of Austria, because he also was considered to be "the protector of the people."

These fragmentary details constituted the entire sum and substance of Rochefort's antecedents and achievements. That this amiable duelist, superficial *boulevardier*, gay Bohemian, flashing pamphleteer, should be chosen by Fortune to represent the questions of socialism, surging from depths so profound, was certainly a most singular circumstance. As singular as that the froth on the sea should serve to indicate the march of the waves. It was indeed in this manner that Rochefort fulfilled his functions. He never had been, and never would be, anything else than a symbol. He would act like the hands on the face of the clock, to indicate the hour, without exercising the least influence on the play of the machinery. He would serve, not to advance the interests of the people, but to measure the variations in their fortunes. When these rose he would be borne to power; when they fell, he would send in his resignation.

Rochefort's popularity was, to a great extent, the product of his persecutions. His *Lanterne* had spread like wildfire as soon as it was suppressed. His candidacy had been proposed on account of his exile. His election had been triumphant, because Paris was saucily bent upon flinging as much defiance as possible into the face of the Empire. Sauciness constituted all Rochefort's prestige—now the sauciness of his constituents, now his own. This mocking disdain, that seemed more superficial, in reality sprang from a deeper root than the serious criticism of other members of the opposition. It was rooted in the self-consciousness of a rival power, bent on overturning, not a functionary, or a ministry, or a constitution, but systems, and thrones, and hierarchies. This power alone could afford to gibe and frolic with its adversary, whom it considered already as torn in pieces. Not the depth of his principles, but the coincidence between the scoff that scintillated from his easy wit, and the disdain that glowed from their laboring passion, united Rochefort and the people. But in a quarrel of dignities, what so close a bond of union as a common contempt? What could unite the people to Picard, anxious to preserve a "liberal" Empire; to Garnier Pagès, stupefied before the august tears of Louis Philippe; to Jules Fa-

vre, with his adroit reverences and supple genuflexions? Rochefort made fun of solemnities empty as a nightmare, and as overwhelming. Hence the people adored him. He represented for them "the ideal of liberty and justice," which poor Delescluze would pathetically lament to *not* find realized in the Republic of the Provisional Government. He represented the extreme limit of everything: he symbolized the revolution. The most audacious imagination could not penetrate beyond the possibilities of what would be should Rochefort only choose to do something. He never did choose, but his infallibility was preserved so much the more intact. The passage from thought to action is always a descent; how much more the attempt to realize, in one's own inadequate actions, the ideal framed by an ardent and idolatrous popular thought! The people, whose whole life is in the future, and whose actual existence has no other support than that of a distant hope, are never surprised by unfulfilled promises or continually deferred achievement. They are used to waiting for their pay—the people!

No, Rochefort did not represent socialism, but rather the present character of the people who had need of it. It was consistent that he should be uncertain, impotent, flickering as a will-o'-the-wisp that betrays the quagmires to which nevertheless it fatally conducts its victim; quite natural that he should gain isolated victories by brilliant sallies, but lack the impulse of combined, deliberate, persistent effort; that he should be successful in repartee and vanquished in council, should have the wit keen and the will feeble, the phrase picturesque and the ideas confused, the unconscious significance profound and the conscious intention superficial; should say more than he knew, and be ignorant of the powers that bore him onward. Under Rochefort's pretty, facile, flashing exterior existed much the same characteristics that we shall find in uncouth form at the clubs.

JULES SIMON.

As if to complete the typical nature of the Provisional Government, there existed in it an eleventh member, upon whom had devolved the high functions of the philosopher of the

situation. This was M. Jules Simon, Minister of Public Instruction. Philosophy stands behind all revolutions; in this case it seemed to lie on the surface. From all time philosophers have been the guides, companions, and friends of soldiers and statesmen. Alexander had his Aristotle, Frederick the Great his Voltaire, Robespierre was inspired by Rousseau: it were eminently fitting that General Trochu should receive aid and comfort from the inspirations of Jules Simon.

Member of the opposition at the Legislature before the 4th of September, the political reputation of M. Jules Simon had always been subordinated to his philosophic fame. This is the reason that he was nominated Minister of Public Instruction. Professor at the Normal School, he had, in 1854, published a volume on Duty, and, in 1856, another on Natural Religion. More recently, when the rude contact of the political world had habituated the thoughtful scholar to descend from these high themes to the consideration of the practical questions that agitated society, he had written a book on education, and finally a fourth, *L'Ouvrière*, on the condition of the working-woman in France.

All interests had thus been embraced by the comprehensive glance of this philosopher. Labor, education, morality, religion,—what more noble, what more important subjects could occupy an elevated and disinterested mind sincerely anxious to serve the cause of humanity?

The acquittal of the task seems, at first sight, to justify all the promise of its enterprise. As to the volume on *L'Ouvrière*, it is impossible not to be struck, on the very first glance, by the high tone by which it is pervaded. The very selection of the theme affords a touching revelation of the chivalrous side of M. Simon's many-faced nature. A philosopher, a professor of the Normal School, a Deputy of the Corps Législatif, he stoops from the serene heights of his habitual meditations to consider the silk-woman at Lyons, the lace-maker at Lille, the florist at Paris! He declares that he is even more pre-occupied by the moral condition of the working classes than by their physical misery. He describes and deplors the dissolution of the family, the

improvidence and excesses of the working-man, the hardships or degradation of working-women.

But a singular inconsistency, exhaling at the end in a singular vapidity of conclusion, pervades this treatise on *L'Ouvrière*. The author demonstrates that it is impossible to forbid the labor of married women, because it is impossible for the man alone to meet the expenses of the family. He none the less deplors this labor, which tends, he declares, to break up the family, and hence to demoralize the laborer. The philanthropist wails, but is unable to even suggest a remedy. He shows that all women work on starvation wages, except such as are employed in factories. Not only he proposes no plan for their relief, but he renews his wail over the evil effects of factory labor, which he declares nevertheless to be inevitable. He admires the *Cités Ouvrières* at Mulhouse, because they were founded by the patrons. Concerning co-operative associations of workmen he does not deign to utter a word. On the whole, the accuracy of the book is illusory, its observations superficial, its reasoning leads to nothing, and its conclusions are null and void.

Is it otherwise with M. Simon's meditations on Duty?

The date on the title-page lends a painful emphasis to certain assertions in its contents. It was published in 1854, at the moment that the newly-established despotism was flaunting its most brutal and insolent triumph. Is it in imitation of the despair of the stoics that M. Simon writes: "Liberty should not be defined the power to do or not to do, but the power to wish or not to wish." "It is literally true that, before God and his conscience, the prisoner is free at the bottom of his dungeon." "A Russian (?) is like an automaton in the hands of his Czar, but before God he is free, because he is at liberty to desire good and to resist evil."

Is it with the aid of such scholastic definitions that the philosopher is justified in resigning himself to the rape of Liberty? Is it by contemplation of Siberia that he may avenge the fate of the proscribed exiles who were crowding the horrible transport ships that bore them to Cayenne? Is it by medi-

tation on the New Jerusalem that he can reconcile himself to the tortures inflicted by that unclean sea? Oh, how much more vigorous than these mild musings the rage of Victor Hugo!

"D'ailleurs, sombre mer, je te hais!"

The conclusion of this Treatise on Duty has become a byword; for it contains the affirmation that an oath, however taken, is sacredly binding in any circumstances. In virtue of this assertion, M. Simon refused, during a decent interval, to take oath of office under the Empire, alleging that its observance was inconsistent with his republican principles, and its violation shocking to his principles of morality. It is to be presumed that, later, a mind so comprehensive as that of Jules Simon discovered some third ground upon which he could reconcile his conscience and his ambition to serve his country. For not long afterward he accepted his election with the oath, and took his place in the Legislature at the side of Picard and Ollivier.

Toleration was indeed the cardinal principle of M. Simon's enlightenment. His philosophy was so comprehensive that it embraced every side of everything. It enabled him even to admire "the elevated character of the Catholic dogma," which he considered a superstition. It permitted him to occasionally attend mass, on condition that he say his prayers to himself, and refrain from mingling his voice with that of the uninstructed crowd.

These prayers were, moreover, as harmless as possible, as inoffensive, and, on M. Simon's showing, as thoroughly inefficacious as were his other aspirations towards any positive good. "The grand influence of prayer is subjective," says M. Simon, and he recommends fervent entreaty to heaven simply as a mental discipline possibly useful on earth.

This skepticism in regard to the success of spiritual action was the complement of the radical skepticism in regard to terrestrial matters that we have already noticed in other members of the Provisional Government. M. Picard had attacked the Empire without ever expecting to overthrow it; General Trochu had criticised the army without the smallest idea that any one would pay any attention; Jules Favre had defended the Republic while

entirely disbelieving in its right to sturdily defend itself; and Jules Simon prayed to God with the positive certainty that his prayers would never be heard.

What combined strength of impotence in this union of skeptical intentions! What rigorous powerlessness in this deliberate waste of power! What education to hypocrisy in this habit of goading the will to activity by means of orders endorsed by the forged signature of the Intellect!

This circumstance was in truth the most striking of all those in the antecedents of the members of the Provisional Government. Jules Simon in reproducing it, projected upon an immense scale, seemed to resume in himself all the germs of incapacity sown among his colleagues under other forms,—resume, typify, and explain all other feebleness by a pale and feeble philosophy, that pretended to belief and believed in nothing, not even itself; an empty jargon of ghosts, come at the close of night and before cock-crow in the morning.

Oh Faith! so beautiful, so terrible, so strong as an arch-angel! Before thee men veil their faces aghast, and setting up plaster images in thy name, bow down and worship them, and pray to be saved from thy awful presence!

This, then, was the radical vice in M. Jules Simon's philosophy,—that he did not believe in it. This homœopathic dilution of Cousin, Jeoffroy, and Roger Collard; this vaporous eclecticism that reposes on the cardinal principle of not having any vital principle whatever; this immense Missouri Compromise between everything that anybody had ever believed and its diametrical opposite; this modern bulwark of failing faith,—soft, tender, and trembling as might be a bulwark of jelly; this conciliation effected between Catholicism, Spiritualism, Materialism, Positivism, Atheism, and Pantheism; this admission of everything except the necessity of a foundation for belief, that should be not only unshaken, but unshakable; this preservation of doctrine under a glass case, ticketed with the warning to keep hands off the fragile fossil; this reduction of faith to a social convention; this hatred of living ideas because of

their life, and this sickly tenderness for the shadows of the dead,—it is evident that in all this was to be found small material to meet the rude necessities of a crisis boiling over with passion. As well hope to arrest or direct a torrent of lava, that bursts from the crater of Vesuvius, by the chill embrace of a mountain mist floated down from the Highlands of Scotland.

An idea that confessedly belongs to another epoch, and is only forced upon this by the strenuous efforts of such heroes in philosophy as Jules Simon, bears its own condemnation. Nothing is so contrary to the order of Nature as an anachronism; nothing so impossible to recapitulate as the birth of a child. Into the scholastic arguments of Abelard concerning the existence of God was poured, as into its natural channel, the most intense life of the twelfth century. But when the river has run dry, and the waters pour tumultuously elsewhere, small the merit, and small the utility of the heroism that persists in stemming the ancient channel dry shod.

The spiritual "liberalism" of France at the present day—as far removed from "Free Thinking" as is a languid fine lady from a whistling plough-boy—bears a remarkable resemblance to the cosmopolitanism of the Roman Pantheon. "To the people," observes Gibbon, "all the gods were equally true, to the philosophers equally false, and to the magistrates equally useful." For a certain circle, utility is the test and measure of every good thing,—its utility, namely, as a supposed restraint upon the popular passions that are supposed to menace private property. "*Le travail est un frein*," observes Guizot with cruel precision. "The hope of immortality is necessary—to the poor." "The mummeries of the Catholic Church must be retained and paid for, because symbols are necessary to popular belief, and popular belief is necessary to popular morals, and these to passive acquiescence in the existing state of things." Such, more or less distinctly, is the argument of Renan.

It is not necessary to believe many things, but it is absolutely necessary to believe something. But this belief must be instinctive, inevitable, forced on the intellect by

its inherent virtue, and without any reference to its prospective advantages. It is not the ideas that a man chooses, but the ideas which choose him, that are capable of really inspiring his life. Utility is as fatal to belief as is mere legality to love. Nothing so clearly demonstrates the emancipation of the mind from any given creed as the urbane admission of the utility of this creed at a by-gone period. A belief must be a man's master, and not his servant; his god, and not his police officer. Whenever, to use Voltaire's witticism, a man has attained the consciousness of having repaid the original favor of creation by creating God in his own image, the work of his hands grows as impotent over his heart as the idol satirized by Isaiah: "Cry aloud! for he is a god! Perchance he is taking a journey!"

The other members of the Provisional Government represented special relations to the divers elements of the situation. M. Simon, as befitted the representative of Philosophy, typified the thought of the class that still dominated an epoch. On this account, his vaster individuality seems to envelop and penetrate and mingle with that of all the others. Jules Favre occupied the fauteuil of Victor Cousin at the Institute, as Jules Simon would fain occupy his chair at the Sorbonne. Jules Simon admired the elevation of the Catholic dogma; Trochu prostrated himself before the elevation of the Catholic host. Garnier Pagès strove to keep socialism out of the Republic, as Jules Simon congratulated himself on the "expulsion" of socialism from laws and institutions. Rochefort represented the interests of laborers, without having even studied the organization of labor; as Jules Simon patronized the working classes, equally innocent of all pre-occupation on this prime question, which he pronounced a "dream." Picard retained an immense affection for the Empire he had overthrown; Jules Simon an immense respect for the superstition he despised. Gambetta would be rendered powerless because com-

pelled to struggle against the weakness of his colleagues, and against the inertia of the people he attempted to save. Jules Simon's philosophic tourneys were paralyzed by the radical weakness of his brother philosophers, and by the desperate indifference of the world to whom he revealed the way of salvation.

The crowning defeat of the Provisional Government lay in the inadequacy of its conceptions;—an inadequate conception of the abomination of the Empire, of the greatness of the Republic, of the resources of Paris, of the urgency of the crisis, of the solemnity of its relations to the past, of the tremendous questions for the future involved in its solution. M. Simon resumed all these inadequacies in a single immense inadequacy of thought,—thought utterly incapable of embracing the life of the epoch to which it professedly belonged. What wonder, then, if that epoch were sterile?

For inadequacy is no slight and pardonable weakness, as many suppose. Hear how Spinoza defines its nature and effects:—

"The desires which arise from our nature, in such manner that they may be understood by it alone, are those which belong to the soul in so far as she is supposed to consist of adequate ideas. But the other desires belong to the soul in so far as she conceives of things in a manner inadequate. The force and development of these latter should be defined, not by the power of human nature, but by the power of things outside of ourselves. This is why the first desires have been justly called actions, and the second passions; for the first always indicate our power, but the others, on the contrary, our impotence, and a mutilated knowledge."

Whence it might be feared that the Provisional Government, incapable of engaging in bold, decisive, and manly action, should dissolve even its sincere desires in an amiable passion of tears.

Who does not know that this is precisely what happened?

THE WEeping WILLOW.

My home is upon the summit of a beautiful cultivated mountain, a thousand feet or more above the tides of the Hudson River. It is upon the water-shed between two broad valleys. Here a little brook, flowing from a bubbling spring among the rocks, shadowed by grand maple-trees, courses its way through corn-fields and meadows, and rocky caverns in the steep mountains, to the Weebetuc, that finds its path to the ocean through the Housatonic River. There another sparkling traveler hastens to the Wappingi, and finds its way to the ocean through the lordly Hudson.

From my porch I look down into one of the loveliest little valleys in the world, once exquisitely painted by the hand of Durand. The horizon beyond is bounded by the azure hills of Connecticut. From my lawn I can see so far down the rugged sides of the Storm-King, where the Hudson flows through the Highlands, that the reflected light from the river makes the lower rocks appear almost luminous. From a gentle ridge at the east of my window, where a herd from the prairies of Illinois are at this moment grazing, I can see the lofty domes of Round Top, the monarch of the Kaatsbergs, forty miles away in the pale north.

Here, in this lovely region of upper air, where the sun rises early and sets late, in perfect accord with the teachings of the almanac, I plant and prune and graft, with my inquisitive boy by my side,—a perpetual interrogation point that is never unanswered,—fresh and refreshing in his young life to another upon whom the western sun is shining, as is the evening dew upon the ripe grass.

Near a spring at the line of partition between our lawn and an oozy meadow I planted in a group, this morning, an alder, a white birch, and a weeping willow—the latter the *salix Babylonica* of the books. The willow is a scion from an old tree standing far away, for its chosen home is along the streams of the lowlands and not among the hills.

"Why is that called a *weeping* willow?" my boy asked me, when we had retreated

from the hot sunshine to the cool shades of the library. I turned to the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm, in which the poet refers to the grief of the Hebrew captives in a strange land, and read:—

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down;
Yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.
We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof,
For they that carried us away captive,
Required of us a song;
And they that wasted us required of us mirth,
Saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

Then I explained to my eager listener how it was that the Hebrews were captives; how intensely they loved their own land, their royal city and their temple, and so gave him a reason for their bitter weeping under the willows that fringed the margins of the "rivers of Babylon." It was this circumstance that gave birth to the pretty legend in the Talmud, that before the Captivity the foliage of willows along the Euphrates and Tigris, and other streams in Assyria and Babylonia, was erect like that of all others, but sympathy for the captives made them "weeping willows, and ever since their delicate branches and slender leaves have drooped toward the earth, and seem like streams of falling tears."

"How came such willows here?"

I perceived that I must tell a long and varied story to make the answer clear and fix it in the boy's mind. So I said, Remember, there was a poet in England named Pope.

"And who was Pope?" he inquired.

I told him of his birth in London, almost two hundred years ago; the delicacy of his body, which made him, at middle age, speak of "that long disease, my life," and of the strength of his mind, which made his name immortal. I told him how he could not play with boys, and turned to books for enjoyment; and how he spent the earlier years of his life in Windsor Forest, where his father had a small estate, and there read Waller, Spenser, and Dryden, until he was filled with intense desires to become a poet. I told him of

Pope's first courtship of the muses, when, as he says,

"As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came ;"

and how he paraphrased several of the Psalms when he was only fifteen years of age. And so, in simple words and brief sentences, I traced his literary career upward and onward until his fame became pre-eminent among his countrymen, and from the profits of the sale of his translations of Homer's epics he was enabled to purchase a lease of a small estate near Twickenham, on the Thames, into the sunshine of which he enticed his father and mother from the shades of Windsor Forest,

"When George the First was King,
In spite of James's son."

My boy was delighted with the narrative, for he had comprehended the facts ; but after musing a moment, when I had finished, he quietly asked :

"Well, papa, what has this to do with the Weeping Willow ?"

Much, I answered : listen.

Pope's little dwelling at Twickenham he transformed into a charming villa, as the Italians call a pleasant country-seat ; and there he was visited by ministers of state, wits, poets, and beauties. He adorned it and the surrounding grounds without stint in expense, so far as his income would allow ; and the Prince of Wales (afterward George the Second) took so much interest in his beautiful retreat, near which Queen Anne, when Princess of Denmark, had found health and recreation, that he sent him urns and vases for his garden. He took advantage of every perfection and defect. The highway passed in front of his house, cutting it off from a spacious garden, and leaving him but a small spot of ground on the banks of the river. So he connected the Thames with his garden by a tunnel under the road, and converted that subterranean passage into a grotto that enchanted its owner and delighted his friends. He never ceased to admire it. He endeavored to persuade himself and his friends that it was a silent retreat, from which cares and passions might be excluded. It was the amusement of his declining years. He wrote praises of it in prose and

verse. To his friend Edward Blount he said in a letter :—

"Let the young ladies be assured I make nothing new in my gardens, without wishing to see the print of their fairy-steps in every part of them.

"I have put the last hand to works of this kind *in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto* : I there found a spring of clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill that echoes through the cavern night and day. From the river Thames you see through my arch up a walk in the wilderness to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner ; and from that distance under the temple, you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and I see the sails on the river passing suddenly, and vanishing as through a perspective glass. When you shut the door of this grotto, it becomes, in the instant, from a luminous room, a camera obscura, on the wall of which all the objects on the river, hills, woods, and boats are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations. And when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene. It is finished with shells, interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms ; and in the ceiling is a star of the same materials, at which when a lamp of orbicular figure, of thin alabaster, is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto, by a narrower passage, two porches—one towards the river, of smooth stones, full of light, and open ; the other towards the garden, shadowed with trees, and rough with shells, flints, and iron-ores. The bottom is paved with simple pebbles, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness, to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place."

"It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue, with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of :

"Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep.
Ah, spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave,
And drink in silence, or in silence lave."

Pope also composed this inscription, to be placed within the grotto :—

"Then who shall stop where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave,—
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distill,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill—
Unpolished gems, no ray in pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow,—
Approach : Great Nature studiously behold,
And eye the mine without a wish for gold !
Approach : but awful ! Lo ! the Ægerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought ;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul !

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor."

Concerning this plaything of Pope's, Doctor Johnson growled in this wise :—

"A grotto is not often the wish or pleasure of an Englishman who has more frequent need to solicit than exclude the sun ; but Pope's excavation was requisite as an entrance to his garden ; and, as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage."

Englishmen can afford to let the Ursus Major of their literature growl at Pope's vanity, when they consider that his grounds at Twickenham had a marked effect on English landscape gardening ; that the Prince of Wales had his garden designed after that of Pope's ; that Kent, the improver and embellisher of pleasure-grounds, received his best lessons from the Poet, and that England is indebted to him for the weeping willows that adorn its church-yards as emblems of Sorrow, or hang gracefully over its waters.

"But how did Pope get his willow?"

Be patient, my boy, and listen.

In that far-off country, in the East, where the "rivers of Babylon" flow, and the Weeping Willow flourishes, the delicious Fig abounds. From Smyrna, the famous old seaport in Asia Minor, vast quantities of dried figs have been annually exported during many centuries. In a box of this fruit a scion of a Weeping Willow was borne to England. That box had been sent to Pope by a friend who had lost his fortune by the bursting of the "South Sea Bubble," and was seeking another in the marts of traffic in the East. When Pope opened the box he found a small twig not attached to the fruit. He was then planting everything around his Villa at Twickenham. That little twig he carelessly stuck in the ground on the brink of the river close by the water-porch of the grotto. It was a spot fortunately selected, for it was a thirsty plant. It grew rapidly ; and to Pope's delight it proved to be a Weeping Willow, of which travelers in the East had charmed him with descriptions. He carefully cultivated and cherished his treasure, when known, for he was the only possessor of such in all England. And so it became the progenitor of its race in

the British Islands. The Poet lived to see it grow to the size of some upon which the Hebrews hung their harps on the banks of the Euphrates.

Sir William Stanhope purchased Pope's home at Twickenham after the poet's death, and he and his successors, Lords Mendip and Spencer, guarded the tree and all else that had been consecrated by that poet's care with great vigilance. When, in 1775, a twig was plucked from it and brought to America, and probably became the progenitor of all the Weeping Willows in this country, the one at Twickenham was a lordly tree. And when, early in this century, a titled Englishwoman uprooted it without any special motive, apparently, it was a giant among willows, and was almost as fantastically gnarled as the oaks of Windsor.

"Tell me, please, who brought that twig from Pope's willow to this country?"

Be patient, my boy, and listen.

Our country, divided into provinces as it is now into States, was once a part of that "realm of England." The English Parliament or Congress made laws for the provinces. The English monarch executed them. Duties were required of these American subjects, while corresponding privileges were denied them. They complained and were frowned at. They asked for justice, and were threatened. They rebelled, and armies were sent to enslave them.

That was in the year 1775, when American militia-men were the jailers of British troops in Boston, and the prisoners had no way of escape but by the sea. Experienced generals with gay young staff-officers selected from the families of the nobility and gentry, and experienced troops, came into that open ocean-door with the expectation of stamping out the kindling rebellion in six weeks. The voyage and the land-service were regarded by those young men as no more than parts of a pleasurable holiday excursion. Some of them brought fishing-tackle with them for indulgence in sport in the waters of New England. Others came prepared to shoot buffaloes on the heights of Roxbury, Charlestown, and Dorchester, and to hunt alligators in the lagoons of the Mystic and the Charles. Others, more

warlike, expected to send home Indian scalps as trophies gathered in the wilds of Cape Cod ; and others, of a more domestic turn, had prepared to take possession of confiscated lands of the rebels, become planters, and perhaps marry Indian princesses. All this after the six weeks of fun in dispersing the rebels and hanging the leaders had been enjoyed.

Alas ! Disenchantment speedily followed disembarking. It was evident that work, not sport, was to employ the time of the young English dreamers, and that fishing, and hunting, and planting confiscated rebel lands, were likely to be remote incidents in their lives.

One of the young officers, an aide to General Clinton, who had dreamed of becoming the owner of an American plantation, had visited Twickenham just before his departure from England, and there cut a vigorous shoot from Pope's willow, for the purpose of planting it on his estate here. It was carefully wrapped, for the preservation of its vitality, in oiled silk. He was one of the disenchanted ; and the willow twig made its way into American soil and took root there, not by the work of his hands, but in this wise :

Soon after those reinforcements reached Boston, and had tried to break jail by way of Bunker's Hill, Washington was in command of the Americans that hemmed in the prisoners upon the little peninsula. Among his aides was his step-son, John Parke Custis, a well-educated young man and polished gentleman in manners. There was frequent intercourse between the chief officers of the two armies under flags of truce, and young Custis was usually employed by Washington as the bearer of his communications. He became well acquainted with, and even attached to the young officer with the willow twig ; and, a short time before the British evacuated Boston, in the early Spring of 1776, the disenchanted aide-de-camp presented that twig to young Custis as a token of friendly regard. Custis, then lately married, owned an estate in Abingdon, Virginia, which he visited soon after the American army withdrew from before Boston, and planted the twig near his house. It, too, grew into a tree as lordly in stature as its parent at Twickenham, and

became, it is believed, the progenitor of all the weeping willows in America.

"Who told you so?"

The son of that aide of General Washington, the late venerable George Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington House, Virginia, whom the Great Patriot adopted as his son. He told me the whole interesting story when, in the twilight at the close of a soft April day, more than twenty years ago, we sat near a child of the Abingdon willow, watching the light that was gently fading from Georgetown and the National Capital, and dimly shimmering on the still bosom of the Potomac before us.

And he told me more. He said that General Gates, who had been a subaltern in the British Army ; who was a leading commander in the American Army of the Revolution, and was a natural son of Horace Walpole (whose beautiful estate of "Strawberry Hill" was near Twickenham), took great pains, in after years, to transplant from Abingdon to the entrance of the lane that led to his house on Rose Hill, in the then suburbs of the city of New York, two thrifty shoots that came up from the roots of the willow. These flourished and became stately trees.

I saw Gates's mansion burn to ashes in the spring of 1845. His pleasant lane, that led from the Harlem Road to his house, had then become Twenty-second street, and was being lined on both sides with a dense population, chiefly from Ireland. One of the willows at the entrance-gate, a grand-child of Pope's famous tree, long survived the transition of the neighborhood from country to city ; and until a few years ago it stood on the corner of Twenty-second street and Third avenue, in New York, a broad and lofty tree.

"But didn't you read to us the other evening, in the newspaper, that some other man, whose name was mentioned, brought the first Weeping Willow tree to this country?"

Yes. But I think the person who said so was misinformed, because the story seems improbable. I will tell you why. It tells us that Doctor Samuel Johnson, of Stratford, Connecticut, who was the first President of Columbia (formerly King's) College, in New

York, when in England to be ordained a minister in the Anglican Church, saw Pope, who gave him some cuttings from his Twickenham willow; and that these were planted on the borders of the Housatonic River, and so became, "probably, the progenitors of all the weeping willows which are seen in that part of the country."

Now, Mr. Johnson, then a young man twenty-seven years of age, was ordained in England in the year 1723. Pope had then been at Twickenham nearly eight years. The "South Sea Bubble," as a great speculating scheme was called, collapsed in 1720-21, and involved in ruin a large number of families in England. It was after that time that Pope's friend, one of the victims, went to Smyrna, and in course of time sent to the poet the box of figs containing the willow twig, which could not have been more than six or eight inches in length. That might have been in the ground about a year when Mr. Johnson was at Twickenham—not longer—and cuttings could not have been taken from it then. Probably Pope was not yet certified of the real character of the little estray from the East. It was planted by the side of the water porch of that "subterraneous way and grotto" which he described as just finished, in a letter written to his friend Blount a year after Mr. Johnson was there, and in which no such planting is mentioned.

These circumstances, and the fact that no writer before the Revolution, so far as I know, in mentioning the natural productions of this country, refers to a Weeping Willow, incline me to believe that Mr. Custis gave me a true history of the introduction of that tree into the United States.

"You said Pope's old willow was destroyed by an Englishwoman."

Yes; and she also tore down his villa, and near its place built a very common sort of a house in appearance. She had a legal right to do so when she became the owner of the property. But hear how one of her countrymen, who visited the spot twenty-six years ago, spoke of the act:—

"The house of the poet was gone—ruthlessly pulled down by a lady,—Queen of the Goths and Vandals might she well be called; a lady

of rank was she, and title; and the only object in this wanton piece of barbarism would seem to have been to demonstrate, by an overt act, how little of communion, sympathy, or feeling may subsist in the heart of some of the aristocracy of rank for the abiding-place of the aristocracy of genius. The house—that house which Lord Spencer thought it the highest honor to preserve and adorn, from respect to its great inhabitant—was leveled with the ground; the willow tree, also springing from the hand of the poet, as much one of his works as the *Messiah* or the *Windsor Forest*—whose pendent boughs overshadowed the silvery Thames—was pulled up by the roots. Of all that the poet loved or delighted to cherish, the grotto alone remains; not, however, as he left it; but still there is enough to enable us to recall the rest."

That "Queen of the Goths and Vandals" was Lady Howe—Baroness Howe—who purchased the estate in the year 1807. With a seeming determination to efface every memento of the poet, she also removed a small monument which Pope had erected on a little hillock, to the memory of his mother, whom he tenderly loved and cherished. His Willow, alone, was capable of reproduction. Its children survived the fury of the feminine iconoclast. She could not slaughter the innocents. Its descendants may now be counted by millions. Every Weeping Willow tree in England and America is a beautiful, poetic, living memorial of one of the most gifted of the English-speaking race.

My boy will never look upon the willow we planted this morning without recalling the tradition of its emigration from its native water-courses, the life of the man who cherished it in its new home, and the romantic story of its transplantation in America. And it is my earnest desire that its fellow-trees, these grand old hills, and these broad treasure-fields; this pure air and golden sunshine; the magnificent storms in summer and winter; the cloud-pictures and the stars, may so impress him with a sense of their abiding blessings for soul, body, and estate, that he may never cease to regard them as the best ministers to his earthly enjoyment. Pope at Twickenham, cultivating his willow

and other trees, and shrubs and flowers, doubtless felt and comprehended a great truth when he wrote to a feminine friend :—

"The weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this season, when every smile of the sun, like the smile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon ; and I am so much in the taste of rural pleasures, that I had rather see the sun than anything he can show me, except yourself. I despise every fine thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I see you dressed in it.

"I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow ; for I doubt not that God's works here are what come nearest to His works there ; and that a true relish of the beauties of nature is the most easy preparation and quietest transition to an enjoyment of those of heaven ; as, on the contrary, a true town life of hurry, confusion, noise, slander, and detraction, is a sort of apprenticeship to hell and its furies."

Sweetly did our own dear poet, Bryant, with a similar feeling, call his loved one to the country he so delights in, after telling her of the songs of birds, and the south wind softly whispering "The Spring is here !" saying :—

"Come, daughter mine, from the gloomy city,
Before these lays from the elm have ceased ;
The violet breathes by our door as sweetly
As in the air of her native East,

Though many a flower in the wood is waking,
The daffodil is our door-side queen ;
She pushes upward the sward already,
To spot with sunshine the early green.

No lays so joyous as these are warbled
From wiry prison in maiden's bower ;
No pampered bloom of the green-house chamber
Has half the charm of the lawn's first flower.

Yet these sweet lays of the early season,
And these fair sights of its sunny days,
Are only sweet when we fondly listen,
And only fair when we fondly gaze.

There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye ;
There is no fragrance in April breezes
Till breathed with joy as they wander by.

Come, Julia dear, for the sprouting willows,
The opening flowers, and the gleaming brooks,
And hollows green in the sun are waiting
Their dower of beauty from thy glad looks."

A FACE IN THE STREET.

POOR, withered face, that yet was once so fair,
Grown ashen-old in the wild fires of lust—
Thy star-like beauty, dimm'd with earthly dust,
Yet breathing of a purer native air ;—
They who whilom, cursed vultures, sought a share
Of thy dead womanhood, their greed unjust
Have satisfied—have picked and left thee bare.
Still, like a leaf warped by the autumn gust,
And driving to the end, thou wrapp'st in flame
And perfume all thy hollow-eyed decay,
Feigning on those gray cheeks the blush that Shame
Took with her when she fled long since away.
Thou soughtest life and wealth in the great city :
Thou findest death—not even the world's cold pity !

MY VOCATION, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

I.

It was not strange that people should say I married him for a home; I was homeless enough when he took me, God knows. Worn and tired, too, with years of teaching. It had been hard—harder than you can know. It had racked me, body and mind. It had tried me, soul and spirit, until at last I almost hated the sight of the high brick walls and heavy gate that made my prison; until at last I almost hated the faces of the children! All my youth went there, though I clung to it; all my beauty—if ever I had any. Nothing remained that could charm, unless it was my hair, heavy and dark and soft to the touch.

"Why do you not leave it? Why do you not marry?" friends would question me. They did not know—how could I tell them!—that I loved no one who asked me, until John came. And then, though they had urged it upon me, they whispered among themselves that I had married him for a home! Perhaps because he was years older than I. Perhaps—I did not know. It troubled me, and yet what did it matter, since *he* knew.

So I left the school. The great gate clanged after me for the last time, and I could have cried with joy. Then I went to be John's wife, and to take care of little Bennie; for he had been married before.

At first I wished it were not so. At first it gave me a pang to think of this woman who had been to him all I could ever hope to be—perhaps even more. When he asked me to be his wife, in the grave, quiet way that seemed even then so strong, so restful, he told me this. It was like him, the way he spoke of her—the young wife who had made his home so bright for a little time, and then had gone away, leaving this little child. It was as I would like to be remembered if anything should take me, now from him. But I was new in my great possessions then. I was jealous of invasion or prior claim. And I cried that night when he left me because he had said, "It has been the one hope of my life to go away and meet her. Until I knew you, Esther, I did not think that anything but the child could hold me here. I should

like to stay awhile now, to brighten your life a little if I can. But I do not ask you to help me to forget her. Help me to be more worthy to meet her."

Yes: it was a strange request, perhaps, and many women would not have taken the little he had to offer. But I would rather have had that one corner than the whole heart room of any other man. Still I did cry. When we went home from the church where we were married, the first object that met my gaze was her picture. I knew it must be she, though I had never seen her face. The tears sprang into my eyes. John saw them. "Esther!" he said, and the tone of his voice, like his face, was troubled and perplexed. And then I sobbed. I, who should have been happy this one day if never again! He was not impatient with my childishness, as many men would have been. He was disturbed and hurt only—most of all for me.

"You will not mind, in time," he said, gently, "but now—shall it be hung in Bennie's room?"—"Wait, John, wait." The blood surged in and out my heart. It took away my breath. I went away from him and stood before the picture. It was a sweet young face, younger than mine, with that pitiful look in the soft blue eyes that seems often a premonition of early death. John had told me about her. How happy and frolicsome as a child she was. But this was one of the saddest faces I ever knew. Did it cross her mind at that moment, poor young mother, that she was to go away and leave her baby and John? There came over me such a pity for her with the thought, such a shame of myself, that I caught Bennie in my arms and made a great vow with my face hidden in his curls.

"We will go to her some day, dear John," I said,—"*Bennie* and you and I," and there was never anything more said about moving the picture.

I think Bennie did not seem the same to me after that. My heart had warmed towards him from the first for his father's sake; but he was nearer, holier now—the little child whom God had intrusted to my care while

its mother dwelt with the angels. If I could only do by him as she would have done!

It was such a kingdom—that old house! I had laid aside my sceptre, but I had put on a crown. The street had crowded close against the door. The world could look in at the windows. But behind it, shut in by a crumbling wall, was an old garden, with crooked paths bordered by box that reached almost to my waist; with a couple of mis-shapen apple-trees that had somehow outgrown the limits of all apple-trees until they brooded over the whole place. They bore a glorious promise of blossoms in early summer, and later a scant fruition, specked and sweet to the taste. Over the wall and clambering upon the houses on one side, woodbine and dainty clematis ran wild, and under the shadow of the same old wall bloomed narcissus and sweet old-fashioned pinks.

And it was mine, all mine! my home, where John and I would live, please God, for long, happy years. Where we would die. When he had gone away to his work, and Bennie was building wonderful fairy castles upon the floor, I used to walk the length of the low sunny rooms, repeating the words to myself. Once, Dolly—my one maid—came upon me suddenly as I paced the upper rooms.

"Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, Dolly, no;" I said. "I have *found* it." And so I had.

I sewed or read or taught little Bennie when I had arranged the affairs of my kingdom; sitting in a low chair by the window. Sometimes the people hurrying by glanced in. I wondered if they knew that I was John's wife; that this was my home—my very own! Sometimes when the school-bell rang and the children crowded the sidewalk, I would seem to hear again the dull drone of the scholars over their lessons. Again with tired feet I would pace up and down the familiar room. The world would narrow to those four high walls, and life seem only a burden—to be rolled off at last. Then, with my face laid close to Bennie's, he would wonder at my sudden tears.

II.

THREE years of the peaceful life that I had

planned—then John fell ill. And, the door once opened, troubles of which we never dreamed flocked in. He was not like to die; but week after week he lay quite still or crept about the house. He even gained slowly after a time. But he could not hope to work for months to come, and some craft of men, some wickedness of which I need not tell, seemed about to pull our house down about our heads, and make us beggars. Then, as if we were not desolate enough, peace went. I could not rest day or night for the question—what should we do? What should I do? To go about the house day after day in the old accustomed ways—to sit long hours pushing a bit of steel through endless seams;—all this I did; but oh, I was wild with anxiety and alarm.

I had put Bennie into his bed and read him to sleep one night, as usual. Some simple story it was, forgotten now. I only know it touched my heart, and bore me for the moment beyond my cares. When I had finished and the child slept, that poem of Uhland's floated into my mind:—

There is a land where beauty will not fade
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true hearts will not shrink or be dismayed
And love can never die.

I said the words over softly to myself as I paced the floor. Through the half-shut door I could see John lying upon the sofa dimly outlined in the darkness; but with a ray from the gaslight outside falling across his white face, and touching his thin gray hair. Was there nothing I could do to help him!

Then it came to me—my vocation! I could read. I had had a gift of recitation from a child. At one time I had even given some attention to elocution, with a hope of something better than my dull school life. Other women took to the platform, why should not I? Was it helpfulness for John that made me strong with the thought, or was it the sudden mighty uplifting of forgotten ambitions?

To some, prophecy. To some, speaking with tongues. To me—this; strange that I should not have thought of it before! The German poem dropped from my lips and my thoughts. I went out, and kneeling down

by John, told him all my desire—my hope. I remember how dark and still the room was. How that one ray of light touched the girl's face upon the wall. I fancied it seemed less sad to-night. Yes; I could help him. Surely she must rejoice!

"It was a girl-dream of mine," I said at length, laying my hot cheek on his. "It is a gift, given me I never knew for what, until now."

He did not speak. Did it pain him that I had dreams unfulfilled? Oh, it must not!

"You see, John," I began again, "it is like—like—. Let me tell you a story, as though you were Bennie: Once upon a time there was a little spring that burst out of the earth. Oh, such a little spring as it was, dear! And it was years ago. No one thirsted. No one saw it but one. So this one laid over it a stone, and it dried away and was forgotten!" Something wet lay on John's cheek. Oh, he must not think I was sorry at the sealing up of the fountain! "And when it dried away (are you listening, dear?) even the place was forgotten, because all manner of pleasant plants grew over it. Not weeds; but lilies, like those that bloom in our garden in the summer. And *heart's-ease*. Yes; most of all grew *heart's-ease*, quite hiding the spot where the little spring had been.

"And after a long time the earth was dry and choked; but no one remembered the spring until a careless hand—a little hand like Bennie's—pulled away the stone, and the waters poured out—a flood! Oh, John!" I cried, "it is this desire of mine! Let me try! there is nothing else that I can do."

"You can do? But it must not come on *you*. Only be patient awhile longer. Only wait. I shall be out soon now. Have patience, Esther. Yes; it is hard, I know; harder than doing; but mine is a brave girl!" he said, stroking my hair.

I drew my head away. Something like willfulness stirred in me. "Only wait!" I could not. I would not.

"John, I cannot!" I wished the words back. Yet I would not recall them. He put me aside, and rose up. I could not see his face, though he stood in the window. His back was towards me.

"So you have set your heart on this, Esther?"

"Yes, John," I answered faintly.

"When I married you I hoped to make your life an easier one than it had been." His voice trembled over the last words.

"O, John!" I crept close to him. I laid my head against his arm. One moment more and I should have spoken. "I will do anything that seems best to you," I would have said. He gave a little sigh. I fear with that he laid away many hopes and all the plans that he had formed.

"I will help you, if I can."

I raised my head quickly. "Do you mean—"

"Yes, dear; you may try."

I clung about his neck, and laughed and cried together.

"Even if I have to go away from you a little while," I said at length. "You'll trust me, John?" He turned my face to where the light fell on us both. I had never thought him handsome until then. "Trust you! Trust my wife!"

And that was all he said.

III.

So one night I made my trial. How it was brought about, no matter here. Helping hands for good or evil are always ready if one but wills.

All the dizzy lights blurred into one as I crossed the platform. All the nodding heads became a mass of terror indistinguishable. My hands were ice. My jaws were locked. The arm I essayed to move was held as if by iron weights.

When this chaos had slowly resolved itself into cold expectant faces I could have fallen. I could have died there, but for the eager pained eyes that met my own, the worn face, whiter than mine, I knew so well. I could not fail with John before me! One swift thought of him, of Bennie, and my mouth was opened.

Then all the flush and warmth that I had thought gone with my youth came back to me. The faces before me were as clay. I moulded them with my hands. I breathed into them the breath of life. A brief moment

and it was over—the hour of intoxication and triumph. Followed by the chairman of the lyceum committee, waited upon by some of the dignitaries of the town where I had read, I retired to the ante-room. They were courtly, gracious gentlemen, and when John with his dear eager face all aglow stood in the doorway, I noticed for the first time that he was bent about the shoulders—that he dressed in an old-fashioned way.

"Ah, your father," exclaimed one of the gentlemen who held my shawl. There was something more than surprise in the stare that followed the words. It brought all that was good in me to the surface. I walked straight across the room and put my hand into his arm. They to judge of John! "It is my husband, gentlemen," I said, as they hastened to congratulate him upon my success.

"Well, John," when we had left them and were on our way home. I was not satisfied yet; I desired that *he* should praise me. "Did I do well?"

"Oh, very well;" and though we were out in the darkness I was sure he smiled on me. I felt it in his voice, but my vanity still craved something more.

"Were you not surprised?"

"No; I always knew you could do anything you tried." It struck me that there was an echo of sadness to his voice. How could it be when I was wild with excitement and delight!

"Do praise me, John. Tell me that I was pretty to look at, that I succeeded as no other woman ever did!" And then I astonished him by bursting into tears. We were on the train going home. The lamps over our heads had flickered and gone out. I hid my face on his shoulder and sobbed. There was a taste as of ashes to the apples I had grasped.

He soothed me. "My good girl," he said. I remembered afterwards how, when others turned my silly head with praise of the beauty that came back to me, with praise of my talents and success, I was to him "My good girl who is trying to help her husband." Faint praise, I thought sometimes. But I knew afterwards that it was the one anchor that held me, as it was the one reminder of what I had striven to do.

Of course my home was no longer now my world; no longer first in my thoughts even. I realized this with a pang sometimes. I saw John one day fingering the leaves of the ivy that had made our parlor so bright through all the long winters. It had run in a kind of revel over the windows. It had perched itself upon the top of the pictures, and thrust its shoots out from every corner. It was dead now. I had forgotten to tend it. I made as though I did not see him when he touched it, and when he had left the house I tore it down. I had no idea the room could seem so bare as it did when the grasp of the dead fingers was loosened.

And yet no one could say that I neglected my home. It was well kept and orderly. Nothing was gone but the charm of love, and that is—everything! Suddenly, too, I realized that Bennie was six years old. Almost a man, I told him. So I did not hold him in my arms, or tell him stories any more. Indeed, he did not ask it after a while; but when I walked the floor and read aloud, as I did every day now, he would steal away into a corner with some old toy held tight in his little hands, and stare out at me with wondering, almost frightened eyes. It was John who comforted him when he was hurt in these days, into whose arms he crept when the shadows fell at night, while I—oh, I won golden favors of the world.

IV.

"HERE is a round of engagements for you." It was the bristly-haired little man presiding over that place of destiny, the lyceum bureau, who spoke. I had called at the office by request.

"But where?"

"Oh, West; the best field for a novice. It is a six weeks' tour."

Six weeks! I must think of it. I must talk it over with John.

The agent stood before a desk, sharpening a pencil. He cut it carefully but briskly to a point while I pulled at the glove in my hand, and did not speak.

"Sorry to hasten your decision," in that rasping tone so confusing to women unused to the sudden combinations and hasty con-

clusions of business—"but there is a lady in the next room who will take it if you do not. You have only to sign your name here," designating the spot with his finger.

His words whistled through my head like the wind. I was thinking my own thoughts. The desire to give it all up, to creep back into the old happy life, to be hid from the world, rose strong in me. There was no longer any necessity for my work. John's health had come back to him. Our troubles had flown away as they came. My pride fought with this desire.

"Let me think of it a moment." He shrugged his shoulders, but with a "Certainly, madam," returned to his desk.

I was weary from my long walk. I was trembling with nervous excitement. For an instant everything in the room seemed rushing by. I put out my hand and clutched the window-sill. I leaned my head upon it and did not try to think. Only to wait until the roar—did it come up from the street?—had ceased. When everything was stilled—even to my heart—I said to it, "We will not go;" and then there came a thought of him who buildeth a tower and counteth not the cost—of him who putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back. I took up the pen and wrote my name. Then I came out into the street feeling as though I had bound myself with chains.

I almost hoped that John would forbid my going. I almost hoped he would blame me when I told him what I had done. But he did neither.

"I have thought of Bennie and of you," I said. But I could not meet his eyes, for mine would fill with tears. Try as I might, I could not blot out the picture of John and Bennie here alone through all the long winter evenings—of the lack of comfort, the possible contingencies of sickness and death!

But no; I would not think of it. I was called to a higher sphere; I had answered the voice. I had put my hand to the plow. I would never look back.

"There is Dolly," I went on, in the cold, hard tone of attempted composure that sounds so much like indifference. "She knows my ways. She is faithful, and six weeks will soon pass."

Oh, how endless and dark they stretched out before me, even as I said the words!

"Do you really desire to go?" There was a great pleading in John's voice. I hardened my heart against it.

"Yes;" but the word struggled in my throat.

"Because you know you need not; and—and we shall miss you. Shall we not, little man?" He bent over Bennie, who leaned against his knee.

"She's gone away," affirmed Bennie, in that slow, solemn tone peculiar to children, and without looking at me.

"No;" said John, "but we shall be very lonely if she does go."

"She's gone away," reiterated the child, and he was right.

V.

THE applause still rang in my ears. I could hear the rustle and tread of the crowd, the hum of voices as it retreated. I had read in the theater of a Western city, and now in the green-room awaited the carriage that was to take me back to the hotel.

It was a pretty tiring-room—fitted for some star, doubtless—all white and gold, with lilies upon floor and hangings, with lily cups upon the chandelier that lit up the mirrors, where I could see repeated again and again my weary face. A soft white shawl, a meshed lace-like head-covering, a pair of gloves, a bouquet—I had thrown them all down beside me, and lying back in the depths of an armchair, waited.

"You are tired to-night," said the gentleman upon the divan opposite, as he consulted his watch.

"Yes! More tired than I can tell," I answered, closing my eyes. He left me a moment.

"It was a stupid mistake of mine," he said when he returned. "I should have ordered the carriage earlier."

"Pray don't disturb yourself. It will soon come, I don't doubt."

"If I could bring you any thing. Let me see, there should be—yes; there is some wine here." He unlocked the cabinet as he spoke and took out a decanter. I shook my head. John and I held queer old-fashioned notions.

"But I insist," he said; "you must take it. You are ill."

He poured out the wine. I drank it down. "Strange that we should have met here today," he said. "I've never once seen you since—Don't mind; I forgave you long ago. I kept your letter too—the tenderest saying of a *no* man ever had from woman."

"Pray don't speak of it. Why bring up what has been years forgotten?" My face was warm and conscious, I knew; though I tried to speak coldly. Perhaps it was the wine—it burned in all my veins. Perhaps it was the flowers. How strong their perfume was!

"Why not? I ought to have overcome any pain I had years ago. And you—you never cared, you know."

I felt his eyes upon me; but I would not open mine. It came to me like the far-off stretching out of hands, that I ought to rise and go away; that it was not good for me to be here. I tried to think of home. I tried to think of John, from whom I had heard nothing now for many days; but both were vague and indistinct. Nothing was real or near to me but the heavy perfume of the flowers and the face of this man watching mine. He had been walking the room as he spoke; as he came near now he leaned over my chair. He bent down and touched my hair—the hair that John had stroked!

I started to my feet. There came to me at that moment such a vision of my home, such a vision of my husband—not handsome or fine in dress as this man; but strong and true of soul!—as no woman ever had before!

"I want to go home." I gathered up the wraps lying at my side. The flowers fell to the floor. What were the sickening, sweet things to me?

"And so you shall," he answered in a light tone as he laid his hand upon my shawl.

"I want to go home to *John*!" and this time I did not fear to meet his eyes. His hand fell from the shawl. Without a word he turned and led the way down the narrow stairs to the street. The carriage was waiting.

At midnight I was on my way home.

With my face once set, I could have flown, had wings been given me. I could not bear

with the slow motion of the train—the slow drag of time. Sleep I could not. Was it the wine that burned so like fire within me? that brought strange fancies as the night wore away? I clung to the seat, laughing aloud, as we fairly bounded over the road. I could have shouted my delight as with face pressed against the window-pane I watched the dizzy, spark-lit darkness rushing past.

Through all the next day I seemed to sleep and dream. Still we went on; but now I had ceased to care. Some one spoke to me. It was a woman, gentle-faced and young. Bennie's mother, I thought, and yet I knew she was in heaven.

"You must be ill?" she said.

"Oh no; I'm going home—to John!" and then I slept again.

It was dusk when I crept up to the house. When I pushed open the heavy door I did not heed the darkness within. It was a pleasant shade. I seemed to have been walking under a scorching sun, though my feet were crusted with snow. I groped about the rooms, searching for something—I had forgotten what: I stole up the stairs. There was a dim light, a little form that lay quite still in Bennie's bed, a figure bending over it, the face hidden by the thin gray hair. I remember—no; I remember nothing more.

VI.

It was pleasant, and soft, and cool—this somewhere where I lay. I would open my eyes. Oh no; not yet. I would think. My heart gave a great bound. The eyes opened of themselves, and there was John's dear face, smiling down upon me, and Bennie's little hands creeping into mine.

I think I know how the son felt whose father met him while he was yet a great way off. Oh, when they put the ring upon his finger how it must have shamed his soiled hands! And when they hung the chain about his neck how it must have weighed him to the earth! And when they set before him the fatted calf killed in his honor, how the first morsel must have choked him!

"I am not good enough to be your wife," I sobbed; "let me take Dolly's place."

But John comforted me.

UNWEDDED.

OH, thou beloved, who shouldst have been mine own,
Serenely beautiful and wise and strong,
Consoler whom my life has never known,
How have I missed thee, seeking thee alone
All my life long?

Somewhere upon the wide and misty track
I strayed behind, or did not wait for thee;
And so must always mourn my bitter lack,
For on this weary road we go not back.
Ah, woe is me!

Often, with sorely burdened heart and mind,
When there were none to aid or understand,
How have I groped with tears, alone and blind,
In the thick darkness, longing but to find
Thy helpful hand!

For I believed that Love is doubly armed
Against all woes, and with unshaken breath
Could pass through pain and suffering unalarmed;
Could take up poisonous things and not be harmed,
And dare even death.

"And how shall Love, immortal and sublime,"
I said, "be hindered of its best estate
By any petty chance of space or time?"
Alas! my life has lost its freshest prime,
And still I wait.

How beautiful our mingled lives had been,
Had we but found each other in our youth!
The world had grown, despite its stain and sin,
Sweeter because we two had lived therein
Our utter truth.

Then all the myriad ills which Fate contrives
Wherewith to fret men's hearts, to us had been
But motes along the sunshine of our lives;
Naught could have harmed us, since the true soul thrives
By discipline.

Then this unending toil and ceaseless toss
Had never marred my life; the hindering load
Of worldly circumstance, of gain or loss,
Had seemed to us but cobwebs, stretched across
Our upward road.

Where art thou, love? Far as the farthest pole
 Hast thou, too, vaguely dreamed of what should be?
 Or, mated early with some feebler soul,
 Hast struggled with thy bonds in grief and dole,
 Longing for me?

I had been more than all the world to thee,
 So proudly tender, so entirely true,
 So wise and tireless in my ministry,
 More dear than any other soul could be,
 All my life through.

Alas! the sun's last glimmering has kissed
 The highest mountain-tops to gold; and now
 The crimson west has changed to amethyst,
 And all the vale is dim with chilly mist,
 But where art thou?

Too late! too late! the darkness gathereth,
 And the night falleth, pitiless and dumb;
 I cannot reach thee with this hopeless breath;
 But when I walk the other side of death,
 Wilt thou not come?

A VISIT TO THE "GREAT YO-SEMITE."

OUR preparations for visiting the Great Yo-Semite Valley were of the most pioneer description. The only portion of our outfit on which we prided ourselves was our stable. The greatest of luxuries, a really good saddle-animal, is easily obtained in California. Everybody rides there; if you wish to create a sensation with your horsemanship in the streets of San Francisco, you must ride ill, not well. All honor to the Spaniards, Greasers, and Mixed Breeds, for having planted the noble idea of horsemanship so firmly in the country that not even street-railroads can uproot it, and that Americans who never sat even so little as an Atlantic State's pony, on going there presently take to the saddle as if "to the manner born."

Pilgrims to the Yo-Semite go by two or three different routes, but we shipped ourselves from San Francisco by steamer to Stockton. The distance from Stockton to Mariposa is about ninety-five miles; a line of stages is running, at moderate charges, on alternate days; fenced ranches, and wide,

open, rolling plains diversify the scene as we go along.

Here and there you find an isolated herdsman or a small settlement dropped down in this not unfruitful waste, and several times you come to a hybrid town with a Spanish *plaza*, and Yankee notions sold around it. We went the distance leisurely to Mariposa, stopping here and there to sketch and botanize; besides, we were dragging with us what they call in Jersey a "carry-all," a wagon obtained second-hand in Stockton, in which we carried our heavier outfit till we should get our extra pack-beasts at Mariposa, and to which we had harnessed, for their first time, an implacable white mule with an incapable white horse, to neither of which was the other's society or its own new trade congenial.

Mariposa being an excellent starting-point to the Yo-Semite Valley and the Mariposa grove of mammoth trees, it is likely to become a place famous in history and the note-books of travelers.

To serve our party (which numbered eight,—five gentlemen and three ladies) we secured a man and a boy. Regarding the former, perhaps the more truthful assertion would be that he secured us; for, as will shortly appear, though we bought his services, he sold us in return! He was a meager, wiry fellow, with sandy hair, serviceable-looking hands, and no end of self-recommendations. As he said he had been a teamster, and knew that soup-meat went into cold water, we rushed blindly into an engagement with him, taking him for better or for worse.

The boy we obtained near Mariposa. At fifteen years, and in jackets, he was one of the keenest speculators in fire-arms I ever saw; could swap horses or play poker with anybody; and, take him for all in all, in the Eastern States, at least, I shall never look upon his like again.

We are soon in the Mariposa grove. Who can picture, in language or on canvas, the thrilling and intense surprise when the eye first looks upon this marvelous scene! Long vistas of forest shades, formed by immense trunks of trees, stretch far away: now arched by the overhanging branches of the lofty Taxodiums, then by the drooping boughs of the white-blossomed Dogwood; while one hears ever the mysterious moaning and whispering of the great pines and firs.

I have not met a single person this side the continent who believes the literal truth which travelers tell about these marvelous giants. People sometimes think they do, but that is only because they fail to realize the proposition. They have no concrete idea of how the asserted proportions look.

We rode through one tree, a distance of a hundred and fifty-three feet. A group of these trees is appropriately called "The Graces." One mighty tree that had fallen by fire and been burned out, into which we walked for a long distance, we found to be inhabited; a grizzly had made his nest there. In the language of another, "The mightiest tree that has yet been found now lies upon the ground, and, fallen as it lies, it is a wonder still; it is charred, and time has stripped it of its heavy bark, and yet across the butt of the tree, as it lay upturned, it measured thirty-

three feet without its bark; there can be no question that in its vigor, with its bark on, it was forty feet in diameter, or one hundred and twenty feet in circumference. Only about one hundred and fifty feet of the trunk remains, yet the cavity where it fell is still a large hollow beyond the portion burned off; and upon pacing it, measuring from the root one hundred and twenty paces, and estimating the branches, the tree must have been four hundred feet high. We believe it to be the largest tree yet discovered."

Leaving this spot, for some twelve miles farther on a series of tremendous climbs tasked us and our beasts to the utmost, but brought us by noon to a lovely green meadow, walled in on one side by near snow-peaks. Now on the last stage of our pilgrimage, we were nearly on a plane with the top of the mighty precipices which wall the Yo-Semite Valley, and for two or three hours longer found the trail easy, save where it crossed the bogs of summit-level springs. Plunging into the thick forest, our dense, leafy surroundings hid from us the fact of our approach to the valley's tremendous battlement, till our trail turned at a sharp angle and we stood on "Inspiration Point."

Fanciful as that name had appeared, we found it then only the spontaneous expression of our own feelings. We did not so much seem to be seeing from that crag of vision a new scene on the old familiar globe, as a new heaven and a new earth into which the creative spirit had just been breathed. I cannot give vision utterance.

We stood on the verge of a precipice more than three thousand feet in height—a sheer granite wall, whose terrible perpendicular distance baffled all visual computation.

There faced us another wall like our own,—how far off it might be we only could guess,—a wall like our own, but, as yet, we could not know that certainly, for of our own we saw nothing. Our eyes were spell-bound to the tremendous precipice, which stood smiling, not frowning at us, in all the serene radiance of a snow-white granite Boobh,—broadly burning, rather than glistening, in the white-hot splendors of the setting sun. From that sun, clear back to the first trace of purple

twilight flushing the eastern sky-rim—yes, as if it were the very butment of the eternally blue Californian heaven—ran that wall, always sheer as the plummet, without a visible break through which squirrel might climb or sparrow fly—so broad that it was at first faint-lined, like the paper on which I write, by the loftiest waterfall in the world—so lofty that its very breadth could not dwarf it, while the mighty pines and Douglas firs along its edge rose mistily from the granite lid of the Great Valley's upgazing eye. In the first astonishment of the view we took the whole battlement at a sweep, and seemed to see an unbroken sky-line; but as ecstasy gave way to examination, we discovered how greatly some portions of the precipice surpassed our immediate *vis-à-vis* in height.

First, a little east of our off-look, there projected boldly into the valley from the dominant line of the base a square stupendous tower that might have been hewn by the diamond tools of the genii. Here and there the tools had left a faint scratch, only deep as the width of Broadway and five hundred feet in length; but that detracted no more from the unblemished four-square contour of the entire mass than a pin-mark from the symmetry of a door-post. A city might have been built on its granite flat top. And, oh! the gorgeous masses of light and shadow which the falling sun cast on it,—the shadows like great waves, the lights like the spumy tops and flying mist thrown up from the heaving breast of a golden sea! In California, at that season, the dome of heaven was cloudless; but I still dream of what must be done for the bringing-out of "Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah's" coronation-day majesties by the broken winter sky of fleece and fire! The height of his precipice is nearly four thousand feet perpendicular; his name is supposed to be that of the valley's tutelar deity. He also rejoices in a Spanish *alias*,—some Mission Indian having attempted to translate by "El Capitan" the idea of divine authority implied in Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah.

Far up the valley to the eastward there rose high above the rest of the sky-line, and nearly five thousand feet above the valley, a hemisphere of granite, capping the sheer wall,

without an apparent tree or shrub to hide its vast proportions. This we immediately recognized as the famous Great North Dome. Between Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah and the Dome the wall rose sometimes into great pinnacles and towers, but its sky-line is far more regular than that of the southern side, where we were standing.

But I will hasten on. To describe more fully the valley at this point, the intermediate crests and pinnacles which topped the perpendicular wall of the North Dome, as it stood within our vision like the teeth of a saw, clear and sharp-cut against the blue sky; to try to delineate the plumb-line uprightness of these mighty precipices, to describe this scene further would consume too much space now.

The Great South Dome, I believe, is generally spoken of in the masculine gender, but native tradition makes it feminine. Nowhere is there a more beautiful Indian legend than that of Tis-sa-ack.

Far below lies a sweep of emerald grass turned to chrysoprase by the slant-beamed sun. Broad and fair just beneath us, it narrows to a little strip of green between the butments that uplift the giant domes. Far to the westward, widening more and more, it opens into the bosom of great mountain ranges,—into a field of light, misty by its own excess,—into an unspeakable suffusion of glory, rising from the phoenix-like pile of the dying sun. Here it lies almost as treeless as some rich old clover-mead; yonder its luxuriant smooth grasses give way to a dense wood of cedars, oaks, and pines. Not a living creature, man or beast, breaks the visible silence of this inmost paradise; but for ourselves, standing at the precipice,—the great world petrified, as it were, rock on rock,—might well be running back in stone-and-grassy dreams to the hour when God had given him as yet but two daughters, the crag and the clover. Earth below was as motionless as the ancient heavens above, save for the shining serpent of the Merced, which silently trailed along the middle of the grass, and twinkled his burnished back in the sunset wherever for a space he glided out of the shadow of the woods.

To behold the promised land proved quite

a different thing from possessing it. Only those who have had such a journey can understand how much like a nightmare of endless roof-walking was the descent down the face of the precipice. A painful and most circuitous dug-way, where our animals constantly had to stop, lest their impetus should tumble them headlong, all the way past steepes where the mere thought of a side-fall was terror, brought us in the twilight to a green meadow, ringed by woods, on the banks of the Merced.

Here we pitched our first Yo-Semite camp. Horses and mules were dismissed to the deep green meadow, with no further qualification to their license than might be found in ropes seventy feet long fastened to deep-driven pickets. We soon had a roaring fire and something to eat, after which we selected a cedar-canopied piece of flat sward near the fire for our bed-room, and, as high up as we could reach, despoiled our fragrant *baldacchini* for the mattresses, which were sweet enough to rest upon.

During our whole stay in the valley we made it our practice to rise early, take breakfast,—we generally had game,—next the horses (even the mules were "horses" here) were brought up from picket; then together or separately we rode away whither we listed.

But, our man! Our stores began to fail. One morning we equipped him with a horse, a pack-mule, and sundry commissions, bidding him good speed on the trail to Mariposa. He was to return in five days. On the morning of the seventh one of the party started either in pursuit, or to meet him on the way. We were getting ominously near the bottom of our flour-bag. In five days more the gentleman returned, leading an extra mule loaded with reinforcements; but our traitorous "man" we saw no more.

Five miles farther up this valley we came to the Yo-Semite Fall proper, but, in the Indian, "Cho-looke." By geological survey this fall is credited with the astounding height of twenty-eight hundred feet! In the spring and early summer no more magnificent sight can be imagined than is obtained from a standpoint right in the midst of the spray, driven, as by a wind blowing thirty miles an hour, from

the thundering basin of the lower fall. At all seasons "Cho-looke" is the grandest mountain waterfall in the known world.

Near here is also another fall called "Po-ho-no," or "The Bridal Veil." As "Tis-sack" is a good, so is "Po-ho-no" an evil spirit of the Indian mythology. The savage lowers his voice to a whisper and crouches tremblingly past "Po-ho-no;" while the very utterance of the name is so dreaded by him that the discoverers of the valley obtained it with difficulty. This fall descends in an unbroken sheet of nearly a thousand feet perpendicular, thus being the next in height among all the valley cataracts to the Yo-Semite itself. Its name of "The Bridal Veil" is very appropriate; for, to one viewing it in profile, its snowy sheet, broken into the filmy, silvery lace of spray, and falling quite free of the brow of the precipice, might well seem the veil worn by the earth at her granite wedding—commemorating the one-thousandth anniversary of her nuptials. Near by stands a nameless rock, three thousand feet in height; and yet another, called "Sentinel Rock," a solitary truncate pinnacle, towering thirty-three hundred feet.

A lovely place in the valley is the shore of Lake "Ah-wi-yoh," a crystal pond of several acres in extent, lying right at the mouth of the narrow strait between the North and South Domes. What a spot here by this tranquil water for an artist! Such a play of color! Our artist friend rose at dawn and worked solely for the love of his art. After passing the great cleft eastward, we found the river more enchanting at every step. We were obliged to penetrate in this direction entirely on foot, clambering between squared blocks of granite dislodged from the wall beneath the North Dome, any one of which might have been excavated into a commodious church, and discovering, after a reconnaissance of five miles, some of the loveliest shady stretches of singing water, and some of the finest minor waterfalls in our American scenery.

Our last camp was pitched among the crags and forests behind the South Dome. We were compelled, in some places, to squeeze sideways through a narrow crevice in the rocks, at imminent danger; in others we became

quadrupedal, scrambling up acclivities with which the bald main precipice had made but slight compromise. We went on and on, but look where we would, impregnable battle-

ments hemmed us in. Oh, mighty Yo-Semite! Higher still might we see, glittering like diamond lances in the sun, the eternal snow-peaks themselves.

BLIND.

ALL the looks those eyes can cast
Must on precious faces fall.
O Remembrance! fix them fast—
Pictures on the inner wall.

What can move him more than this?
Sons and daughters from afar
Ering their youngest, lest he miss
Seeing what their treasures are.

None too soon. Poor yearning eyes,
All their seeing has been done!
But the inner light shall rise,
That shall be the blind man's sun.

Little Mary, grandpa's pet,
Softly climbs upon his chair.
Oh! how close a child can get
Without breaking in on prayer.

Lips are moving close to hers,
And though large eyes open wide,
Yet she neither speaks nor stirs,
Since she's found a place to hide.

'Twixt his bowed head and the breast
She has wedged her golden hair,
On his silver locks to 'rest,
Casting added glory there.

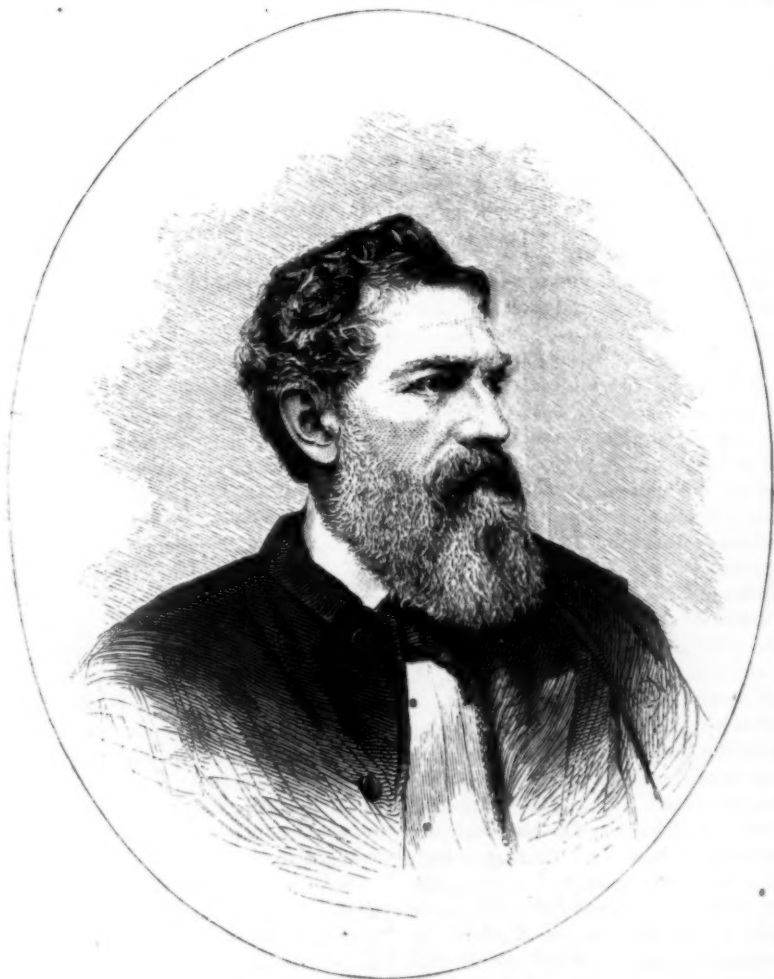
Lying there so quietly,
Mary hears her own sweet name,—
Looks up eagerly to see
For what end the summons came:

Thinking not, though she'd been told,
Of a some one gone before,
Whose dear name she has in hold,
For whose sake she's loved the more.

Blind, all blind, yet, little one,
To a Mary he can see
Do these prayerful whispers run,
Though he loves you tenderly.

LIVING AMERICAN ARTISTS.

NO. II.



HENRY PETERS GRAY.

HENRY PETERS GRAY, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

Few men have attained reputation and easy circumstances with so little apparent effort as the subject of the present sketch—Henry Peters Gray,—at this writing the President of the National Academy of Design, and ranking fairly among the first of living portrait painters.

VOL. II.—26

Mr. Gray is the son of George W. Gray, a New York merchant, and grandson, on his mother's side, of Mr. Harry Peters, whose farm forty-five years ago, later the site of Vauxhall Gardens, embraced many acres east of Broadway, the homestead occupying the position of the dwelling now opposite the New

York Hotel. Mr. Gray was born in 1819, in Greenwich street, which contained the residences of the wealthier merchants of that day, sharing favor only with State street and Bowling Green. He finished his education at Clinton. His love of art developed soon, for we find him exhibiting at the Academy in 1839, when he was but twenty years old. On this occasion he exhibited five pictures—four portraits and one composition, "Le Chapeau." Immediately after his election as an Associate he visited Europe, accompanying Huntington and Ver Breick on the voyage. In Europe he remained some eighteen months, studying assiduously and returning with many evidences of his industry and of the rapid development of his talent as an artist. In 1842 he was elected an Academician, and before the close of that year had completed seventy-five paintings. So much at least in evidence of the working energy so characteristic of him.

In 1843 he married Miss Clark, a lady of kindred tastes, and to-day a leader among our woman artists and President of their Association.

After his marriage Mr. Gray visited Boston, and painted numerous portraits there. In 1845 he went a second time to Europe to study, accompanied this time by his wife. He studied closely the works of the old masters in the famous galleries and chapels of Rome and Florence, making copies of them and painting original compositions, many of which were highly valued then and are still much esteemed. In Rome his second son was born. He returned to New York in 1846. From this time until 1861 he worked indefatigably, gaining reputation steadily and taking an active part in the affairs of the Academy, being frequently a member of its Council. During this period, although his chief labor was portrait painting, he painted a large number of important compositions, classic, historic, and *genre*. Among these may be named his "Immortality of the Soul," and "Our Father who Art in Heaven," painted in 1847; "Wages and War," "The Apple of Discord," and "Repose," in 1849, the last named being

exhibited in England in 1851. In 1854 he painted the "Wood Spirit;" in 1856, "Hagar and Ishmael;" in 1858, "The Anointing," "Roman Peasants," "Pride of the Village," and "Building of the Ship;" in 1860, "Sussannah," "Charity," and "Venus and Paris." Add to these and other compositions of less note three hundred and eighty portraits, and Mr. Gray's claim to genius, on the score of industry alone, is indisputable, surely.

In 1861 he was elected Vice-President of the Academy, in place of the venerable Chas. C. Ingham. This office Mr. Gray held until the election of 1870, when he was chosen President, on resignation of Mr. Huntington. He contributed two paintings to the Paris Exposition of 1867, the "Venus and Paris," and "Pride of the Village," above noted.

As Vice-President of the Academy, the same indomitable energy characterized his labors for the benefit of that institution. Mr. Huntington and Mr. Gray were the originators of the Fellowship Fund, to which the Academy owes its material prosperity. Of this fund he still continues Treasurer.

Important among the artist's compositions, more recent than those named, are his "Origin of the American Flag," "America in 1862," "Portia and Bassanio," "St. Christopher," "Geneviève," and "Cleopatra." But, as we have already said, his later years have been chiefly occupied in portrait painting, his work being highly esteemed for general delicacy of treatment and purity of color. A good example of his best qualities as an artist is his cabinet "Portrait of an Old Lady," at the Spring Exhibition of this year.

Mr. Gray is a man of noticeably fine physique, massive head, well-cut features, and a keen, if somewhat restless eye. He unites, in a rare degree, the artist and the man of the world. His sensitiveness is no barrier to his progress; he believes in work and does it, in his studio and out of it, and proceeds to conclusions with determination. The honors conferred on him by his brother Academicians are the legitimate reward of his faithful labors as their Associate and of his great industry and talent as an artist.

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J. Q. ADAMS WARD.

J. Q. ADAMS WARD.

Who will gainsay us when we boldly state it as part of our belief, that had there not been a good bank of clay near the old saw-mill at Urbana, thirty years ago, Chatfield, the potter, would not have settled there, but would have gone farther on? "What then?" Just this: that America would have had to-day, in all probability, one sculptor less—and she has none too many who deserve the name.

For in Urbana, at that time, was the home of Farmer Ward, whose boy Quincy was nearing the age of twelve, and tall and strong enough, for his years, to suggest the material for a sturdy farmer. And a farmer Quincy would have been no doubt, but for the genius which was in him, the bank of clay we spoke of, and the potter Chatfield.

And how it came to pass that the farmer's

son became a sculptor is what we have set down to tell. It is a simple story, yet one full of interest and inspiration,—the history of him whose latest work—his statue of Shakespeare—is ranked amongst the first of modern works of art.

John Quincy Adams Ward was born in Urbana, Champaign County, Ohio, on the 29th day of June, 1830. His father, the inheritor of three hundred acres, and a man of culture, was thoroughly appreciative of the value of a good education, and did the best by his children that the place afforded. Quincy distinguished himself less in school than out of it, however. He had acquired a village reputation, the envy of his playmates, long before he awoke the jealousy of his classmates. For the potter's shop had been his favorite haunt, and here he had acquired a skill at modeling which astonished the older heads, and was a fruitful source of pleasure to the younger. The potter's work had a charm for him which even play had not. It was a rare delight to him to see the shapeless clay develop into graceful form in the workman's hands. He was in his glory when he was permitted to handle the plastic stuff and "make something." The clay bank—the store-house of the potter—was near the homestead, and here, during all the pleasant months, had Quincy a workshop of his own, of which he did not fail to profit. Some of his early efforts at creation were ambitious ones. Churches, saw-mills, and whole villages of people fashioned he, to the wonder and delight of all the lazy rogues who came to watch him. It was here the potter first saw Quincy's work. As a matter of course he became his friend and patron, and gave him the freedom of his workshop. Here in every leisure moment Quincy reveled among the clay, and learned to turn pots with skill, preferring the job immeasurably to the pursuit of vulgar fractions. Here he acquired his first knowledge of tools less primitive than his fingers, and, in early proof of his skill in using them, he ornamented some pots with bas-reliefs, which called general attention to his work, and gave him undisputed rank among his comrades ever after. A *chef d'œuvre* at this time was his representation of

a train of cars, then rather a novelty to the western villagers. Even the potter, who was something of a critic, could afford to admire this effort, and, as the height of his ambition for the young artist, suggested that he should be sent to Cincinnati to learn toy-making. "There is money in that business," quoth the potter.

But Cincinnati had no attractions for Quincy, nor had the money of that business. His father had no decided views as yet about the future of the boy, nor did his success in modeling suggest any. On the contrary, the family rather disliked Quincy's weakness for the clay. But there was time enough, he was but entering on his teens. And so Quincy continued to attend his school, and to potter away his leisure hours, making clay figures of men on horseback, cattle, and whole theaters occasionally, which he traded off among the village boys for toys of their making or their purchase.

Like all imaginative children, our young artist was passionately fond of reading; but, luckily for him, he had not the privilege of too many books. He had, however, a library in a single work—his father's *Cyclopædia Britannica*. In this he read of drawing, modeling, and of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. Here he had his first revelation of the possibilities of Art, and henceforward his thoughts began to shape into more definite purpose, and his desire to grow stronger that one day he too might become a sculptor.

Quincy was not the only member of the family with artistic tastes; hence he had sympathy and encouragement at home. His sister had learned to make wax-flowers, as was the fashion with young ladies, more than than now,—and hereby hangs a tale. For upon this wax-flower making the young modeler had often cast a hungry eye. He had longed to attempt a statuette in wax, and here was the material for his purpose. Wax could be had for flowers; but in the quantity and quality for figure-making, that was another affair and not to be spoken of. It might be thought about, however, and brooding thereupon begot the ways and means. Somehow the wax disappeared mysteriously from the sister's box, and found its way into Quincy's hands.

Having no vulgar prejudice against color, and being economical of scraps, in a few months he found himself in possession of enough material for his figure. But he had no model. To steal *that* by piecemeal was impossible; so he had to content himself with reference to engravings and occasional consultation of his own proportions, which we may presume were delicate enough at fifteen to suggest, in some degree, the fairer ones of the Venus non-comeatable.

This work, as you may presume, had to be done in secret; hence was it the labor of many months. A shady spot in a distant field was the artist's workshop, where, day after day, he labored to give form to his ideal of female beauty, hiding his statuette in the grass, when too late to work longer at it, to return to it again upon the morrow. It disappeared one day. The artist was in despair, and it is presumed gave some hint of the nature of his loss at home; for although he found the figure some days afterwards in the long grass,—where he himself had placed it, doubtless,—it soon after disappeared, this time to return no more. This was his last great effort at Urbana.

Quincy was sixteen years old when he was taken from school that he might help upon the farm. He tried hard, he says, to content himself with the dull routine of farm life; but, as a farmer, gave promise only of ignominious failure. His heart was not in the work, and the struggle of duty with inclination was most painful. He did his best, however, for three years, but grew more and more discontented daily. His unspoken wish was still to be a sculptor, but there seemed no outlet now from his farmer's life. A change came at last. Seeing how unhappy he was in his effort to reconcile himself to his work at home, it was proposed by the family that he should study medicine; and for a brief time he gave himself to this, thereby educating himself unconsciously for his future work, by becoming familiar with the anatomy of the human form. Whilst thus engaged his health gave way, and during his illness his sister, who lived in Brooklyn, visited her father's home. She expressed her anxiety about Quincy's future, and asked him to tell her of his troubles. He

was too timid and too hopeless then to suggest his wishes, but the kind woman got to the bottom of his heart before she left, and promised him her help. She would call on H. K. Brown, whose studio was in Brooklyn, and whom she knew well.

Faithful to her promise, and accompanied by her husband, Mrs. Thomas waited upon the sculptor Brown, then rising into fame. He gave her but cold encouragement for Quincy; told her that the artist had a hard road to travel, and that success was not always at the end of it. So she wrote to her brother: "If you think you have genius of the highest order, then you may come on and study." He didn't think he had, poor fellow, so buried his hopes once more, and tried to work on manfully in the rough harness of his country life. But the effort cost him dearly. He fell ill again; and at the fall of the year most gladly accepted his sister's invitation to visit her home in Brooklyn. This was in 1849. Soon after his arrival his sister asked him to call at Brown's studio with her; but at first he refused to go,—his ambition had all but left him. Ultimately, however, he was prevailed upon to pay the visit, and was duly introduced to Mr. Brown, by whom he was received in the kindest way.

Here for the first time he saw the "properties" of a sculptor's studio—the blocks of marble and heaps of clay, the modeling tools and other necessities of the art. One young man was cutting at a block of stone; another was fashioning clay into some desired shape. Ward thought he could do this or that, even as he saw it done, and his courage grew. It was a revelation of the processes of artistic labor, which inspired confidence and awoke ambition once again!

Before leaving, Brown told him to get something and copy it. He might tell him then whether or not he had sufficient talent for a sculptor in him. With this advice, and with kind, encouraging words from the sculptor, all of which Quincy as tenderly stored away, our young aspirant left the studio of the master.

It was not long, you may be assured, until something was found to copy—a cast of the Venus de Medici, such as was readily obtain-

able, then as now, for a few shillings, of the Italian figure-venders. With his old love for the nude, and his intuitive perception of the beautiful, Quincy thought little of the difficulty in the task thus self-imposed. He only knew that this Venus was a pretty thing to copy, and he carried the stucco beauty to his sister's home in triumph. Another journey and he returned with clay from the potter's, —then set to work.

His model finished, he carried it to the sculptor's. Brown was out; but he found no lack of approval of his effort from the men and boys who were at work. He left his Venus for the master to see when he returned. In a few days he called again, with beating heart. The sculptor expressed his gratification, said some flattering things, and ended by offering to take Quincy as a pupil. Ward went to work at once, and remained with H. K. Brown for nearly seven years.

He speaks in the most grateful way of the master's kindness, of his most excellent counsel, and of the encouragement he ever gave him; nor is he stinted in his admiration of the sculptor's genius and of his thoroughness as a teacher. With Brown he learned not only to model in clay, but in wax likewise; to set up large figures, also to cut in marble and to work in bronze. In all the mechanical work, in fact, he received the most thorough drilling.

Quincy began as a paying pupil, but before the first year was out he was receiving wages for modeling. He then felt that he must stand alone, and that the struggle of his life had begun indeed.

During his stay with Brown, the sculptor received his commission for the equestrian statue of Washington for Union Square, New York. At this Ward worked as a skilled assistant.

When Mr. Brown left Brooklyn, which he did about the close of Ward's seventh year as his pupil, the latter continued to occupy the studio, where he received commissions for portrait busts and other work, more or less routine in character. While here he also made his first studies for the "Indian Hunter," the Pioneer Simon Kenton, and several other compositions. But it was still up-hill

work as far as money-getting was concerned, and our artist was yet unknown to fame.

In 1859 he went to Washington, and modeled several busts there. Just about this time the Art Commission to superintend the decoration of the Capitol was appointed. The young sculptor dared to hope that there was some chance for him, and made several designs which he submitted to the Commissioners, but nothing came of them. His time in Washington was not lost, however, even if he knew "the proud man's contumely," "the insolence of office," and "the spurns which patient merit from the unworthy takes," — which we do not say he did, whatever we may think about it. Certainly *he* makes no complaint. On the contrary, he has a grateful remembrance of the patronage he received; for while there he made busts of T. P. Hale, Joshua Giddings, Alexander H. Stephens, and others. His bust of the latter was not finished, however, until some time after, when he visited Mr. Stephens in his home in Georgia, and there completed it. Here also he made copies, in bronze, of his statuette model of the Indian Hunter, which were flatteringly received and well paid for. This was the first appearance of this design, and its reception encouraged him to essay the life-size figure on his return to New York. He did not return that year, however, but spent the winter in Columbus, Ohio, where he modeled a bust of Governor Dennison.

In New York again, in 1860, Ward rented a studio in Dodworth building, where he was chiefly occupied during that year at portrait busts, giving all his spare time to study. During the year following he made an engagement with Messrs. Ames & Co. to model designs for presentation swords for them exclusively. This was fairly profitable work, for the demand for these costly gifts was good during the early portion of the war. Among his designs were those for swords for Admiral Foote and General Oglesby. The mountings of these swords were of solid gold, and they cost each about \$3,000. During this year he made a study for his figure of the Freedman, and during this and the following he made busts of Rev. Dr. Dewey, Dr. Mott, Dr. Webster, and others. This was

a season of hard work and of but limited income; but the time was nearing, fruitful of reward for all this patient toil and noble effort. Ward was elected an Academician in 1863. He now felt that it was due to himself to make a struggle to set up his Indian life size, but he saw the necessity of special study for the work before commencing it in earnest. So, as soon as possible, and even then at no little sacrifice of his means, he left for the Northwest, where he spent several months among the Red men, studying their habits and making wax models of them, which have since been pronounced marvels in truthful delineation of form and character.

It was not until 1864, therefore, that "The Indian Hunter" was finished in the clay. The artist felt that on its reception, favorable or otherwise, his immediate future in a great measure must depend; so he spared neither thought nor labor to realize his ideal.

It was exhibited in plaster at the gallery of John Snedcor, on Broadway, where, as all interested in the growth of art and acquainted with its later history know, it received an enthusiastic reception from art lovers generally, and won unqualified admiration from the critics. It was exhibited here but a few days when the proposition was made, by several of our wealthy citizens, to purchase it for the Central Park.

In the mean time Ward, thus warmly encouraged, proceeded to have the statue put in bronze, at his own expense. The work was finished before the opening of the Paris Exposition in 1867, and the sculptor, who in the mean time had agreed to the terms of purchase, was permitted to send the statue to Europe for exhibition. Its exposition there did our country honor, and confirmed the artist's reputation and his right to rank among the first of living sculptors.

And now it was no longer the struggle for bread or reputation; both in the future were well assured. Orders came in beyond the artist's ability to execute. The Academy had already conferred the fullness of its honors.

Whilst the Indian, in plaster, was still on exhibition in the Broadway gallery, Mr. Belmont, the banker, gave Ward a commission

for the heroic statue of Commodore Perry, since executed in bronze, and erected at Newport on a temporary pedestal: the elaborate work on that intended to support it being even yet unfinished. Of this pedestal, however, we shall speak hereafter.

About the same time that he received this important commission he received one also for his "Good Samaritan," designed to commemorate the discovery of ether as an anæsthetic, since erected on a pedestal illustrated with bas-reliefs in the Public Garden at Boston.

On the return from Paris of the American works of art exhibited there, they were placed in the National Academy, conspicuous among them the Indian Hunter. At the close of this exhibition the statue passed into the hands of the Central Park Commissioners, by whom it was placed in the position it now occupies, west of the south end of the Mall, near the Marble Arch, where it is pointed to with pride as the first unmistakable expression of American art in sculpture—American in subject, by the son of a western farmer, the pupil of a native sculptor—a work thoroughly unconventional in treatment, bearing no impress whatever of the influence of a foreign school, an indigenous expression of the New World's genius.

Soon followed the commission for the statue to commemorate the bravery of the Seventh Regiment of the N. Y. S. N. G., a heroic figure in bronze, some time since completed by the artist, but yet to be erected in the Park. Before the completion of this commission, the statue of Shakespeare for the Park was talked of, and for this Ward made several designs, one of which was approved of by the Commissioners. To execute this work a larger studio was necessary, and as our artist was now comparatively wealthy, and the future looked fair indeed, he purchased the site on Forty-ninth street near Fifth avenue, where he erected a home for himself and for one who, during the long years of his trials, had sustained him as a woman's loving, hopeful nature only can sustain. Here also he built his studio, in the rear of his dwelling-house, and prepared to put his noblest thought in the colossal shape in which it is to be given to

the people. There was but little to wish for now, save that the future should fulfill the promise of the present; and there was no cloud above all the broad horizon. But, alas! the storm was near which was to make this fair home desolate. His wife died after a brief illness. That this was a bitter loss all felt who knew this noble lady. Her influence on the artist's thought and work was known to all who knew him. A woman of rare mental gifts and exalted nature, she inspired his thoughts and supported him in his labors. No sacrifice was too great that aided his advancement.

Devoted to her husband and to his glorious art, her faith was inexhaustible; her courage never failed. To her clear and wholesome criticism he owes much of his success; to her woman's tenderness he owes it that his dark hours were but few in the least hopeful of his days of struggle.

It was in 1869 that Ward began his work on the Shakespeare statue, of which the praises of the critics to whom it was exhibited in plaster but a few months ago, still echo in our ears. This statue was to have been unveiled on the 23d of April last—the anniversary of the Poet's birthday—but the bronze was not finished in time. So we shall probably have to wait until the same date of next year.

The sculptor is now at work upon a colossal figure of General Reynolds, who was killed on the field of Gettysburg, whereon this monument will be erected. He also works, at intervals, on the bas-relief of the pedestal for the Perry statue, illustrating the important events in the life of the great Commodore.

As this is the age of figures, we would never be forgiven if we omitted a seasoning of them to give our story spice,—and so we throw in a handful. For his first great success, "The Indian Hunter," Ward received

\$10,000; for his plaster model of "The Good Samaritan," \$5,000; about \$17,000 will pay him for his figure of Commodore Perry and the pedestal; \$23,000 was his commission for the Seventh Regiment Statue, and \$20,000 for the Shakespeare. So adding to these sums those paid him for his minor works,—his group for the Equitable Insurance Company, now on its way here from Rome, where it was cut; his numerous portrait busts and designs,—it will be seen that Ward has worked industriously for his reputation, and, as the figures show, to profitable end.

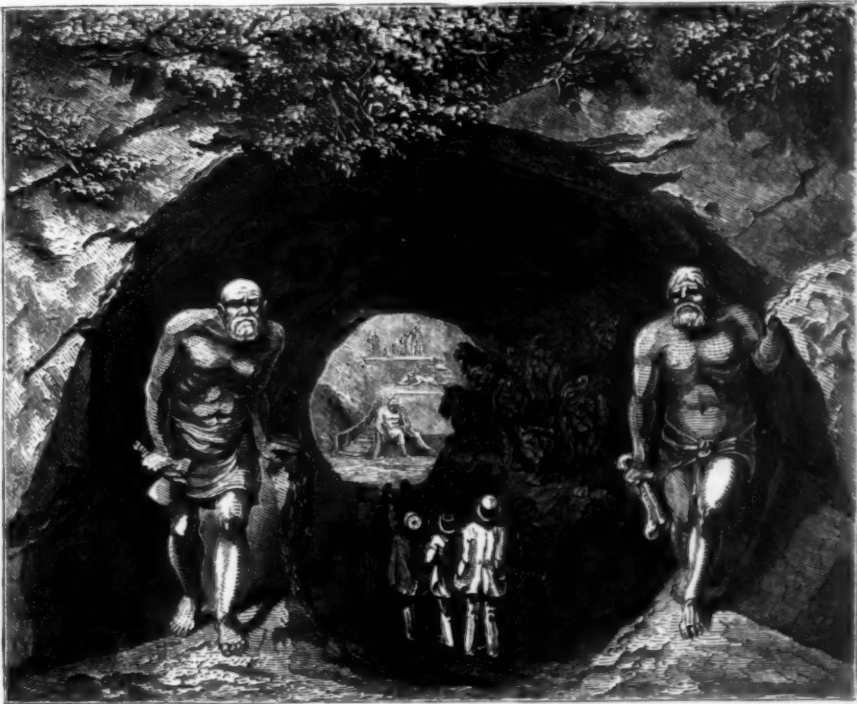
A brief description of the man, for the sake of those too far removed to meet him, for he is accessible to all who court his kindly presence, and our task is done.

Ward is somewhat above the middle height, with the form of an athlete and the grace of movement of one. He is fair, in features Celtic rather than Saxon, reddish-yellow beard close cropped, and pendulous moustache in shade to match. His manner indicates the high-strung nervous temperament; he talks rapidly and well, as one with whom words, at best, but ill translate the plenitude of thought, and yet are never fashioned to disguise it. His conversation has the rare charm of thorough earnestness. He neither waits to choose the better word, nor shapes his phrase conventionally. You know more of him in an hour than you could of most men in a lifetime. His world is one of good fellows generally; he talks about it as he finds it, and helps to elevate one's standard of average human nature.

Ward was elected Vice-President of our National Academy in 1870, and re-elected this year. He is closely identified with all progressive movements in the Academy, where his advice is sought and prized.

AN AMERICAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE DESIGNS SUBMITTED BY WM. H. BEARD.



MAIN ENTRANCE.

"To use an expressive Americanism," says Mr. Jarves in his *Art Thoughts*, "Central Parks pay. So do National Museums, as that city will discover which is the first to found one on a Central Park scale of organization and administration." This is not the noblest way of looking at such a subject; but it is at any rate worth while to inquire what proportion of the populace can be attracted by a museum which shall be not merely a collection of curiosities, but a school of the very highest culture. Mr. Jarves gives some curiously interesting facts about the visitors to the famous galleries of Europe, though accurate statistics are unfortunately not attainable. At the museums of the Louvre and Versailles, 300,000 francs are realized annually from the sale of catalogues, which are not bought by one visitor

in twenty. Before canes and umbrellas were admitted with their owners, 100,000 francs were taken in one year from their deposit at the doors. At the current fee of two sous each, this sum would represent 1,000,000 persons who brought these articles with them. A vast majority of the visitors to such places are always strangers, the Parisians themselves not furnishing one-tenth of the whole number. The statistics of the British Museum give corresponding results. Certain continental towns, especially in Italy, may almost be said to live on their art collections, for they have little other support than the travelers whom these collections attract. "Were one of our towns to own a great museum, visitors would flock thither from all parts of the Union in such numbers as would soon repay its outlay, and

leave it, as it were, a free gift to posterity, with a prolific income for the benefit of the citizens at large."

The Central Park, being a free pleasure-ground, can have no direct income, but in a single generation it will nearly repay the city all that it has cost. To say nothing of the enhanced price of the lots immediately around it, whatever adorns and improves the city as a whole, whatever makes New York pleasanter for a permanent residence and more attractive as an occasional resort, must add to the value of every house in it. We are beginning already to realize how much the Central Park has done for us, and to appreciate the importance of the arts and elegances of life, judged even from the low stand-point of the vulgar money-getter. When therefore it was recently proposed to found in this city a great Museum of Art, which should hold at least as high a place among the famous collections of the world as our Park is to hold among the public gardens of modern times, the project was soon recognized as practical. The first report of the Committee to whom the preparation of the scheme was intrusted, expressed a fear that an undertaking so difficult and costly might be opposed as visionary. "If the ideas of the Committee," said these gentlemen, "appear at a first view to be on too large a scale, and to involve an expenditure for which the public mind is unprepared, whether as a private or a public undertaking, they would refer to the analogous case of the Central Park, and ask, How many persons, five years before it became a fact, would have supposed it possible to realize that magnificent project on the scale and with the completeness we now see? The institution which we hope in due time to see equally successful calls for no such vast means, but contains within itself possibilities of equally extended usefulness." But the fears of the Committee were not justified by the event. The people have accepted their ideas with something like enthusiasm, and the opening of the Museum is now only a question of time—and a very short time at that.

The foundation of such a work is not often the realization of any one man's scheme. It is the fruit of much general preparation, and often of some crude experiment; and the

historian of art may deem himself fortunate if, in awarding the glory for such an enterprise, he be not called upon to decide the conflicting claims of several independent founders. Perhaps when the Metropolitan Museum of Art shall have taken its rank among the great galleries, we may puzzle ourselves with vain efforts to determine whose enthusiasm gave it the first impulse, and whose intelligence presided over its plan. The public is satisfied now with knowing that the scheme came to light at a meeting of the Union League Club, early in 1869, and was matured by a committee of that body, embracing several well-known artists and gentlemen prominent in other walks of life. It is not generally known, however, how the subject was first brought to the notice of the Club. The printed report of the Executive Committee only informs us that the suggestion came from a letter written by "some American citizens in Paris" to Mr. John Jay, then President of the Club. Those citizens were Mr. Albert Bierstadt, the artist, and Mr. Bowles, one of the well-known bankers. The letter was referred to the Art Committee, consisting at that time of George P. Putnam, J. F. Kensett, J. Q. A. Ward, W. Whittredge, George A. Baker, Vincent Colyer, and Samuel P. Avery. By their recommendation a meeting was held in the Club Theater on the 23d of November, 1869. Mr. Bryant presided. Professor George F. Comford delivered an address on the subject of Art Museums, and explained the feasibility of founding one in New York. A committee of fifty eminent citizens was chosen to draw up a scheme of organization. And finally, on the 31st of January, 1870, the "General Committee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art" was organized, with John Taylor Johnston for President, and a long list of other officers, representing the best culture of New York. The Committee was afterwards enlarged. A sub-committee was charged with the practical management; there were numerous meetings and consultations; a great deal was done by the personal efforts and solicitations of the gentlemen most deeply interested in the project; and so in a few months the work was fairly in hand. The difficulties seemed more and more formidable the closer

they were examined, and the great difficulty of all was of course to get the money. Even the erection of a suitable building would cost a fortune; for the building itself ought to be the chief feature of one of the most important departments of the Museum—the best example of architectural art which America was capable of producing. It was decided, first, to invite subscriptions from the rich men of the United States, the payment of \$1,000 to constitute any one a Patron of the Museum, \$500 to found a Fellowship in perpetuity, and \$200 to establish a Fellowship for life. Secondly, an appropriation must be asked from the Legislature as soon as the voluntary subscriptions reached a respectable sum. Thirdly, a Loan Exhibition was proposed, if it should seem on investigation that a fair profit could be obtained from it with little risk.

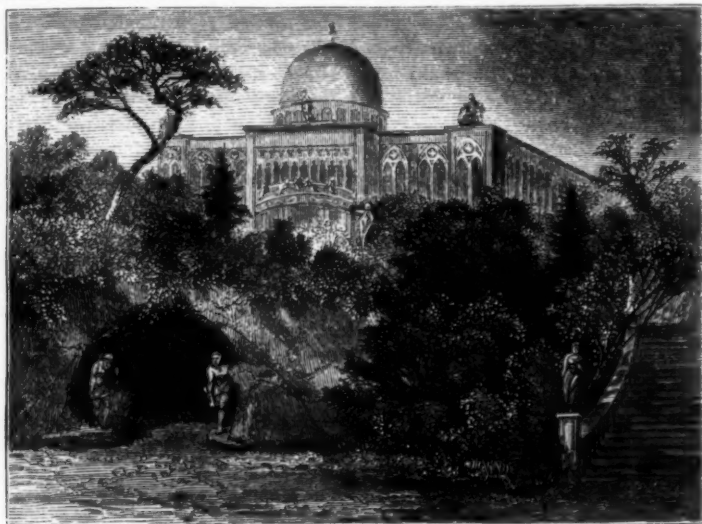
The subscription list grew longer and faster than even the most ardent friends of the Museum expected. Already the contributions

from this source amount to about \$250,000, and when the Committee went to Albany with a request that the Legislature would now vote some of the people's money for what was so clearly a means of popular education, they could show that private munificence had done its full share. The result was one of the most magnificent appropriations ever made at one time for the encouragement of art,—we do not say by an American legislature, but by any government in the world. Half a million of dollars was set apart for the erection of the Museum building, with the condition that the expenditure should be under the control of the Department of Public Parks. An equal sum was voted at the same time for a Museum of Natural History.

As the matter now stands, the Governor, the Mayor, the President of the Department of Parks, the Commissioner of Public Works, the President of the National Academy of Design, and the President of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Archi-



SECOND ENTRANCE.



MAIN ENTRANCE AND BUILDING.

fects, are ex-officio members of the Board of Trustees; and the gentlemen upon whose good judgment the choice of an architect and the character of the building chiefly depend are Mr. P. B. Sweeny, the President, and Judge Hilton, the Secretary, of the Department of Parks. The manner in which the Central Park has been managed during their term of office, and the cordial support which they have given to the very competent architect of that beautiful pleasure-ground, Mr. Jacob Wrey Mould, encourage us to hope the best results from their co-operation with Mr. Johnston, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Putnam, Mr. Detmold, Mr. Blodgett, and other representatives of the original promoters of the enterprise. It should be understood, however, that the gift from the State in no wise obliges the private contributors to accept whatever plans the agents of the State may adopt. The purchase of statuary, pictures, and other works of art, the arrangement of the Museum, the rules of exhibition, are altogether under the control of the Committee, and if they be not satisfied with the building provided for them, they are at liberty to withdraw their funds and seek hospitality elsewhere.

The site has already been selected. Manhattan Square, that rough, broken piece of

ground on the west side of the Eighth Avenue, between Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first street, opposite the lower end of the smaller Receiving Reservoir, is to be devoted to the Museum of Art and the Museum of Natural History, and workmen are now clearing the land. Besides the approach from the street, there will be an entrance from the Central Park by means of a subterranean passage under the Eighth Avenue.

But while one party of artists and connoisseurs has made so much progress, another has been working towards the same end with very fair prospects of success, making no public appeals, but getting the co-operation of liberal patrons of art, and looking after certain collections which may be bought when the proper time comes. Mr. Albert Bierstadt is one of the chief leaders in this movement; Mr. William H. Beard is another. Mr. Beard, however, seems to have been the first in the field, and some important parts of his scheme for a museum were put upon paper long before the meeting at the Union League Club, whose results we have just been tracing. Several years ago the late Mr. Henry Keep purposed devoting some of his wealth to the foundation of an Art Gallery, and it was for him that Mr. Beard first sketched the remarkable plans which we have chosen to illustrate this article.

Entering heartily into the views and aspirations of his friend Bierstadt, he has since completed the rough draughts of the Keep Museum, and laid them before the enthusiastic coterie which, without State help, or even recognition, is laboring so earnestly for the æsthetic culture of the people. Let us say at once, however, that between the Metropolitan Museum Committee and the leaders of what, for want of a better name, we may call the Beard movement, there is no hostile rivalry. They originated independently and thus far they have worked independently, but there is no reason why they should not come together after a while and unite their efforts for a common cause. Neither has yet developed its plans in full, and it may be found that both are tending towards precisely the same objects by nearly the same road.

The essential feature of Mr. Beard's design is the underground approach, and how closely that accommodates itself to the scheme of a Museum on Manhattan Square we need not pause to explain. In one of the views which we have engraved, the elevation of a building is seen in the background, but this is a mere fancy sketch, added by the artist to show the relation of the gallery and its approaches, and not intended as an architectural plan. Let us assume that Mr. Beard's suggestions are adopted by the Committee. The assumption we know is perfectly gratuitous, for the Committee has not even considered the drawings, and only two or three of its members have seen them; but for the sake of convenience we take their adoption for granted. Entering the Museum from the Park, we find, somewhere near the Eighth Avenue wall, the opening of a wide and well-ventilated tunnel. Vines and shrubbery hang over the arched entrance. On either side stands a colossal stone figure: Ignorance, with threatening aspect, and Superstition, with repulsive mien, barring the avenue to æsthetic culture. Passing these grim giants, we find ourselves in an irregular and slightly tortuous subterranean roadway, with rough-hewn rocky sides—not a mere straight gallery, for Mr. Beard borrowed the idea from neither a railway tunnel nor a prim arcade. In the obscurity of this passage, symbolical of the rude origin of art, huge

carven forms of beasts glare upon us from the shelving rock. The whole way is lined with figures, typical of the difficulties to be overcome before the student enters into the real enjoyment and comprehension of the beautiful. In the distance is seen a light ante-chamber, where another colossal figure, a benign old man, who may represent perhaps the guardian genius of the place, sits by a staircase, surrounded with fragments of ancient armor. The recumbent image of a naked youth looks upon him from above, and strange animals crouch upon the rocks by his side. Here the visitor finds himself at the portals of Art. The winding steps at the back of the old man lead to an elevated gallery of statues, effigies possibly of the famous characters of recent times. A tablet of stone bears the names of the founders of the Museum, and beneath it Time lies sleeping—a delicate intimation of the immortality of fame which will reward the gift of a thousand dollars or so to the Museum. Various passage-ways branch off from the room. One, guarded by grotesque antediluvian animals of immense size, leads out to the open air, and through it there gleams a vista of trim lawns and waving trees. Another mounts by broken flights of steps to galleries of sculpture, and so into the Museum proper.

Mr. Beard, it will be seen, has turned to account, in this design, his well-known taste and skill as a delineator of animal life, but it is not for these curious forms alone that his work has interest and value. It solves the problem of the subterranean entrance, which is not a mere freak, but a matter of convenience. It is almost essential that an entrance should be provided from the Park, and it can only be done by a pathway underground. Mr. Beard shows how this passage can be made an important adjunct to the Museum—quite as good in its way as any department of the building to which it leads. It will suit any style of architecture, any arrangement of the collections, and any kind of ground, for the necessary rock can of course be had elsewhere, if nature has not put it where it is wanted. Mr. Beard has also observed the historical order of the arts. Architecture, indeed, is the earliest of all, but it is to the Mu-



THE APPROACH TO THE ART MUSEUM.

seum building itself that we must look for our only specimen of that art. Sculpture comes next, and our designer meets us at the very threshold with specimens of the successive schools, from the representation of natural objects up to the realization of ideal forms, and the embodiment in marble of the purest poetic conceptions. From sculpture we pass on to painting and to the minor arts of design, such as pottery, mosaic, ornamental work in metals and textile fabrics, and the many other branches that must be embraced in any great art collection.

But whether this peculiar scheme be followed or not, the Museum is soon to be built, and the work of collection will quickly follow,—nay, in an indirect way, has already begun. If a loan exhibition should be decided upon, private collectors will be urged to lend their treasures for a few months, and dealers will doubtless contribute some things, with the un-

derstanding that they may be removed if they find a purchaser. A sub-committee reported some time ago in favor of such an exhibition, and a little inquiry proved that the value and number of the works of art in the country which would probably be available for such a purpose were unexpectedly great. There are rich collections of paintings, both ancient and modern; there are collections of rare engravings, of fine old wood carvings, of engraved gems and enamels, of porcelain, of tapestries, of oriental art; and there are some excellent sculptures. Enough of these might be brought together, not indeed to form a complete historical museum of art, but at least to make a deeply interesting exhibition, and to give a fresh stimulus to the public desire for a grand permanent gallery. The country is ripe for it, and we have no hesitation in predicting that all the money which may be wanted can easily be obtained.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 316.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TAPESTRY.

HAVING heard what I was about at the Hall, Charley expressed a desire to take a share in my labors, especially as thereby he would be able to see more of his mother and sister. I took him straight to the book-rooms, and we were hard at work when Clara entered.

"Here is your old friend Charley Osborne," I said. "You remember Miss Coningham, Charley, I know."

He advanced in what seemed a strangely embarrassed—indeed rather sheepish manner, altogether unlike his usual bearing. I attributed it to a doubt whether Clara would acknowledge their old acquaintance. On her part, she met him with some frankness, but I thought also a rather embarrassed look, which was the more surprising as I had let her know he was coming. But they shook hands, and in a little while we were all chatting comfortably.

"Shall I go and tell Mrs. Osborne you are here?" she asked.

"Yes, if you please," said Charley, and she went.

In a few minutes Mrs. Osborne and Mary entered. The meeting was full of affection, but to my eye looked like a meeting of the living and the dead in a dream—there was such an evident sadness in it, as if each was dimly aware that they met but in appearance and were in reality far asunder. I could not doubt that however much they loved him, and however little they sympathized with his father's treatment of him, his mother and sister yet regarded him as separated from them by a great gulf—that of culpable unbelief. But they seemed therefore only the more anxious to please and serve him—their anxiety revealing itself in an eagerness painfully like the service offered to one whom the doctors have given up, and who



IN THE ARMORY.

may now have any indulgence he happens to fancy.

"I say, mother," said Charley, who seemed to strive after an airier manner even than usual—"couldn't you come and help us? It would be so jolly!"

"No, my dear; I mustn't leave Lady Brotherton. That would be rude, you know. But I dare say Mary might."

"Oh, please, mamma! I should like it so

much—especially if Clara would stop! But perhaps Mr. Cumbermede—we ought to have asked him first."

"Yes—to be sure—he's the foreman," said Charley. "But he's not a bad fellow, and won't be disobliging. Only you must do as he tells you, or it'll be the worse for us all. I know him."

"I shall be delighted," I said. "I can give both the ladies plenty to do. Indeed I

regard Miss Coningham as one of my hands already. Won't Miss Brotherton honor us to-day, Miss Coningham?"

"I will go and ask her," said Clara.

They all withdrew. In a little while I had four assistants, and we got on famously. The carpenter had been hard at work, and the room next the armory, the oak-paneling of which had shown considerable signs of decay, had been repaired, and the shelves, which were in tolerable condition, were now ready to receive their burden, and reflect the first rays of a dawning order.

Plenty of talk went on during the dusting and arranging of the books by their size, which was the first step towards a cosmos. There was a certain playful naïveté about Charley's manner and speech when he was happy which gave him an instant advantage with women, and even made the impression of wit where there was only grace. Although he was perfectly capable, however, of engaging to any extent in the *badinage* which has ever been in place between young men and women since dawning humanity was first aware of a lovely difference, there was always a certain indescribable dignity about what he said which I now see could have come only from a *believing* heart. I use the word advisedly, but would rather my reader should find what I mean than require me to explain it fully. Belief to my mind lies chiefly in the practical recognition of the high and pure.

Miss Brotherton looked considerably puzzled sometimes, and indeed out of her element. But her dignity had no chance with so many young people, and was compelled to thaw visibly; and while growing more friendly with the others, she could not avoid unbending towards me also, notwithstanding I was a neighbor and the son of a dairy-farmer.

Mary Osborne took little part in the fun beyond a smile, or in the more solid conversation beyond an assent or an ordinary remark. I did not find her very interesting. An onlooker would probably have said she lacked expression. But the stillness upon her face bore to me the shadow of a reproof. Perhaps it was only a want of sympathy with what was going on around her. Perhaps her soul was either far withdrawn from its present

circumstances, or not yet awake to the general interests of life. There was little in the form or hue of her countenance to move admiration, beyond a complexion without spot. It was very fair and delicate, with little more color in it than in the white rose, which but the faintest warmth redeems from dead whiteness. Her features were good in form, but in no way remarkable; her eyes were of the so-called hazel, which consists of a mingling of brown and green; her figure was good but seemed unelastic, and she had nothing of her brother's gayety or grace of movement or expression. I do not mean that either her motions or her speech was clumsy—there was simply nothing to remark in them beyond the absence of anything special. In a word, I did not find her interesting, save as the sister of my delightful Charley, and the sharer of his mother's griefs concerning him.

"If I had as good help in the afternoon," I said, "we should have all the books on the shelves to-night, and be able to set about assorting them to-morrow."

"I am sorry I cannot come this afternoon," said Miss Brotherton. "I should have been most happy if I could. It is really very pleasant—notwithstanding the dust. But Mrs. Osborne and mamma want me to go with them to Minstercombe. You will lunch with us to-day, won't you?" she added, turning to Charley.

"Thank you, Miss Brotherton," he replied; "I should have been delighted, but I am not my own master—I am Cumbermede's slave at present, and can eat and drink only when and where he chooses."

"You *must* stay with your mother, Charley," I said. "You cannot refuse Miss Brotherton."

She could thereupon scarcely avoid extending the invitation to me, but I declined it on some pretext or other, and I was again, thanks to Lilith, back from my dinner before they had finished luncheon. The carriage was at the door when I rode up, and the moment I heard it drive away, I went to the dining-room to find my coadjutors. The only person there was Miss Pease. A thought struck me.

"Won't you come and help us, Miss Pease?" I said. "I have lost one of my assistants, and

I am very anxious to get the room we are at now so far finished to-night."

A smile found its way to her cold eyes, and set the blue sparkling for one briefest moment.

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Cumbermede, but——"

"Kind!" I exclaimed—"I want your help, Miss Pease."

"I'm afraid——"

"Lady Brotherton can't want you now. Do oblige me. You will find it fun."

She smiled outright—evidently at the fancy of any relation between her and fun.

"Do go and put a cap on, and a cotton dress, and come," I persisted.

Without another word she left the room. I was still alone in the library when she came to me, and having shown her what I wanted, we were already busy when the rest arrived.

"Oh Peasey! Are you there?" said Clara, as she entered—not unkindly.

"I have got a substitute for Miss Brotherton, you see, Clara—Miss Coningham—I beg your pardon."

"There's no occasion to beg my pardon. Why shouldn't you call me Clara if you like? It is my name."

"Charley might be taking the same liberty," I returned, extemporizing a reason.

"And why *shouldn't* Charley take the same liberty?" she retorted.

"For no reason that I know," I answered, a trifle hurt, "if it be agreeable to the lady."

"And the gentleman," she amended.

"And the gentleman," I added.

"Very well. Then we are all good boys and girls. Now Peasey, I'm very glad you're come. Only mind you get back to your place before the ogress returns, or you'll have your head snapped off."

Was I right, or was it the result of the slight offense I had taken? Was she the gracious, graceful, naïve, playful, daring woman—or could she be—or had she been just the least little bit vulgar? I am afraid I was then more sensitive to vulgarity in a woman, real or fancied, than even to wickedness—at least I thought I was. At all events, the first conviction of anything common or unrefined in a woman would at once have placed me beyond the sphere of her attraction. But I had no time

to think the suggestion over now; and in a few minutes—whether she saw the cloud on my face I cannot tell—Clara had given me a look and a smile which banished the possibility of my thinking about it for the present.

Miss Pease worked more diligently than any of the party. She seldom spoke, and when she did, it was in a gentle, subdued, almost mournful tone; but the company of the young people without the restraint of her mistress was evidently grateful to what of youth yet remained in her oppressed being.

Before it was dark we had got the books all upon the shelves, and leaving Charley with the ladies, I walked home.

I found Styles had got everything out of the lumber-room except a heavy oak chest in the corner, which, our united strength being insufficient to displace it, I concluded was fixed to the floor. I got all the keys my aunt had left behind her, but sought the key of this chest in vain. For my uncle, I never saw a key in his possession. Even what little money he might have in the house, was only put away at the back of an open drawer. For the present, therefore, we had to leave it undisturbed.

When Charley came home, we went to look at it together. It was of oak, and somewhat elaborately carved.

I was very restless in bed that night. The air was close and hot, and as often as I dropped half asleep I awoke again with a start. My thoughts kept stupidly running on the old chest. It had mechanically possessed me. I felt no disturbing curiosity concerning its contents; I was not annoyed at the want of the key; it was only that, like a nursery rhyme that keeps repeating itself over and over in the half-sleeping brain, this chest kept rising before me till I was out of patience with its intrusiveness. It brought me wide awake at last; and I thought, as I could not sleep, I would have a search for the key. I got out of bed, put on my dressing-gown and slippers, lighted my chamber candle, and made an inroad upon the contents of the closet in my room, which had apparently remained undisturbed since the morning when I missed my watch. I believe I had never entered it since. Almost the first thing I came upon

was the pendulum, which woke a strange sensation for which I could not account, until by slow degrees the twilight memory of the incidents connected with it half dawned upon me. I searched the whole place, but not a key could I find.

I started violently at the sound of something like a groan, and for the briefest imaginable moment forgot that my grannie was dead, and thought it must come from her room. It may be remembered that such a sound had led me to her in the middle of the night on which she died. Whether I really heard the sound, or only fancied I heard it—by some half mechanical action of the brain, roused by the association of ideas—I do not even yet know. It may have been changed or expanded into a groan, from one of those innumerable sounds heard in every old house in the stillness of the night; for such, in the absence of the correction given by other sounds, assume place and proportion as it were at their pleasure. What lady has not at midnight mistaken the trail of her own dress on the carpet, in a silent house, for some tumult in a distant room? Curious to say, however, it now led to the same action as the groan I had heard so many years before; for I caught up my candle at once, and took my way down to the kitchen, and up the winding stair behind the chimney to grannie's room. Strange as it may seem, I had not been in it since my return; for my thoughts had been so entirely occupied with other things, that, although I now and then looked forward with considerable expectation to a thorough search of the place, especially of the bureau, I kept it up as a *bonne bouche*, the anticipation of which was consolation enough for the postponement.

I confess it was with no little quivering of the spirit that I sought this chamber in the middle of the night. For, by its association with one who had from my earliest recollection seemed like something forgotten and left behind in the onward rush of life, it was, far more than anything else in the house, like a piece of the past embedded in the present—a fragment that had been, by some eddy in the stream of time, prevented from gliding away down its course, and left to lie forever in a

cranny of the solid shore of unmoving space. But although subject to more than the ordinary tremor at the thought of unknown and invisible presences, I must say for myself that I had never yielded so far as to allow such tremor to govern my actions. Even in my dreams I have resisted ghostly terrors, and can recall one in which I so far conquered a lady ghost who took every means of overcoming me with terror, that at length she fell in love with me, whereupon my fear vanished utterly—a conceited fancy, and as such let it fare.

I opened the door then with some trembling, half expecting to see first the white of my grannie's cap against the tall back of her dark chair. But my senses were sound, and no such illusion seized me. All was empty, cheerless, and musty. Grannie's bed, with its white curtains, looked as if it were mouldering away after her. The dust lay thick on the counterpane of patchwork silk. The bureau stood silent with all its secrets. In the fireplace was the same brushwood and coals which Nannie laid the morning of grannie's death: interrupted by the discovery of my presence, she had left it, and that fire had never been lighted. Half for the sake of companionship, half because the air felt sepulchral and I was thinly clad, I put my candle to it and it blazed up. My courage revived, and after a little more gazing about the room, I ventured to sit down in my grannie's chair and watch the growing fire. Warned however by the shortness of my candle, I soon rose to proceed with my search, and turned towards the bureau.

Here, however, the same difficulty occurred. The top of the bureau was locked as when I had last tried it, and not one of my keys would fit it. At a loss what to do where to search, I dropped again into the chair by the fire, and my eyes went roving about the room. They fell upon a black dress which hung against the wall. At the same moment I remembered that when she gave me the watch, she took the keys of the bureau from her pocket. I went to the dress and found a pocket, not indeed in the dress, but hanging under it from the same peg. There her keys were! It would have been a marvel to me

how my aunt came to leave them undisturbed all those years, but for the instant suggestion that my uncle must have expressed a wish to that effect. With eager hand I opened the bureau. Besides many trinkets in the drawers, some of them of exceedingly antique form, and, I fancied, of considerable value, I found in the pigeon-holes what I was far more pleased to discover—a good many letters, carefully tied in small bundles, with ribbon which had lost all determinable color. These I resolved to take an early opportunity of reading, but replaced for the present, and, having come at last upon one hopeful-looking key, I made haste to return before my candle, which was already flickering in the socket, should go out altogether, and leave me darkling. When I reached the kitchen, however, I found the gray dawn already breaking. I retired once more to my chamber, and was soon fast asleep.

In the morning, my first care was to try the key. It fitted. I oiled it well, and then tried the lock. I had to use considerable force, but at last there came a great clang that echoed through the empty room. When I raised the lid, I knew by the weight it was of iron. In fact, the whole chest was iron with a casing of oak. The lock threw eight bolts, which laid hold of a rim that ran all round the lip of the chest. It was full of "very ancient and fish-like" papers and parchments. I do not know whether my father or grandfather had ever disturbed them, but I am certain my uncle never had, for as far back as I can remember, the part of the room where it stood was filled with what had been, at one time and another, condemned as lumber.

Charley was intensely interested in the discovery, and would have sat down at once to examine the contents of the chest, had I not persuaded him to leave them till the afternoon, that we might get on with our work at the Hall.

The second room was now ready for the carpenter, but, having had a peep of tapestry behind the shelves, a new thought had struck me. If it was in good preservation, it would be out of the question to hide it behind books.

I fear I am getting tedious. My apology

for diffuseness in this part of my narrative is that some threads of the fringe of my own fate show every now and then in the record of these proceedings. I confess also that I hang back from certain things which are pressing nearer with their claim for record.

When we reached the Hall, I took the carpenter with me, and had the book-shelves taken down. To my disappointment we found that an oblong piece of some size was missing from the center of the tapestry on one of the walls. That which covered the rest of the room was entire. It was all of good Gobelin work—somewhat tame in color. The damaged portion represented a wooded landscape, with water and reedy flowers and aquatic fowl, towards which in the distance came a hunter with a crossbow in his hand, and a queer, lurcher-looking dog bounding uncouthly at his heel: the edge of the vacant space cut off the dog's tail and the top of the man's crossbow.

I went to find Sir Giles. He was in the dining-room, where they had just finished breakfast.

"Ah, Mr. Cumbermede!" he said, rising as I entered, and holding out his hand—"here already?"

"We have uncovered some tapestry, Sir Giles, and I want you to come and look at it, if you please."

"I will," he answered. "Would any of you ladies like to go and see it?"

His daughter and Clara rose. Lady Brotherton and Mrs. Osborne sat still. Mary, glancing at her mother, remained seated also.

"Won't you come, Miss Pease?" I said.

She looked almost alarmed at the audacity of the proposal, and murmured, "No, thank you," with a glance at Lady Brotherton, which appeared as involuntary as it was timid.

"Is my son with you?" asked Mrs. Osborne.

I told her he was.

"I shall look in upon you before the morning is over," she said quietly.

They were all pleased with the tapestry, and the ladies offered several conjectures as to the cause of the mutilation.

"It would be a shame to cover it up again—would it not, Sir Giles?" I remarked.

"Indeed it would," he assented.

"If it weren't for that broken piece," said Clara. "That spoils it altogether. I should have the books up again as soon as possible."

"It does look shabby," said Charley. "I can't say I should enjoy having anything so defective always before my eyes."

"We must have it taken down very carefully, Hobbes," said Sir Giles, turning to the carpenter.

"Must it come down, Sir Giles?" I interposed. "I think it would be risky. No one knows how long it has been there, and though it might hang where it is for a century yet, and look nothing the worse, it can't be strong, and at best we could not get it down without some injury, while it is a great chance if it would fit any other place half as well."

"What do you propose then?"

"This is the largest room of the six, and the best lighted—with that lovely oriel window: I would venture to propose, Sir Giles, that it should be left clear of books and fitted up as a reading-room."

"But how would you deal with that frightful *lacuna* in the tapestry?" said Charley.

"Yes," said Sir Giles; "it won't look handsome, I fear—do what you will."

"I think I know how to manage it," I said. "If I succeed to your satisfaction, will you allow me to carry out the project?"

"But what are we to do with the books then? We shan't have room for them."

"Couldn't you let me have the next room beyond?"

"You mean to turn me out, I suppose," said Clara.

"Is there tapestry on your walls?" I asked.

"Not a thread—all wainscot—painted."

"Then your room would be the very thing!"

"It is much larger than any of these," she said.

"Then do let us have it for the library, Sir Giles," I entreated.

"I will see what Lady Brotherton says," he replied, and left the room.

In a few minutes we heard his step returning.

"Lady Brotherton has no particular objection to giving up the room you want," he said.

"Will you see Mrs. Wilson, Clara, and arrange with her for your accommodation?"

"With pleasure. I don't mind where I am put—except it be in Lord Edward's room—where the ghost is."

"You mean the one next to ours? There is no ghost there, I assure you," said Sir Giles laughing, as he again left the room with short, heavy steps. "Manage it all to your own mind, Mr. Cumbermede. I shall be satisfied," he called back as he went.

"Until further notice," I said with grandiloquence, "I request that no one may come into this room. If you are kind enough to assort the books we put up yesterday, oblige me by going through the armory. I must find Mrs. Wilson."

"I will go with you," said Clara. "I wonder where the old thing will want to put me. I'm not going where I don't like, I can tell her," she added, following me down the stair and across the hall and the court.

We found the housekeeper in her room. I accosted her in a friendly way. She made but a bare response.

"Would you kindly show me where I slept that night I lost my sword, Mrs. Wilson?" I said.

"I know nothing about your sword, Mr. Cumbermede," she answered, shaking her head and pursing up her mouth.

"I don't ask you anything about it, Mrs. Wilson; I only ask you where I slept the night I lost it."

"Really, Mr. Cumbermede, you can hardly expect me to remember in what room a visitor slept—let me see—it must be twelve or fifteen years ago! I do not take it upon me."

"Oh! never mind then. I referred to the circumstances of that night, thinking they might help you to remember the room; but it is of no consequence; I shall find it for myself. Miss Coningham will, I hope, help me in the search. She knows the house better than I do."

"I must attend to my own business first, if you please, sir," said Clara. "Mrs. Wilson, I am ordered out of my room by Mr. Cumbermede. You must find me fresh quarters, if you please."

Mrs. Wilson stared.

"Do you mean, miss, that you want your things moved to another bedroom?"

"That is what I mean, Mrs. Wilson."

"I must see what Lady Brotherton says to it, miss."

"Do, by all means."

I saw that Clara was bent on annoying her old enemy, and interposed.

"Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton have agreed to let me have Miss Coningham's room for an addition to the library, Mrs. Wilson," I said.

She looked very grim, but made no answer. We turned and left her. She stood for a moment as if thinking, and then, taking down her bunch of keys, followed us.

"If you will come this way," she said, stopping just behind us at another door in the court, "I think I can show you the room you want. But really, Mr. Cumbermede, you are turning the place upside down. If I had thought it would come to this——"

"I hope to do so a little more yet, Mrs. Wilson," I interrupted. "But I am sure you will be pleased with the result."

She did not reply, but led the way up a stair, across the little open gallery, and by passages I did not remember, to the room I wanted. It was in precisely the same condition as when I occupied it.

"This is the room, I believe," she said, as she unlocked and threw open the door. "Perhaps it would suit you, Miss Coningham?"

"Not in the least," answered Clara. "Who knows which of my small possessions might vanish before the morning!"

The housekeeper's face grew turkey-red with indignation.

"Mr. Cumbermede has been filling your head with some of his romances, I see, Miss Clara!"

I laughed, for I did not care to show myself offended with her rudeness.

"Never you mind," said Clara; "I am *not* going to sleep there."

"Very good," said Mrs. Wilson, in a tone of offense severely restrained.

"Will you show me the way to the library?" I requested.

"I will," said Clara; "I know it as well as Mrs. Wilson—every bit."

"Then that is all I want at present, Mrs. Wilson," I said, as we came out of the room. "Don't lock the door though, please," I added. "Or, if you do, give me the key."

She left the door open, and us in the passage. Clara led me to the library. There we found Charley waiting our return.

"Will you take that little boy to his mother, Clara?" I said. "I don't want him here today. We'll have a look over those papers in the evening, Charley."

"That's right," said Clara. "I hope Charley will help you to a little rational interest in your own affairs. I am quite bewildered to think that an author, not to say a young man, the sole remnant of an ancient family, however humble, shouldn't even know whether he had any papers in the house or not."

"We've come upon a glorious nest of such added eggs, Clara. Charley and I are going to blow them to-night," I said.

"You never know when such eggs are added," retorted Clara. "You'd better put them under some sensible fowl or other first," she added, looking back from the door as they went.

I turned to the carpenter's tool-basket, and taking from it an old chisel, a screw-driver, and a pair of pincers, went back to the room we had just left.

There could be no doubt about it. There was the tip of the dog's tail, and the top of the hunter's crossbow.

But my reader may not have retained in her memory the facts to which I implicitly refer. I would therefore, to spare repetition, beg her to look back to Chapter XIV., containing the account of the loss of my sword.

In the consternation caused me by the discovery that this loss was no dream of the night, I had never thought of examining the wall of the chamber to see whether there was in it a door or not; but I saw now at once plainly enough that the inserted patch did cover a small door. Opening it, I found within, a creaking wooden stair, leading up to another low door, which, fashioned like the door of a companion, opened upon the roof:—nowhere, except in the towers, had the Hall more than two stories. As soon as I had drawn back the bolt and stepped out, I found

myself standing at the foot of an ornate stack of chimneys, and remembered quite well having tried the door that night Clara and I were shut out on the leads—the same night on which my sword was stolen.

For the first time the question now rose in my mind whether Mrs. Wilson could have been in league with Mr. Close. Was it likely I should have been placed in a room so entirely fitted to his purposes by accident? But I could not imagine any respectable woman running such a risk of terrifying a child out of his senses, even if she could have connived at his being robbed of what she might well judge unsuitable for his possession.

Descending again to the bed-room, I set to work with my tools. The utmost care was necessary, for the threads were weak with old age. I had only one or two slight mishaps, however, succeeding on the whole better than I had expected. Leaving the door denuded of its covering, I took the patch on my arm, and again sought the library. Hobbes's surprise, and indeed pleasure, when he saw that my plunder not only fitted the gap, but completed the design, was great. I directed him to get the whole piece down as carefully as he could, and went to extract, if possible, a favor from Lady Brotherton.

She was of course very stiff—no doubt she would have called it dignified; but I did all I could to please her, and perhaps in some small measure succeeded. After representing, amongst other advantages, what an addition a suite of rooms filled with a valuable library must be to the capacity of the house for the reception and entertainment of guests, I ventured at last to beg the services of Miss Pease for the repair of a bit of the tapestry.

She rang the bell, sent for Miss Pease, and ordered her, in a style of the coldest arrogance, to put herself under my direction. She followed me to the door in the meekest manner, but declined the arm I offered. As we went I explained what I wanted, saying I could not trust it to any hands but those of a lady, expressing a hope that she would not think I had taken too great a liberty, and begging her to say nothing about the work itself, as I wished to surprise Sir Giles and my assistants. She said she would be most happy to help me,

but when she saw how much was wanted, she did look a little dismayed. She went and fetched her work-basket at once, however, and set about it, tacking the edges to a strip of canvas, in preparation for some kind of darning, which would not, she hoped, be unsightly.

For a whole week she and the carpenter were the only persons I admitted, and while she gave to her darning every moment she could redeem from her attendance on Lady Brotherton, the carpenter and I were busy,—he cleaning and polishing, and I ranging the more deserted parts of the house to find furniture suitable for our purpose. In Clara's room was an old Turkey carpet which we appropriated, and when we had the tapestry up again, which Miss Pease had at length restored in a marvelous manner—surpassing my best hopes, and more like healing than repairing,—the place was to my eyes a very nest of dusky harmonies.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE OLD CHEST.

I CANNOT help dwelling for a moment on the scene, although it is not of the slightest consequence to my story, when Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton entered the reading-room of the resuscitated library of Moldwarp Hall. It was a bright day of autumn. Outside all was brilliant. The latticed oriel looked over the lawn and the park, where the trees had begun to gather those rich hues which could hardly be the heralds of death if it were the ugly thing it appears. Beyond the fading woods rose a line of blue heights meeting the more ethereal blue of the sky, now faded to a colder and paler tint. The dappled skins of the fallow deer glimmered through the trees, and the whiter ones among them cast a light round them in the shadows. Through the trees that on one side descended to the meadow below, came the shine of the water where the little brook had spread into still pools. All without was bright with sunshine and clear air. But when you turned, all was dark, sombre, and rich like an autumn ten times faded. Through the open door of the next room on one side, you saw the shelves full of books, and from beyond, through the narrow uplifted door, came the glimmer of

the weapons on the wall of the little armory. Two ancient tapestry-covered settees, in which the ravages of moth and worm had been met by skillful repair of chisel and needle, a heavy table of oak, with carved sides, as black as ebony, and a few old, straight-backed chairs were the sole furniture.

Sir Giles expressed much pleasure, and Lady Brotherton, beginning to enter a little into my plans, was more gracious than hitherto.

"We must give a party as soon as you have finished, Mr. Cumbermede," she said; "and——"

"That will be some time yet," I interrupted, not desiring the invitation she seemed about to force herself to utter; "and I fear there are not many in this neighborhood who will appreciate the rarity and value of the library—if the other rooms should turn out as rich as that one."

"I believe old books *are* expensive now a days," she returned. "They are more sought after, I understand."

We resumed our work with fresh vigor, and got on faster. Both Clara and Mary were assiduous in their help.

To go back for a little to my own old chest—we found it, as I have said, full of musty papers. After turning over a few, seeming, to my uneducated eye, deeds and wills and such like, out of which it was evident I could gather no barest meaning without a labor I was not inclined to expend on them,—for I had no pleasure in such details as involved nothing of the picturesque,—I threw the one in my hand upon the heap already taken from the box, and to the indignation of Charley, who was absorbed in one of them, and had not spoken a word for at least a quarter of an hour, exclaimed—

"Come, Charley; I'm sick of the rubbish. Let's go and have a walk before supper."

"Rubbish!" he repeated; "I am ashamed of you!"

"I see Clara has been setting you on. I wonder what she's got in her head. I am sure I have quite a sufficient regard for family history and all that."

"Very like it!" said Charley—"calling such a chestful as this rubbish!"

"I am pleased enough to possess it," I said; "but if they had been such books as some of those at the Hall——"

"Look here then," he said, stooping over the chest, and with some difficulty hauling out a great folio which he had discovered below, but had not yet examined—"just see what you can make of that."

I opened the title-page, rather eagerly. I stared. Could I believe my eyes? First of all on the top of it, in the neatest old hand, was written—"Guilfrid Combremead His Boke. 1630." Then followed what I will not write, lest this MS. should by any accident fall into the hands of book-hunters before my death. I jumped to my feet, gave a shout that brought Charley to his feet also, and danced about the empty room hugging the folio. "Have you lost your senses?" said Charley; but when he had a peep of the title-page, he became as much excited as myself, and it was some time before he could settle down to the papers again. Like a bee over a flower-bed, I went dipping and sipping at my treasure. Every word of the well-known lines bore a flavor of ancient verity such as I had never before perceived in them. At length I looked up, and finding him as much absorbed as I had been myself.

"Well, Charley, what are you finding there?" I asked.

"Proof, perhaps, that you come of an older family than you think," he answered; "proof certainly that some part at least of the Mold-warp property was at one time joined to the Moar, and that you are of the same stock a branch of which was afterwards raised to the present baronetage. At least I have little doubt such is the case, though I can hardly say I am yet prepared to prove it."

"You don't mean I'm of the same blood as—as Geoffrey Brotherton!" I said. "I would rather not, if it's the same to you, Charley."

"I can't help it: that's the way things point," he answered, throwing down the parchment. "But I can't read more now. Let's go and have a walk. I'll stop at home tomorrow, and take a look over the whole set."

"I'll stop with you."

"No, you won't. You'll go and get on with your library. I shall do better alone."

If I could only get a peep at the Moldwarp chest as well!"

"But the place may have been bought and sold many times. Just look here though," I said, as I showed him the crest on my watch and seal. "Mind you look at the top of your spoon the next time you eat soup at the Hall."

"That is unnecessary, quite. I recognize the crest at once. How strangely these cryptographs come drifting along the tide, like the gilded ornaments of a wreck after the hull has gone down!"

"Or, like the mole or squint that reappears in successive generations, the legacy of some long-forgotten ancestor," I said—and several things unexplained occurred to me as possibly having a common solution.

"I find, however," said Charley, "that the name of Cumbermede is not mentioned in your papers more than about a hundred years back—as far as I have yet made out."

"That is odd," I returned, "seeing that in the same chest we find that book with my name, surname and Christian, and the date 1630."

"It is strange," he acquiesced, "and will perhaps require a somewhat complicated theory to meet it."

We began to talk of other matters, and, naturally enough, soon came to Clara.

Charley was never ready to talk of her—indeed avoided the subject in a way that continued to perplex me.

"I confess to you, Charley," I said, "there is something about her I do not and cannot understand. It seems to me always as if she were—I will not say underhand, but as if she had some object in view—some design upon you—"

"Upon me!" exclaimed Charley, looking at me suddenly and with a face from which all the color had fled.

"No, no, Charley, not that," I answered, laughing. "I used the word impersonally. I will be more cautious. One would think we had been talking about a witch—or a demon-lady—you are so frightened at the notion of her having you in her eye."

He did not seem altogether relieved, and I

caught an uneasy glance seeking my countenance.

"But isn't she charming?" I went on. "It is only to you I could talk about her so. And after all it may be only a fancy."

He kept his face downwards and aside, as if he were pondering and coming to no conclusion. The silence grew and grew until expectation ceased, and when I spoke again, it was of something different.

My reader may be certain from all this that I was not in love with Clara. Her beauty and liveliness, with a gayety which not seldom assumed the form of grace, attracted me much, it is true; but nothing interferes more with the growth of any passion than a spirit of questioning, and that once aroused, love begins to cease and pass into pain. Few, perhaps, could have arrived at the point of admiration I had reached without falling instantly therefrom into an abyss of absorbing passion; but with me, inasmuch as I searched every feeling in the hope of finding in it the everlasting, there was in the present case a reiterated check, if not indeed recoil; for I was not and could not make myself sure that Clara was upright;—perhaps the more commonplace word *straightforward* would express my meaning better.

Anxious to get the books arranged before they all left me, for I knew I should have but little heart for it after they were gone, I grudged Charley the forenoon he wanted amongst my papers, and prevailed upon him to go with me the next day as usual. Another fortnight, which was almost the limit of their stay, would, I thought, suffice; and giving up everything else, Charley and I worked from morning till night, with much though desultory assistance from the ladies. I contrived to keep the carpenter and housemaid in work, and by the end of the week began to see the inroads of order "scattering the rear of darkness thin."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MARY OSBORNE.

ALL this time the acquaintance between Mary Osborne and myself had not improved. Save as the sister of my friend I had not, I repeat, found her interesting. She did not

seem at all to fulfill the promise of her childhood. Hardly once did she address me; and, when I spoke to her, would reply with a simple, dull directness, which indicated nothing beyond the fact of the passing occasion. Rightly or wrongly, I concluded that the more indulgence she cherished for Charley, the less she felt for his friend—that to him she attributed the endlessly sad declension of her darling brother. Once on her face I surprised a look of unutterable sorrow resting on Charley's; but the moment she saw that I observed her, the look died out, and her face stiffened into its usual dullness and negation. On me she turned only the unenlightened disc of her soul. Mrs. Osborne, whom I seldom saw, behaved with much more kindness, though hardly more cordiality. It was only that she allowed her bright indulgence for Charley to cast the shadow of his image over the faults of his friend; and except by the sadness that dwelt in every line of her sweet face, she did not attract me. I was ever aware of an inward judgment which I did not believe I deserved, and I would turn from her look with a sense of injury which greater love would have changed into keen pain.

Once, however, I did meet a look of sympathy from Mary. On the second Monday of the fortnight I was more anxious than ever to reach the end of my labors, and was in

(To be continued.)

the court, accompanied by Charley, as early as eight o'clock. From the hall a dark passage led past the door of the dining-room to the garden. Through the dark tube of the passage, we saw the bright green of a lovely bit of sward, and upon it Mary and Clara radiant in white morning dresses. We joined them.

"Here come the slave-drivers!" remarked Clara.

"Already!" said Mary, in a low voice, which I thought had a tinge of dismay in its tone.

"Never mind, Polly," said her companion—"we're not going to bow to their will and pleasure. We'll have our walk in spite of them."

As she spoke she threw a glance at us which seemed to say—"You may come if you like;" then turned to Mary with another which said: "We shall see whether they prefer old books or young ladies."

Charley looked at me—interrogatively.

"Do as you like, Charley," I said.

"I will do as you do," he answered.

"Well," I said, "I have no right——"

"Oh, bother!" said Clara—"You're so magnificent always with your rights and wrongs! Are you coming, or are you not?"

"Yes, I'm coming," I replied, convicted by Clara's directness, for I was quite ready to go.

PETER CRISP.

A COMIC EPISODE OF ITALIAN TRAVEL.

COLONEL M. and myself descended from the cabriolet of a vehicle, wherein we had been ensconced since daylight, at a miserable little inn on the road to Naples, when, to our consternation, at the same moment the *bête noir* of our Roman sojourn emerged from the *intérieur*, took out his phrase-book, and, repeating to himself the needed sentence, approached a fat, cross-looking woman, his fellow-passenger, and offering his arm and a *Voulez-vous promenade, Madame?* began to stride with her up and down the road before the door, while the horses were drinking. There have been many piquant chapters writ-

ten on bores, but the traveling bore has never been adequately described. He has a singular advantage over his *confrères* who stay at home, inasmuch as the claim of a common nationality—especially before the tide of American continental travel had grown so full and pervasive—is one not easily repudiated; and, on the strength of it, if the victim be a good-natured man, an unlimited amount of intrusion and extortion may be practiced with impunity. It was on these grounds that Vernon, than whom a more thorough gentleman and agreeable companion cannot be imagined, had suffered himself tacitly to

accept, in the double capacity of *attaché* and *protégé*, a little pretentious and ignorant fellow-countryman, a sign-engraver by trade, who, having prospered in his calling, became ambitious to see the world and make what he called the *grand tower*. It was a mooted question whether the pleasure of Vernon's society, prized as it justly was, compensated for the vexations incident to that of his companion; and whether the latter were not, on the whole, counterbalanced by the amusement his absurdities occasioned; but practically the matter was settled by the laws of good-fellowship, which made us patient under an infliction that would otherwise be unmitigated to our amiable and accomplished countryman. To leave him to the tender mercies of Crisp would be anything but fair play; yet had we conceived the idea that he would follow Vernon to Naples, and secretly obtain a seat in the same carriage, we should long ago, in self-defense, have had recourse to the cut direct. However, we consoled ourselves with the resolve quietly to give him the slip on our arrival; and meantime beguiled the way by recalling Peter's ridiculous manoeuvres at Rome, which, we agreed, would furnish a playwright with abundant materials for a farce, if not a comedy.

The first time we ever saw him was one morning when he appeared at our lodgings in search of Vernon, who could not hide his mortification at being thus discovered as an involuntary bear-leader. Peter Crisp was a dapper little man, with a face curiously made up of material shrewdness and complacency,—with a fussy manner and an affectation of style in dress which only served to emphasize his vulgarity. Vernon was ill when he encountered him at a hotel at Lyons, and became indebted for services then and there rendered, which made it seem ungrateful not to accept his proposition to become his *compagnon de voyage* and act as his interpreter of foreign lingos. By the time the poor fellow reached Italy he repented of his acquiescence; and at Rome appealed half comically and half in earnest to our forbearance; so that when Crisp came jauntily in and claimed acquaintance with us all, first as fellow-countrymen and then as friends of Vernon, we re-

signed ourselves to the penance with a good grace. "Some of you gentlemen," said he, with a patronizing glance around, "are invalids, I believe. No doubt you have found it hard to take exercise in these dirty streets. I have discovered a fine walk, and will show you the way whenever you like. You go to a square near here, and up a flight of steps, and there are clean paths in plenty." This offer of the freedom of the Pincian, and the novelty of the information, at once enlightened us as to the veridancy of our uninvited guest. Carriages were now announced for the day's excursion, which included a visit to the English Cemetery and the Forum. Of course Crisp took possession of the vacant seat, and Vernon exchanged looks of dismay with us as we rolled through the Piazza d'Espagna. Sauntering among the ruins for an hour, we saw Crisp standing apparently spell-bound before the arch of Septimius Severus, and gazing at the entablature through a double eye-glass. Regarding this as a mere piece of affectation, and yet curious to know what he made of the Latin inscription, we approached the archaeological enthusiast, who exclaimed with professional zest: "Them 'ancients cut letters well!" Scarcely had the smiles excited by this original commentary subsided, when, speaking of Shelley and Keats, whose graves we were about to visit, the former name caught the ear of Crisp. "Ah," said he, "is Shelley in town? I had made a memorandum to call on him." And when we reached the pyramid of Caius Cestus, he ostentatiously transferred to the back of a letter the lines from the *Tempest*, on the slab which covers Shelley's heart, as an original epitaph written by Lord Byron; and when, returning, Shakspeare happened to be mentioned, he shook his head and gravely observed, that, from all he had heard, the bard "was very wild as a young man." Crisp's one political idea and national watchword was General Jackson. He challenged a comparison with him beside the sarcophagus of Scipio and the tomb of Hadrian; he proposed substituting the battle of New Orleans as a subject of the bas-reliefs on the column of Trajan, and shouted the name of his hero on the most inappropriate occasions, and to audiences igno-

rant thereof, with a complacency and a confidence that were amusing to us and bewildering to them. When hundreds of Italian voices were calling a favorite *prima donna* before the curtain, "Hurra for Jackson!" was the incongruous cry intermingled with those euphonious plaudits; and many a stolid Englishman became pugnacious when summoned to compare the old Roman of Tennessee with Nelson and Victoria. In vain was Peter reminded that the poor Capuchin he bullied, or the sarcastic beggar who improvised jokes at his expense, understood not a word of English; he only talked the louder, and rived Beppo, the lame mendicant on the Piazza steps, every time he passed him, in vociferous and unintelligible objurgations. Despite remonstrance, he insisted upon going to hear the *Miserere*, at the Sistine Chapel, in a green frock coat; and when the Swiss guard lowered his halberd and declared a black dress coat and gloves were required for admission, he looked gravely in his face—the speech having been translated—and replied in English, "Whatever you may think of this coat, I wore it at a levee of General Jackson." But on this occasion the name served as a password, for the soldier, thinking he claimed the privilege of military rank, raised his spear and answered apologetically—"Ah! *generale, passez*;" and doubtless to this day Crisp imagines that etiquette was waived in his favor out of respect to the old hero's name. Not for a moment did he forget to draw invidious comparisons between Rome and New York. Fleas he considered as an offset to pictures; Orvieto wine was contemptible beside Albany ale; the oysters were detestable after Shrewsburys and Saddle Rocks; and a Broadway omnibus the grand locomotive desideratum of the Eternal City. He contrasted the mole-like process of the lazy excavators at the Forum with the Celtic drain-diggers of the American metropolis; and his one *mot* was calling the climbing devotees of the Ara Coeli stairs the *ne plus ultra* of superstition. He sighed for Wall Street in the Via Appia, and declared if once Mayor of Rome he would whitewash all the walls and ruins, and drive the street-cobblers in-doors, abolish saints' days, and expel the odor of incense

and garlic by daily distribution of chloride of lime; prohibit itinerant musicians, and substitute anthracite and furnaces for peripatetic *scaldini*.

It was funny to hear Crisp's art comments. He used to con his guide-book, and then extemporize in the galleries. One day he glanced hastily at the catalogue, and mistook the description of a Psyche for that of a Venus emerging from her ablutions, in the next vestibule; and, when a group of visitors passed before the former, volunteered to enlighten them: "This," said he, "is one of the most remarkable statues in Rome; it represents Frisky a-coming out of a bath." He exhibited what he asserted was a bust of himself—a declaration only sustained by the pug nose and the smirk. "Instead of paying a thousand dollars to Powers," he remarked, "I ordered this, at an alabaster shop on the Lung' Arno, for eighty; and do you know why it looks so lively? I found out that the way to get a good expression when sitting to an artist, is to imagine yourself some great man in a great fix. When I sat for that bust I thought myself Napoleon crossing the Alps." He was indignant at the mutilated antiques, and called them "a sell," especially the Hercules torso in the Vatican, and a copy of the Venus de Milo. "Who wants to see a man's belly and shoulders?" he asked, and "Why don't they put arms on that woman?" He laughed at a fellow-countryman who paid five hundred *scudi* for an "old master," a foot and a half square, when he had bought a young one, six feet by four in dimensions, for fifty; and displayed with great complacency a fragment of delf—part of a broken plate left by an English lunch party at Pompeii—as a bit of ancient pottery which, despite the vigilance of the guard, he had surreptitiously conveyed away as a trophy and relic. Ludicrous were the mistakes arising from Crisp's improvised Italian. One day when dining at a by-way *osteria*, his wry face and sputterings led to the discovery that, having perceived that cloth, tea, and various other commodities, when called for of English quality, were superior, he took it for granted that the adjective *Inglese* was the magic word to evoke from shopkeeper and landlord the best of

their stock ; and, on this occasion, finding the salt very dingy of aspect, he thought to substitute a purer article by shouting for *sale inglese* ; whereupon he was, after much delay, served with an ounce or two of Epsom salts, and had flavored his soup therewith to such a degree that its bitterness excited frequent anathemas against the Italian *cuisine*. When at a loss for a word he consulted his dictionary, and being ambitious to inaugurate an old-fashioned Christmas dinner at the "Leprè," he made a list of the ingredients of a plum-pudding, and anticipated the agreeable surprise which would delight the party, owing to his secret order to the chief cook. Unfortunately, however, Crisp had either forgotten or knew not how to direct the cooking of the rich materials, which, to his dismay and our diversion, were served in a crude and liquid state in an enormous tureen. But the climax of his rage against Italian viands arose from his obstinate attempt to Italianize our vernacular by some euphonious vowel termination—an expedient he had found successful in more than one instance when balked in attempts to make himself understood by the urbane natives. A sound of violent altercation greeted our entrance to the *trattoria* one day. Crisp was seated flushed and swearing—not according to the heathen, but the Christian vocabulary—flourishing a napkin indignantly and gazing with despair upon a plate of indigo. It seemed he desired turkey for dinner. Instead of *gallinaccio*, the legitimate Italian for that precious domestic bird, he had ordered persistently *tur-chino*, notwithstanding the shrugs of the waiter, who was so accustomed to his eccentricities as to believe him capable of any diet, and therefore after vain remonstrances, had taken him at his word. One morning the *Caffè del Greco* was crowded, but above the hum of conversation, and through the dense cloud of tobacco-smoke, rose a voice too well known to our little breakfast group, importunately crying "*brava, bravissima, ancora!*" Every one looked up from toast and omelet ; every pipe was withdrawn ; the waiters grinned ; the John Bulls laid down *Galigiani* ; the Italians paused in their game of dominoes, and artistic arguments were brought to a sudden end. Louder and more

frequent grew the clamor, and all peered curiously towards the vociferous quarter, until we begged the reluctant Vernon to go and stop his noisy *protégé*, who, when asked the meaning of his exclamations, replied, "Why, did they not call out *brava* and *ancora* at the opera when they wanted a thing over again? I want another cup of coffee, to be sure." This explanation circulated at once, and an Englishman of our acquaintance came pensively towards us with his hand pressed against his ribs. "Gentlemen," said he, "that countryman of yours will be the death of me. I sat beside him in the parquette last night, and although I assured him over and over again that my eyesight was excellent, and I was using it to the best advantage, he continued to thrust his sharp elbow into my side, with a 'Look there!' every time the *ballerina* made a pirouette, or raised her leg to a level with her eye ; and the consequence is, I am sore and black and blue ; and this morning he has spoiled my digestion by making me laugh, while eating, over his preposterous but elegantly got up note-book, wherein, among other impressions of travel, I read this:—*Item*. The Vatican built by several Popes prior to the French Revolution."

At Naples, as usual, Crisp quartered himself upon Vernon. One day that victim of his own good-nature, looking up from his writing-table, beheld his chum at the window of their common sitting-room going complacently through an enigmatical pantomime. Placing his hand on his heart, he bowed and smiled, then opened his arms for an imaginary embrace, and ended by lifting up his eyes as in adoration, falling on his knees, and wafting kisses from his jeweled fingers. Vernon was mortified and alarmed, on approaching the window, to find that it overlooked the *palazzo* of a well-known and highly respected marquis, and that half a dozen *gamins*, a street musician, a water-carrier, a soldier, and a friar were watching Crisp from the opposite sidewalk. "Attend to your own affairs," was the latter's irritable answer to Vernon's remonstrance ; "I've been reading about this country ; this is the way they make love ; you have frightened away a pretty woman who was doubtless on the point of reciprocating my advances." At that mo-

ment a knock was heard at the door, and in walked the landlord, pallid and trembling, with two gendarmes. "O Signore!" exclaimed the frightened Boniface, "I am a ruined man; the Marquis has complained to the police that his wife has been insulted by one of my guests, and a warrant for his imprisonment has come." All the possible scandal of this adventure flashed upon Vernon, while the gay Lothario became agitated and speechless. His more self-possessed com-

panion resorted to a desperate expedient; taking the landlord aside, he whispered that Crisp was mad, and that he should take him by steamer that afternoon to Leghorn and put him in charge of the American Consul, to be sent home. A colloquy with the *gendarmes* ensued; an explanatory message was sent to the Marquis; and the result was that, after an hour's suspense, the officials retired with a shrug of compassion, and murmuring, "*Povero Americano—pazzo per amore!*"

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

THE Treaty of Washington is not, as some have said, a final adjustment of all questions between England and the United States, but it goes much farther in that direction than could have been reasonably expected six months ago. It is a triumph of Christianity and common sense over the old barbarism of war and the standing folly of international jealousy, and stands out in shining contrast to the bloody arbitrament between France and Germany that the last twelve-month has looked upon with horror and surprise. It may be said, however, that we conquered this peace with England as Germany conquered hers with France, —only our war was waged against our own countrymen. When we subdued the rebellion and restored peace, without revenge upon the authors of our civil war, we practically achieved this diplomatic victory over the old pretensions of England, which has now been announced in the formalities of a treaty. It has taken six years to bring England to the point of concession and open concession; and, in the interval, our own antagonism to our cousins across the water has been a good deal softened, and we have learned to concede something too. The Treaty, as it stands, is a work of mutual concession, and the fruit and token of international good-will. As such it bears an honorable distinction among the treaties of recent and of former times.

Although the British and Canadian press now insist stoutly that the terms of the new Treaty are harder upon the other two sides of the triangle than upon ours, we doubt that it will prove so. As between Canada and the United States, we believe the advantages of it will ultimately rest with Canada, especially if it should lead, as it now seems possible, to an early union between us and our northern neighbors. As between us and England, no doubt the points conceded by the British Government are much more important at present than those which we have waived. But we have restricted ourselves for the future more than England, inasmuch as our opportunities were likely to be greater. On both sides, however, the points conceded are in the interest of humanity and for the abridgment

of belligerent claims; and the establishment of the American rule of international law, which the Treaty will ultimately insure, is a great step towards checking war and the extension of war to neutral nations. The settlement of the Alabama controversy and the certain amendment of the international law of neutrality are the main features of the Treaty, though the rest is important enough. In view of all that it secures and all that it averts, no treaty so momentous has been framed in modern times, and it should be the prayer of good men everywhere that it may be perpetual.

THE PIKE IN LITERATURE.

THE "Pike" (by which we do not mean the creature known in ichthyology by that familiar name, but a newly-discovered human species) has produced a strange and startling sensation in recent literature. Consternation, indeed, not dissimilar to that which his fishy namesake occasions by his sudden appearance among the smaller fry of less voracious habits, this awkward, inconsiderate, and profane person has excited in the quiet waters of our polite poetry. For a while he threatened to become the tyrant of our current verse, as Pope has named "the pike (with a small p) the tyrant of the flood." With great celerity he has darted through the columns of our newspapers, the pages of our magazines, while quiet, well-behaved contributors have stood one side and let him have his own wild way. And it began to seem, at one time, as if the ordinary, decent virtues of civilized society could stand no chance in comparison with the picturesque heroism of this savage in "dialect."

Presently, however, and naturally enough, a reaction from the wonder and silent acquiescence with which the appearance of the "Pike" had been received began to make itself felt, in the form of criticism and protest. And it is possible that the reaction may have gone, as reactions so often do, too far. At any rate, the time seems to be fit for a more careful and dispassionate examination of him.

We knew him first, transplanted from his native home, and playing his fantastic tricks and speaking his outlandish speech on the shore of the Pacific. Mr.

Bret Harte found him and made him public, and is responsible for his introduction into polite society. Whether all the "dialecticians" of Mr. Harte's volume are Pikes we will not affirm, but some of them certainly are. Dow of "Dow's Flat" confesses it, not without a certain pride in the avowal. And Mr. William Nye and the voracious James would seem to have been Dow's neighbors of a more or less unworthy sort.

But Mr. John Hay shows us the Pike before he is transplanted, with his foot still upon his native prairie, and his ingenious profanity and copious expectorations still mingling with the familiar waters of his muddy river. We must confess that he is a less attractive object here than in his ultramontane sphere. He changes, not his sky only, but his temper and habits somewhat, when he crosses over the Sierras. He loses something of his coarseness, and acquires a certain delicacy and subtleness of flavor when we find him in the Pacific waters. He does not swear so loud, nor bully us so vehemently. And his claim to the crown of heroism, and indeed of saintship, is rather insinuated, or left to be inferred, than clamorously or even defiantly asserted. For this very reason he is probably more easily and accurately studied in the county where he originated, and where, we believe, Mr. Hay was his appreciative fellow-citizen, than on the golden sands and amid the golden light which Mr. Harte's pictures reveal to us.

Undoubtedly the Pike is a fact. And if "the proper study of mankind is man," this peculiar species is certainly worth our careful scrutiny. We acknowledge, therefore, our obligation to the genius of the two writers we have named, for the fidelity with which they have depicted him. He is admirably, even fearfully real. Tilmon Joy and Jim Bludso are men whom Mr. Hay has seen with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, and become familiar with, so that he can record with artistic minuteness and scientific coolness their amazing and grotesque oaths, their shocking and scandalous behavior, as he certainly could not if he had only heard and seen them once or twice. It is easy to see that he must have stood spectator of the fight at Gilgal, although he claims no more than to have heard the various versions of the story out of which his coherent narrative is constructed. The "mystery," even to an eye-witness, may well have been a mystery still. If the Pike had to be depicted,—and we admit that he had to be,—it is well that it could be done with an accuracy so complete and even so painful. He stands on record now the most eloquent and effective illustration of the fact, pointed out so many years ago by Dr. Bushnell in one of his most characteristic discourses, that in the march of Empire westward, in the hard work of subduing the wilderness and laying the foundation of new States, barbarism is the first danger to be met and averted—the barbarism of the very adventurers who start as the pioneers of civilization and religion.

For the Pike (as we understand him) was not always a Pike. He used to speak a smoother speech and to speak it with purer lips. His coarseness and profaneness are the *detritus* of a morality which once had strength, of a religion which once had sacredness. Strength and even sacredness there are left in him still, discoverable amid the rubbish of words and the lawlessness of conduct which are most obvious. In the disintegration of character which he has suffered, all is not lost. Perhaps even the reconstructed character, which we cannot but hope for in him, may be on a larger scale, with traits of manly courage and generous heroism grander than those to which in our more finished civilization we have been accustomed.

And so we begin to discover why it is that we cannot refuse to Jim Bludso, for example (who, more than any of his fellows, is the typical Pike), our admiration and even our hope. For the doctrine that one virtue can compensate for the absence of another—that bigamy can be condoned by bravery, or infidelity to one's wife be atoned for by fidelity to one's business—we have only horror and disgust. If that is the doctrine of the last stanza of Jim Bludso (as perhaps the popular reader may easily enough have imagined), then it is simply mischievous and odious. That a deplorable sinner can leap to heavenly perfectness by some act of splendid heroism *in extremis*, is a doctrine which even those who do not disavow the name of "Universalist" have, for the most part, ceased to hold. We prefer not to understand Mr. Hay as asserting it, though we could wish that he had guarded himself more carefully against mischievous misapprehension. It is only the ambiguity of the "moral" which makes it dangerous.

"A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright, But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

And out of the "moral" of Jim Bludso it may be worth our while to extract and to treasure what is valuable.

For the lesson, then, which the Pike teaches by his more or less "horrid" example, that as in every saint there may be something sinful, so in every sinner there may be something good, let us be duly thankful. It cannot be taught too often. There is no duty more obvious than the duty of judging charitably if we are to judge at all; but there is also no duty more frequently neglected or disobeyed. That it is not always the most sensual vice which is the most fatal, and that Jim, with the unselfishness of his heroic sacrifice, might stand where the meanness of a smug hypocrisy could get no foothold, may be true enough. That virtue is admirable even when it is found in company with vice, in a savage, or in a degenerate Anglo-Saxon, is worth remembering. And that men are punished by the divine law for the sins which they have and not for those which they have not, for their vices and not for their virtues,—this, too, is a distinction which, though obvious enough when it is put into words, is not always observed in thought. Certainly it is not for his cowardice that we disapprove the Pike, for, whatever else he was, he was no coward. Let us give him his due, as best we may,

and be sure that in the judgment which is "just and perfect altogether," he will have it also.

We must say, however, that we think the Pike appears to the least advantage as a preacher. Gown and bands do not become him. And his views of practical morality are not well proportioned. If only, in future, Mr. Hay would be content to paint him without attaching to the picture any explanatory legend,—to record, and not to interpret him,—we should feel easier about him, and less reluctant to admit him to our drawing-rooms and libraries,—where indeed he scarcely feels at ease himself. Above all things, let him not mount the pulpit, lest we be compelled to denounce him as an impostor, and (what he would regard as even worse) a bore!

POLITICAL BIGOTRY.

MR. VALLANDIGHAM is dead; and the little accident of the pistol has restored to conscientiousness and candor the press that has been so fertile and constant in its censure of him for many years. The man who, while living, was denounced as a demagogue without principle, a politician without patriotism, a traitor without shame, an intriguer for power for his party and place for himself through every range of political inconsistency and villainy, is now regarded as one who was thoroughly earnest and honest, even when he was in the wrong;—nay, as one who, when he became aware of his mistakes, had the manliness and boldness to rectify them publicly. "The new departure," as it is called, of the Democratic party was inaugurated by this man; and it certainly was no less than a public confession of error, and the definition of a new course for himself and for his party, so far as he represented it. Indeed, if we read alone the presses that once condemned him, we shall conclude that our bad Vallandigham is become quite a saint. The public heart warms towards the traitor, and begins to suspect that it has been bereft of a patriot.

Why this haste—this almost indecent haste—to eat one's words, and do justice to one to whom earthly justice is no longer of consequence? We suppose it must arise from a consciousness that the man was, while living, unjustly treated. Death makes us candid. The man's power to harm being gone—his influence to thwart our own selfish or party plans being destroyed by the dread power that will soon destroy us all—our motive to misrepresent is gone, and we hasten to be true. Articles written to-day in all the capitals of the civilized world on Louis Napoleon—written by those who dislike him, and published in journals opposed to him—could not possibly be written to-morrow if, in the mean time, some accident should stop the beating of his heart. Even his present powerlessness is not enough to quench the rancor of slander, or remove the motive of detraction. He must die before he can be treated decently, or win the credit of possessing a single humane or patriotic motive. If some benign accident should remove General Butler from the sphere of his

earthly activities, the tide of eulogy would sweep around the nation. With all his egotism and meddlesomeness and bluster, it would be found that he was at heart a patriot, that he had served the nation well in many ways, and that, on the whole, the removal of his life from our national history would be a loss and not a gain.

This abuse of political men while living, and this laudation of them when dead, convict the political press of the nation of a bigotry of which it ought to be thoroughly ashamed. It all comes of our self-conceit. We make no room for opinions that differ with our own. To every man opposed to us we attribute unworthy motives. Our political opponents are regarded as men without principle. Their motives are more than questioned—they are denounced. Our active politicians seem to be knaves to thousands of their fellow-countrymen, and are treated as knaves by hundreds of presses; and so habitual and persistent are misconception and maltreatment in this respect, that men of sensitive natures and a tender regard for their own good names and reputations shrink from all participation in politics. It is true beyond dispute that a man of the most stainless character and the purest motives has only to become a candidate for office, or to participate influentially in political affairs, to become the target of a great army of dirt-throwers, who lose no opportunity to soil his name and blacken his motives. The fact shows how disgracefully our political conflicts are conducted, and how much their methods need reformation. We talk and write and act like children, and like very bad children too. Each party in a conflict assumes the possession of all the patriotism, all the principle, and all the virtue, and denies to its opponent every good and laudable motive. The courtesies of life are laid aside. It is no longer a matter of difference of opinion among gentlemen, in which no one loses his respect for his neighbor and himself, but it is a degrading squabble, from which no one comes with name untarnished and with hands unsoiled.

If the lesson which Vallandigham's death teaches us could inaugurate a "new departure" in the conduct of our political and party contests, his death would not be in vain. Are we not old enough as a people, and have we not learned enough from the events of the past few years, to be ready to go into the Presidential conflict that lies not far before us with something of fairness and dignity? It is a shame to us that our best men are disgusted with politics, and it is a shame to us that every prominent public man is subjected from the beginning of his career to the end to the grossest misconstructions and misrepresentations, which are never retracted until death strikes him down. We have only to make as much room for the opinions of our neighbor as we claim for our own, and accord to him the same purity of motive which we are conscious of possessing, to make politics respectable, and bring into public life those who will serve the country in the pure spirit of the fathers of the Republic.

THE OLD CABINET.

WHAT becomes of the soul of a man when he gets to be a sign-board? In the patent duplex ventilating chimney, with the tin whirligig atop, that passes up and down Broadway on two legs all day long, are there separate identities of man and chimney? Does the latter walk the streets at night—in spirit—after the legs have stepped from under it? And does the man take perforce to his pipe when he goes back at last to his own family and fireside? Is it a man with the soul of a chimney, or a chimney with the soul of a man; or is it something altogether solitary and soulless?

We wonder how the old fellow felt when he first paraded in his bright wooden uniform; through what stages of mortification he passed, what martyrdoms of manhood! Or, may be—more pathetic still—it was a fine thing from the beginning; quite a social uplift, a most distinguished occupation. For he is proud enough of it now. You can see that in his martial mien; in the occasional patronizing recognition of a rival peripatetic sign-board,—like the Iron Duke's reply to the salute of a London cabby.

Perhaps you knew old Tom who flagged at the Cherry street crossing; a withered, leathery old Irishman who had lived on and around the railroad ever since it was built. He began by stealing coals and peaches, and adventurous rides; was promoted to water-boy; after that, wielded pick and hammer on the track. There was a bad smash-up of flat-cars one day, and Tom, with a wooden leg, the gift of the Company, suddenly found himself at the summit of his ambition, in charge of the Cherry-street crossing; his own trim shanty not far off.

It was a lesson in life, just to see Old Tom announce the coming of a train. A glance up the road, a portentous stride across the track toward the depot, a pause, a pucker of the brow, a sudden straightening of the lank form, and the sentence—half menace, half command—is jerked forth, startling as the clang of a locomotive bell: "*ALL* aboard for New York." A dignified hobble back, and the shabby white flag is unfurled as by one who has announced the king's approach, and now stands proudly waving the royal standard before him.

One morning a new flagman appeared at Cherry street. A group of early passengers gathered around him. "It was the two comin' to once on him, and the down train 'bein' an extra like, and not lookin' that way, and—" he pointed to an ominous dark spot on the planks between the rails.

The new flagman had a spic and span new flag—Old Tom's flag and Old Tom had gone together. But somewhere and sometime we think we shall see him wave it again, with the old proud look on his leathery face.

DID it never strike you that there were necessary blessings as well as necessary evils in this world;

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certain good things that we cannot escape any more than we can certain so-called evil things; benefits that we accept with the same lack of responsibility, something of the same spirit of resignation, that we do the trouble we are called upon to bear? Sombre indeed would be the round of the seasons to some of us were it not for pleasures that needs must be devised and entered into for the sake of friends and guests beloved; and oh, the delicious holidays of convalescence! Are there not those who know the blessed relaxation of some morbid self-discipline, through the interposition of a master soul; those who, perplexed and irresolute while duty and desire debate at the parting of the ways, have joyfully welcomed the clear decision that directs them at last into the path leading through the green pastures and beside the still waters?

WHEN a man has genuine "jasm" and irrepressibility, a way of carrying out big enterprises to brilliant and successful issues—and combines with a dazzling audacity a certain downright manner and an off-hand air of generosity—we are apt to wink at his processes and praise his pluck. So, although the man be a reproach to the community in many unspeakable ways, we sometimes say: "Well, the fellow's no sneak; and if he had been given a different bent he would have 'run' his moralities with the same vim that he does his vices."

Perhaps in our day shamelessness is a recommendation: perhaps it is a manly and clever thing to bind one's dishonor as a crown about the brow! However that may be, we have no objection to giving the devil his due,—and we have a thousand times more respect for the good-natured knave himself than for those who march in his train.

Suppose that a fellow of the kind we have described, at the same time the most notorious scamp in a city where scamps were not a few, and who added an inordinate and ridiculous vanity to his other qualities, should choose to make a spectacle of himself by donning royal trappings and prancing down Broadway, on a warlike charger, to the brazen music of a hired band—do you imagine that a thousand men could be found in all the town who, for any mortal consideration of profit, pleasure, or éclat, could be induced to swell the impudent pageant?—in the broad daylight we mean—not when darkness would hide their faces from the gaze of honest and self-respectful men, and from the eyes of their wives and children? And if the thousand men were found, whom would you despise, or pity, most—the brilliant buffoon on horseback, or the crowd at his horse's heels?

DEAR NED:—I a doleful dumps, eh? Well, well; it is the healthful kind, I guess. Nothing to do with indigestion, or that sort of thing. Occasional blues won't hurt you, my boy! In the "see-saw" of life the board that takes you lowest lifts you

highest, you know. Don't you remember little Dick Stryker's famous text, that he used to preach from so solemnly, enrobed in his mother's white dinner-cloth?—"When it's up it's down, and when it's down it's up!" Dicky's sermons were rather inconsequent, but there's a heap of philosophy in the text.

And so you are impatient of your tread-mill in the office of the *Weekly Vindicator*; you are tired of this "feeble fabulation" in the literary "slush;" you want to be doing better literary work, or none at all. "Words, words, words!" you cry (in your echo of Carlyle), a fig for all this periodic ginger-pop! You think of cracking stones on the turnpike, or taking to the peanut business. The sentiment does you credit, Ned. It is the artist within you that protests.

But I suspect that a part of your discontent arises from another source. I suspect—for I know something of your grit—that you have reached a point where many a man before you has stood in long, intense, terrible debate—"I cannot both live and utter it!" Which shall it be with me for life: word or deed?"

Now my dear fellow, you know we have to take this world pretty much as we find it; and you and I find it, in our generation, universally addicted to periodicals of every cycle and sort. Thus a new art has arisen: the JOURNALISTIC ART,—a little off, it may be, of the line of "pure literature," so called,—but still an art, with its rules, its limitations, its mission;—an art most difficult, most noble, most potent. And in the practice of it, either as editors or writers for the press, what is there to prevent our being true to the highest principles, to everything that is finest and fittest? Is it not in the interest of culture that a leader or a local item should be pure in English and in tone?

And, moreover, do you not see now the word and the deed made one? To help give right direction to the current of opinion, to influence beneficently the life of a community by timely utterance—is this only "words, words, words!"

Courage, mon ami! It is just such men as you who are wanted in just such places—men who carry into journalism the artistic sense, the high purpose, and as (under the circumstances) the best evidence of these—the liability to the blues.

Yours sincerely,

O. C.

THE editor of the *Boston Congregationalist*, in a letter to his own paper, from London, gives an interesting description of George MacDonald in the pulpit. According to Mr. Dexter, MacDonald was bred a Congregational minister, is a graduate of a Congregational college, and was for several years pastor of a Congregational church in Sussex. Now, however, his name does not appear upon the official yearly list; but he still preaches occasionally, and Mr. Dexter was present when, one Sabbath evening, he officiated for Mr. Allon, at Canonbury:

"The large audience-room was very full. Mr.

MacDonald wore no gown nor bands—as Congregational ministers are quite apt to do here, and as is the usual custom in that pulpit—and had nothing in any way distinctively clerical in his look or manner. He is of a little more than medium height, with a full and flowing dark beard and moustache, and quite long hair; an eminently handsome man, with a general look which suggests the scholar, if not—I do not know that he *writes* poetry—the poet. His voice is rather husky—I fancied a little abnormally so, as he seemed to have a cold. His reading was, to me, very impressive—not that it was faultless, or in any vocal respect near perfection, but that the Scriptures selected were striking, and their rendering somehow singularly earnest. From the Old Testament he read the 5th of Amos, and from the New a portion of the Revelation of John, including the description, in the 14th chapter, of the treading of the great wine-press of the wrath of God, when the blood came out 'even unto the horse-bridles,' etc.; and there was something in his emphatic tones, his Scotch pronunciation—decided, but not amounting to a 'brogue'—and his hirsute front, which gave him a weird seeming, something as if from among the herdmen of Tekoah, or the Isle that is called Patmos, one of the old prophets were come again to warn the wicked.

"His sermon was founded upon 2 Peter iii. 8. 'But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.' Having read the text, he closed the Bible, and, leaning over upon it, began a discourse purely extempore, so far as visible notes were concerned, speaking somewhat thus: The metaphysicians tell us, though I could never quite make sure that I understood it, while I have had an occasional glimmer of an idea what they mean by it, that there is no such thing as what we call time or space, to the Infinite. But this I can comprehend must be true, that in God's eyes a thousand years and a single day must be alike, in that He can see with one glance all that goes to fill up and make out the one as easily as the other; that, as one might say, it is no harder for Him to cognize the one than the other. Well, if this be so, I think it must follow thence that God is never in a hurry. It comes of our unbelief in Him that we are so apt to be in such a hurry. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' If we look at the history of the material world, or the intellectual world, or the social world, or the moral world, or the religious world, nothing is clearer than that God never was in a hurry, and that He can afford to wait. * * *

As we contemplate the seething sum of all social wrong and bitterness and abomination, we are apt to get impatient with it all, and be eager to undertake some great and sudden thing against it. We cannot persuade ourselves to be willing to work slowly upon it from within, as the leaven works upon the loaf, as the life-principle of the mustard-seed pushes itself up into the tree; but we want to attack and vanquish it all somehow from the outside. But that was not

the way which Jesus took; He never attacked any thing from the outside, and he did the will of His Father.

"Ah, I would have you think less about being 'good,' and being 'kind,' and more about being *just*. I would have you earnest, not simply to talk about religion, but to be more honest toward the little despised, neglected duties of each, day by day.

"You feel out of heart, sometimes, that you don't get faster on. And yet likely you have not made any really great effort, after all. You say, perhaps: 'Ah, it's hardly any good trying!' But then you are almost always driven, when you sit down calmly to think of it, to the confession that you haven't been trying much notwithstanding.

"You get discouraged, very likely, because there are so many people in the world who do not seem to be really capable of such a thing as a genuinely spiritual idea. But let God mind His own; we have nothing to do with that. We must not be discouraged, because of the great things we cannot do, into omitting the little things we can do.

"It seems to me, sometimes, as if God had taken great trouble to make us. The problem was how to do it. I hope you don't think God made us, and made the world, out of nothing. I don't believe God made anything out of nothing; I think He made all things out of *Himself*. And making us thus out of Himself, the problem was how to make us so that we should be *ourselves*; and so I sometimes think He took a great trouble to throw us off, as it were, so far out of Himself as that we might become ourselves, and develop a will and a free will of our own, and with that free will turn around and seek Him. Men often confound will with impulse, as if these were identities, instead of opposites. As when they say of a child that continually goes astray: 'What a determined will it has towards evil:—the fact being, all the while, that the child has no power of will at all, to resist the dominion of unbridled passion that leads it continually astray.

"Now, friends, you who want to be good, to be just, to be faithful, where lies your hope of deliverance? I do not speak to you—as a motive—of a hell, for I do not think you need it. But, do you know, I think from the extreme of the old-fashioned teaching that God made men on purpose to damn them, some modern theologians are much exposed to the going over to a very dangerous opposite extreme, and teaching that God will not damn men at all! I do not seek to drive you

towards goodness with this fear of God's damnation, but let the man who persists in hardness and impenitence, and who goes on and on and out of the world scorning and neglecting the mercy of our Heavenly Father, be sure that there will be for him a future condemnation terrible to bear. But you, who are tender-hearted, and who want to be true, and are trying to be, learn these two things from our text: never to be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here, and never to fail to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord! Be charitable in view of it. Be earnest in the faith of it. God can afford to wait, why cannot we—since we have Him to fall back upon! Let patience have her perfect work, and bring forth her celestial fruits. Trust God to weave in your little thread into the great web, though the pattern show it not yet. When God's people are able and willing thus to labor and to wait, remembering that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, the grand harvest of the ages shall come to its reaping, and the day shall broaden itself to a thousand years, and the thousand years shall show themselves as a perfect and finished day!

"The sermon, which was about thirty-three minutes in length, was of a character essentially unreportable, and I am sensible that the above sketch is very imperfect in its suggestion of it; but I believe it fairly conveys its prominent ideas in very nearly the order of their occurrence, and with something of the flavor of their speech. It was streaked everywhere with fine touches of poetic expression, which no report can convey, and held the closest attention of his listeners. The manner of its delivery was somehow fragmentary and twitchy, with frequent pauses, which—and his prayers had the same peculiarity—were a little displeasing at first, as suggesting a view to effect, but which gradually failed to give that idea as he warmed into his subject. I think my readers will agree with me that there was very little tendency toward Universalism in the discourse; and that it rather confirms a report which I have heard, that Mr. MacDonald, if he ever leaned in that direction, has seen the error of that way. I am sure he would be heard with deep interest in our American pulpits."

About MacDonald as a poet we may have something to say in a later number.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

QUEEN SUMMER.

THERE are lands where Summer, beautiful Queen, never leaves her throne. Her fearless blossoms flout the day; her bees and birds possess the land in fee-simple, and drink from honeyed cups which know no blight nor frost.

But in those lands she rules a despot. Her sun-

tipped scepter is raised to destroy as often as to bless. Danger lurks in the fascination of her smile, and behind her shining seat, Death, a rival potentate, couches, and menaces with fleshless arm, and grins among the flowers.

To us Summer comes in different guise. Her short, sweet reign, hemmed in on the one hand and the

other by Spring and Autumn, exemplifies the good effects of "rotation in office." She comes rather as guest than sovereign, and, laying by her insignia of terrible beauty, dons a simpler garb, is tender, loving, beneficent. Mother-sweetness breathes in her smile; she will not command—she stoops to win, and her hands are heaped with gifts for us all.

Not merely gifts, but grants. She opens to us the doors, fast locked all winter-time, which lead to the out-door world. From our warmed and sheltered burrows we step into the very arms of Nature, all dews and stars, all sunsets and sunrises, all affluence and fresh growth being ours. The weakest and the poorest may come. Queen Summer gives the Fête—spreading couches for tired limbs and a feast for the hungry, providing orchestras in which bird and breeze and rolling surf perform gratuitous harmonies, throwing open picture-galleries without admission-fee, and giving personal welcome to each new-comer. There is no condescension in her air. She not only invites, she woos and pleads, entreating us to come, to profit by the sweet opportunity, and to take what she alone can give.

It is a baptism to new life which she offers—a renovation—a cure. The consuming earthliness of things drops away like a scale under her touch; our weariness and cares and frets lift their heavy wings and are gone. We are made over afresh, with stronger fiber and better purpose—to re-commence, as commence we must, the inevitable strife with ourselves, with the Devil, with circumstance. The battle must begin again. It is much that we have rested, that royal hands help us don again our armor, and that it is lighter than before.

Where do we find this wonderful guest and mistress of ours? She is everywhere, yet many miss her. In shabby courts and dingy alleys she is met; the squalid children playing there are filled with vague rapture by her unseen presence. She sits beside us on the rocks, in the woods; she swings in tree-tops and looks in at garret windows with a smile. But to ball-rooms and hot assemblies she never comes. She eschews "hops," and answers no fashionable cards of invitation. The dancers, passing flushed and heated from the hot rooms, catch a glimpse of her wondering, moon-lit face; but she comes no nearer; the presence-chamber is elsewhere, and they who seek shall discover.

When a few more fast-vanishing weeks shall be past, Queen Summer will have left us. Let those of us who love her, therefore, hasten to kiss the hand of this our bounteous mistress, lest when she is gone our hearts shall reproach us with coldness and ingratitude and our empty lives for the neglect of her beautiful favors.

ICES.

It is one of life's smaller compensations that luxuries—so-called—change place now and then with necessities—are cheaper, easier to come by, open to all.

As in the tropics oranges dangle and bananas ripen for all the world, and no little black hand need lack a cooling palm-leaf, so in our land of plentiful winter,

ice, elsewhere a choice rarity, has become a matter of every-day necessity—used by the poorest. How greatly it can relieve the heats of fervid summer only an American can fairly appreciate, for only in America are its innumerable applications made a subject of systematic study.

Iced water, iced soda, iced butter, ice-chests—how should we dispense with these, having once known their value?

"Ice-Cream!" has become a recognized street cry in our cities, vended by peripatetic salesmen from wheelbarrow freezers. And ices, once regarded as exclusively the province of the confectioner, are rapidly taking rank in public favor as the coolest, most delightful, and easiest of home-made summer desserts.

Given a "Five-minute Freezer" and a shilling's worth of ice, and other material costs almost nothing. With lemons at ninepence a dozen, Sicily oranges fourteen for a quarter of a dollar, currants and raspberries reddening in the garden, and strawberries at every corner, a mould of ice costs less than a pudding or a pie, and involves less heat and trouble of preparation. A bit of carpet and a mallet, a few minutes' pounding and stirring—your freezer is ready—your mixture poured in and covered over; you come and go leaving it to itself, with now and then a twirl of the dasher—half an hour and it is ready. The ghost of last winter has entered your kitchen and done his spiriting deftly.

The varieties of material are many. They sound the gamut of the seasons. There is an "Ice" for every month of the year, and a dozen for those in which ice is most palatable and welcome.

As for instance,—all the winter long, lemon and orange ices can be had, made simply of the juice of the fruits, cold water, and sugar. A little sweetmeat, or the left-over syrup from a can of peaches, may be added to enhance or vary the flavor, and the stiffly-beaten white of an egg makes the composition lighter and more delicate. Later, pine-apple ice comes on; then strawberry, raspberry, cherry—made precisely in the same way. Currant-juice well sweetened and frozen *without* water forms a ruby cone delightful to look and taste. Frozen peaches sliced into cream and well sweetened are delicious; and apple-sauce and cream is not to be derided. In fact there is no fruit or mingling of fruits which will not blend harmoniously under the magic influence of the freezer. The most unlikely things turn out most toothsome. We distinctly remember once eating a mixture of wonderful goodness, which proved on investigation to be compounded of milk, flour, a little melted butter, a *very* little cream, sugar, sliced peaches, and the juice of stewed pears! After that who shall hesitate?

One word more. Pound your ice very fine, and add plenty of *rock* salt, packing it close with a stick or broom-handle. These precautions taken, the freezing becomes a very easy affair.

A DELSARTE FOR EVERY DAY.

WHY should we not have one? We mean a Pro-

fessor, who should carry out the theory of facial expression invented by M. Delsarte, and teach us the proper look and gesture for the rôles we happen to be enacting in daily life.

For example: We are supposed to be of the happy and fortunate people of earth. We wear purple and fine linen, and roll, sumptuous as Cinderella, in "Chariots of Heaven," with footmen, coachmen, and long-tailed steeds. Our visible occupation—our only one, at these precise moments—is to be happy. Our faces, attitudes, our whole atmosphere should express this; it should dimple in our cheeks and ring in our laughter. But as things stand we do not look happy in the least. Our countenances as we languidly press the silken cushions express nothing, unless it is, to use Col. Higginson's apt phrase, "the renunciation of all human joy." We do not smile nor speak; we look sourly ahead, as if riding at our own funerals. A carriage load of us professedly "happy" people is a gloomy sight to the lookers on. Delsarte would mend all this!

But again, there are occasions in life when it is appropriate to look gloomy. For instance, we attend the obsequies of an acquaintance, somebody whom we liked well enough, but who had no ancestral or blood-relation's claim upon our tears. Still the decencies of death demand a decorous gravity, and we observe it so long as we are in the darkened house, with its hush, its smell of flowers and geranium-leaves, and its subdued and mysterious tramp of boots going up and down stairs. But when, formally summoned by an usher with a list, we emerge again into the light and air, and are put into a hack with three other acquaintances, we forget to be solemn. They talk, we talk. The hackman slowly guides his horses in the long procession. Subdued laughs are audible. The passers-by catch glimpses of animated faces and nodding bonnets. We appear infinitely more cheerful than we did when merely driving for pleasure! Delsarte is needed to mend this also.

Then there are weddings. The bride must be trained to look timid and the bridegroom blest. The attending parents should exhibit the fine lines of parental struggle, the brooding mother-look, the father's blent with love and pain—

"As the dear wonted smile
Fades from his hearthstone to rejoice
A stranger's."

Nowadays we seem intent on our clothes and our bills. Men of wealth should pose after the portraits of Mæcenas (if any exist) or those of the Medici. Men of letters (in twelve lessons) should be instructed to look like Apostles of the Truth, and not, as at present, like the queer brown efts who inhabit old books. Men

of the law should resemble Justice—unblindfolded, it is true, and wearing pantaloons, but bearing Fairbanks's patent scales—warranted. Men of genius should glow, scintillate, dazzle; no longer, smug and shaven, should they be passed unrecognized in the crowd of every-day men. They should assume rightful position. Delsarte will see to that.

All of us will look like what we are doing, if not like what we are. Our theory of what this is may—nay, probably will—differ from Brown's theory of the same thing. But there will be this advantage: Brown, and Jones too, will see at a glance what our mental position with regard to ourselves happens to be, and this very fact will spare us a multitude of rubs. By all means let us have a Delsarte.

CUT FLOWERS.

THE first thing to be considered in arranging cut flowers is the vase.

If it is scarlet, blue, or many-colored, it must necessarily conflict with some hue in your bouquet. Choose rather pure white, green, or transparent glass, which allows the delicate stems to be seen. Brown Swiss-wood, silver, bronze, or yellow straw conflict with nothing. The vase must be subordinate to what it holds.

A bowl for roses. Tall-spreading vases for gladiolus, fern, white lilies, and the like. Cups for violets and tiny wood flowers. Baskets for vines and gay garden blossoms. A flower-lower will in time collect shapes and sizes to suit each group.

Colors should be blended together with neutral tints, of which there are abundance—whites, grays, purples, tender greens—and which harmonize the pinks, crimsons, and brilliant reds into soft unison.

Certain flowers assort well only in families, and are spoiled by mixing. Of these are balsams, hollyhocks, and sweet peas, whose tender liquid hues are as those of drifting sunset clouds. Others may be massed with good effect. In arranging a large basket or vase it is well to mentally divide it into small groups, making each group perfectly harmonious with itself, and blending the whole with green and delicate colors. And, above all, avoid stiffness. Let a bright tendrill or spray of vine spring forth here and there, and wander over and around the vase at its will.

The water should be warm for a winter vase—cool, but not iced, for a summer one. A little salt or a bit of charcoal should be added in hot weather, to obviate vegetable decay, and the vase filled anew each morning. With these precautions your flowers, if set beside an open window at night, will keep their freshness for many hours even in July, and reward by their beautiful presence the kind hand which arranged and tended them.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE student of Art attempting to get an intelligible idea of the general value of the painting of England, can hardly do worse than to begin with the Academy exhibition. Scarcely in the range of modern art can another annual exhibition be found which shall convey such evidence of poverty of thought in conception, and journeyman rashness and coarseness in execution, as is shown in an average R. A. exhibition. It is, for concurrent reasons, the school of mediocrity and frivolous conceits—on one side because an association of commonplace intellects will not brook the leadership of original minds, and on the other because the Academy is a shop where the end of labor and the proof of success are in the sales effected and the prices obtained. The title of R. A. is worth so much per cent. on one's untitled income; it imposes on an unthinking and unæsthetic public by the exaggeration of its pretensions, and the mass of Royal Academy goers take the painters at their own terms, and consider admission to the galleries an indefeasible proof of greatness.

And all this in spite of evidence which would satisfy any mind which was capable of changing a prepossession, that the best painters of England are not in the Academy, and that their works are generally proscribed there. Landscape, which is the only art in which the English school really excels, is not in favor in the R. A., and it is merely by a kind of enforced condescension to the only genuine taste which England shows, that now and then a second-rate landscapist enters their body. The great landscape names since Turner (who belonged to another kind of Academy) do not appear on the Academy rolls, and Linnell, Anthony, Palmer, and the list of water-color landscapists, the truest and most artistic of them all, have to give precedence to Vicat Cole, scarcely a second-rate painter, but the best of the Academy.

In the higher class of figure painting the same rule obtains.—Rossetti and Burne Jones, the two most remarkable colorists and painters of ideal subjects England possesses, never even exhibiting at the Academy, while in general excellence the water-color societies display a much higher average than the Academy.

The most patent defects of the English school as such are want of artistic training,—of culture, to use a term better understood in its relations to literature; with consequent want of tone and refinement, an incessantly intruding vulgarity and exaggeration in execution, in color, and in action, and an almost universal deficiency in sense of the beautiful and noble in subject. One goes through a French exhibition with a sense that the art has refined the artist—that a serious artistic aspiration has been the dominant motive in the body of workers; the culture appears in all directions; but in the Academy rooms one sees a huge mass of violent effort, of straining color, one picture competing with another like bidders at an auction, in violence of color and effect, to attract, not the eyes of an educated

public taste, but of a class of exhibition-goers who are taken more by eccentricity than excellence, and whose appreciation goes more by the catalogue than the pictures.

To any one accustomed to continental art, and to the dignity and serene splendor of the old art, the Academy is painfully garish, frivolous, and convulsive as a whole; and when one comes to study out the details there is a great want of intellectual effort and an ostentation of erudition; revivals of past times, without sincerity or genuine appreciation, mingle with commonplace *genre* and obdurate realizations of the most commonplace incidents and scenes of to-day. Here and there, like poets lost in a crowd of shopkeepers, are a very few works of genuine artistic power and completeness; for as the English people, *ignobile vulgus*, is the most crude and hopeless of vulgarities, but with the rarest and finest *châtillons* of humanity occasionally cropping out, so that a thorough English gentleman is proverbially the most nearly perfect of gentlemen; so amid all their vulgar and uncultured shop art there comes now and then even in the Academy exhibition a work of genuine artistic inspiration and training. A little picture by Mason, an artist unknown in America, "A Milkmaid," is one of the most admirable pieces of pure low-toned color which we have ever seen in modern art—almost Venetian in richness and harmony of tone, reminding one in feeling of Gainsborough, though not at all in manner of execution. The portraits of G. F. Watts, again, are of a noble type, grave, largely treated, and indicative of a great artistic power, with as incomplete a scholastic training as one can find in any great work—feebleness of drawing even at times, and a most annoying incompleteness of accessory painting. The draperies and backgrounds of his portraits in this exhibition have all the modern carelessness of treatment, and even unusual crudeness and chalkiness—the points which show more than anything else the difference between modern and Venetian portraiture. The latter was as perfectly studied out as the most earnest religious pictures; the art was always the same—complete throughout, every point made effective and kept in its due relations to all the rest; like the chords of a sonata, no note irrelevant. Watts's portraits are the best, almost the only good in England—certainly the only ones in the exhibition, yet even they show at once the weakness of English art—its radical want of primary training. To the men of the old schools,—perfectly trained from youth, and taught to consider their work as a whole, and to draw and color for drawing's and color's sake—the power of doing appears in the least thing done as well as in the greatest—the painting of a button is as great as that of a head; while in all English work, though in the more important passages the weakness may be disguised by intense application and care in execution, the weakness becomes apparent as soon as the importance of the object is lost and the pains-

taking of hand is relaxed. This executive weakness is apparent throughout the whole school, and in no case does English art rise to a point where comparison with the old schools is possible. When one recalls the pictures which hung in the Academy rooms last winter, and remembers the brush-work of Rubens's wolf-hunt before the canvases of Ansell or Landseer; the portraits of Rembrandt before those of Watts, and the execution of Velasquez or even Raphael before a picture of Millais, the impassable abyss between the old and the new schools becomes evident, and one feels that the day has gone by when art was the work or interest of the great minds of the day. Political life, religious reform, humanitarianism, carry away the earnest men, and even Ruskin, who once hesitated whether he should give his devotion to art or the church, now loses his enthusiasm for his early pursuits in the human interests which his surroundings present to him. Plastic art can be to modern men only an amusement, a thing for weary hours, and the English temperament, practical and intellectual above all, has even less aptitude than any other for those idle emotions which are the especial objects of pure plastic art. Now and then comes a mind of exceptional make, like Reynolds or Turner, which recognizes art as its especial sphere, and refuses to obey allegiance to the greater facts of life; but in general the modern mind only knows the side of art which conveys scientific or historical facts. Portraiture is to it only a greater photography, and historical painting really exists no longer; landscape alone has a certain recreative interest, but it is not to be doubted that, in all its essential elements, painting is one of the arts lost to general knowledge or appreciation of the practical world; and as the English is the most practical of all practical nations, art is, in spite of all effort, more completely an exotic in England than in any other country, and the feeling for art in any shape, music, architecture, painting, sculpture, etc., is lower and more forced there even than in America, where a large infusion of all other national temperaments saves us from the ban of our original stock.

In the present theme of discussion, the general tone of portraiture is the best of proofs of what we have said. Except Watts's, there are no portraits in the Academy worth noticing save as mechanical products and with reference to their originals—none which compare, for artistic and pictorial completeness, with those of the President of our National Academy, or for insight into character with those of Rowse.

The man who more than any other engages the suffrages of the Academy-goers is Millais; yet Millais, since his early pictures, in which a sustained concentration in study and a rare (to the English public) sense of the value of local color, made him a merited reputation, has every year run more and more into mere brush-work, and become more and more reckless of any purpose or artistic refinement in his pictures. His great picture of this year, Aaron and Hur sustaining the hands of Moses, represents all that is bad and vulgar

in English art, as well as all that is most powerful in mere execution. The characters are not even conceived—they are taken from the models; and the action is the most trumpery of theatrical pose—Hur resembling a stock ranter playing Shylock and swearing he will have his bond. His Somnambulist is a picture which but for its being *his* would scarcely have been admitted even to the Academy—commonplace, without the merit of good painting even, except in a candlestick which she carries half inverted in one hand.

Leighton, who promises, it is said, to be the next President of the Academy, is out in force with several classical pictures. He is the artist on whose work hopes of a restoration of a pure classical style and subjective dignity to English art have been formerly laid by some of the truest critical English minds; but, like all the rest, once his position made and his reception assured, he has run off into extravagant exaggeration of his best points, until there is scarcely anything but a caricature of the classical renaissance left. The subject of the principal picture is Hercules struggling with Death for the life of Alceste. The composition, in the usual style of classic painters, pseudo-Raphaelesque, shows the body of Alceste stretched on the bier in the center; on the right Hercules, wrestling with Death, who is treated in a solid matter-of-fact style instead of the traditional bones and skull, overturns his grim adversary with an ease which in no way accounts for the exuberant muscle and grotesque *flair* of the demi-god. The head of Death is a good point—a vague, ashy face, frightful with its undirected and stony stare. On the left the attendants huddle together in a well-rendered fright, which is the most successful part of the picture; the rest consists of skillfully-posed but unskillfully-painted models to make up the "harmony" of the composition. The color is simply atrocious—a glare of glazes in which all execution and solidity is lost; in which there is no sense of harmony of color, only an exaggeration of tone with the most distant allusion to nature.

And when these three, Watts, Millais, and Leighton, are the *Di Majores* of the Academy, what shall we expect of the *Minors*? Of Mason, whose "Milkmaid" we have alluded to, we can hardly expect more than he has given—the simplest of subjects treated in the most tender, if not the highest of poetic aspects. He has another picture, in which a landscape motive of great *naïveté* is treated with a simplicity and general manner so like the more happily-conceived "Milkmaid" that we quickly discover his limitation.

A picture by Walker, "At the Bar," gives at once an example of what is most genuine and powerful in English art, and what is most faulty in the treatment, from the point of view of plastic dignity and completeness. It is a large picture, with a woman at the bar waiting for the verdict or the sentence, as the case may be,—a haggard, ragged outcast caught out of the slums of London, plunged into the more despairing filth of the dungeon, and, worn and half-crazed, brought up for the word of life or death. She waits it with

a feverish intensity, a greed of even that wretched life of hers, the rendering of which is so perfectly dramatic, so instinct with imaginative reality, that one comes away from the Academy with the remembrance of it as the one real, living work there. But the picture has no "composition," no arrangement of any kind. The culprit leans on a bar, looking straight out of the picture, with a plain flat background, and no accessories except a ruffianly looking jailer, who sits in the lower left-hand corner of the picture. The painting of the whole is on the simplest planes, low-toned and pure in color and masterly in handling.

Taking out this picture and Mason's, some faint emulation of the French revivals of Pompeian art by Moore, there is nothing in the general impression of the Academy exhibition much at variance with the general tenor of the exhibitions of the New York Academy, except that it is more staring and crude in color and more caricatured in vigor of execution.

Fortunately for British art, the Academy is not the last tribunal of taste or excellence, and we shall find in the water-color exhibition (and the work of the men who do not exhibit anywhere) some material for sincere study and more grateful appreciation.

THE BATTLE OF DORKING.

COL. HAMLEY—if it is really Col. Hamley, who in the prophetic *Battle of Dorking* (reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* by the Putnams) has startled England to such a sense of her military weakness—certainly chose the most effectual, if not the kindest, way of accomplishing his purpose. After the subsidence of last summer's scare, when all parties had stiffened their backs with repeated "Who's afraid!" and persuaded themselves that the fate of France could never overtake England, his clever stroke of imagination sets them to trembling again in a way that must be as gratifying to the writer as humiliating to the government. The weak attempts to draw comfort from the assertion that the author lays on too much dark color, only testifies to the probable accuracy of the picture he draws. The story of the battle and the sudden overthrow of England by United Germany, three years after the fall of France, is told after the lapse of half a century by an old volunteer whose children are about to emigrate. The present condition of England is described with a few graphic touches—how trade increased and riches flowed in from every quarter. "Fools that we were! We thought that all this wealth and prosperity were sent us by Providence, and could not stop coming. In our blindness we did not see that we were merely a big workshop making up the things which came from all parts of the world; and that if other nations stopped sending us raw goods to work up we could not produce them ourselves." The war was precipitated by the blustering of the press upon the annexation of Denmark and Holland by Germany. The folly of the course was manifest, yet "we had always got out of scrapes before, and we believed

that our old luck and pluck would somehow pull us through." But it didn't. The sudden bursting of the storm, for which the Germans were prepared and the English were not; the destruction of the fragment of the British fleet hastily got together,—the greater part of it being scattered to the four quarters of the globe, as ours was when the rebellion broke out,—the invasion, and the utter defeat of the English army hastily and confusedly thrown to the line of chalk hills near Dorking—are described with a rare combination of professional knowledge, creative power, and skillful handling of details. Those of our readers who had experience of volunteer fighting under bad generalship during our late war will appreciate the vivid truthfulness of the old volunteer's representation of the mythical fight at Box Hill, the Bull Run retreat upon London, and the street fighting in Kingston, where our two-days soldier ends his military career. "After the first stand in line, and when once they had got us on the march, the enemy laughed at us. Our handful of regular troops was sacrificed almost to a man, in a vain conflict with numbers; our volunteers and militia, with officers who did not know their work, without ammunition or equipment, or staff to superintend, starving in the midst of plenty, we had soon become a helpless mob, fighting desperately here and there, but with whom as a maneuvering army the disciplined invaders did just what they pleased." What makes the natural and minutely realistic description which the author gives of this imaginary reverse so stinging to all classes, is the too evident probability that an actual invasion would result in much the same way.

PANGENESIS.

ONE of Darwin's own disciples has lately dealt his favorite hypothesis of "pangeneses" a stunning blow. Denying, as Darwin does, the existence of a special vital principle, he was obliged to explain how each plant or animal is built up in its own manner. He therefore assumed the provisional hypothesis of "pangeneses," by which he means the doctrine that each portion of every organism gives off inconceivably minute gemmules like itself, which pass through the circulating fluids in infinite numbers, and which are transmitted from parent to offspring. Thus, by "pangeneses," millions of gemmules, representing all possible portions of a poppy or of an oak, are collected into its pollen and ovules, and thus pass into the ripening seed or acorn. Then, as the seed or acorn grows, these gemmules, which meanwhile have the convenient power of multiplying themselves, are severally attached where they belong. The gemmule which originated in the bark of the parent oak seeks the right spot to build up bark in the young tree, and the end of a bud attracts the floating gemmule necessary to complete its growth. Such, in popular language, is "pangeneses." Now, Mr. Galton, who by his book arguing the hereditary character of genius, had done Mr. Darwin good service, concluded to put this through a crucial test. When two breeds of rabbits are crossed,

the mongrel offspring show plainly enough that the difference of breed does not interfere with the free action of the "gemmules" of both parents. Now, if the blood swarms with these gemmules, it will not be necessary to cross two breeds to get a mongrel offspring. All that would be necessary is to transfuse the blood of one breed into the veins of a rabbit of another breed, and so we have both sorts of gemmules circulating in its system; and its offspring, though paired with one of its own kind, ought to be a mongrel. This experiment Mr. Galton tried repeatedly, nearly draining his rabbit of its own blood before making the transfusion. In order to make the interchange of blood more complete, he even pierced the carotid arteries of two rabbits of different breeds (a silver-gray and a yellow), and by connecting them by cross-tubes caused the blood of each to circulate for thirty-five minutes through the veins of the other. But in every case the offspring of the poor creatures experimented on proved to be utterly untainted by any sign of false blood. Mr. Galton publishes this as a complete refutation of pangenesis. And we are surprised that Mr. Darwin, with less than his usual candor, does not yield the point. His only plea in defense is, that it is quite conceivable that the gemmules may circulate in the cells and tissues of the body without inhabiting the blood. Quite inconceivable if it will seem to almost everybody else.

THE new buildings for the English International Exhibitions are of a more substantial character than those experiments previously constructed for that purpose. Beside the Royal Albert Hall, there is a large quadrangle of galleries enclosing the grounds of the Royal Horticultural Society, with an immense conservatory. This will be a permanent attraction to the South Kensington district, where the art museum and picture galleries, already existing, are of so great value; the buildings nearly completed for the natural history collections now in the British Museum forming another feature. When all is finished the quarter will be, indeed, so far as the interest of the collection and exhibitions go, unequalled in the world. Unfortunately, the buildings are, without exception, of a poor and trivial architectural character, and unworthy their uses.

Every new attempt at architectural display only proves more and more conclusively the unartistic character of the English mind. Let the system be what it will—competitive or by commission—nothing comes out well, and the public monuments in general are quite worthy of Washington—lower one cannot go in the scale of taste. The exhibition of this year is quite a failure, so far as the *general* foreign contributions are concerned. The display of machinery is very meager, and save for the Indian work, which in matter of tissues and ornament is very lovely, and the picture collection, there is little to tempt study. The ceramic collections are very complete, but mostly English. The art collections are exceedingly interesting, and include

pictures even by deceased artists, and which have been exhibited before in London, so that it becomes a sort of review exhibition. One finds here in the French collection the well-known pictures of Delacroix, Delaroche, Jules Dupré, etc., with those by the still living men, most of whom are represented. There is a wonderful moonlight by Daubigny, which three years ago was sent to the Royal Academy, whence it was about to be summarily expelled, and was only finally hung at the top of the room at the earnest intercession of one of the Academicians, a personal friend of the painter. Yet it is now generally admitted to be one of the finest landscapes in the International, and is certainly the most incomparable moonlight to be seen in any of the exhibitions of the year. There is an astonishing picture by Regnault (killed in the siege of Paris), a Moorish decapitation.

THE famous collection of jewels, vases, and terracottas from the excavations of Greece, Etruria, and Græcia Magna, belonging to the Castellani family, and well known to all visitors to Rome, is now in London for sale, the British Museum not having concluded the purchase, which has been pending for two years. This collection is not only the most complete, out of the great national museums, but is likely never to be equaled by future collections, as the ground of all the ancient cities has been, during the thirty or forty years which have been employed in making it, so thoroughly explored that few discoveries are likely to be made in future; while the Castellanis have had the pick of the Roman and Neapolitan market for two generations of collectors. Its price is large, £37,000, but not large considering the number and exquisite beauty of the gems and antique jewelry, which is of all ages, from the mythic to the 16th century, with several beautiful Greek statues, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, etc., etc. The English exchequer seems to forbid the purchase; it would be a wise thing in our great capitalists if they would secure it for our new art museum, and half a dozen New York merchants could do the work. Another such opportunity will never offer, and the collection could no doubt be sold for much more in detail, so that no re-collection could be made at anything like the same terms. The prices of such treasures rise every year.

AND apropos of prices, that of Millais's "Moses," described in the R. A. notice, is £5,000, the same as that of his last year's principal picture, "The Knight and Lady," which it is a genuine satisfaction to find unsold in the International of this year. No painter in England is so overrated as Millais, and the prices he puts on his pictures are sheer impertinence, considering their power and relative artistic excellence.

PICTURE buying and selling has assumed in England the character of a commerce in which enormous capital is invested and in which fortunes are made. No investment is so profitable as that in the work of a young man of rising reputation and great power of execution or originality. Many of the best painters of England work entirely for the dealers at regular prices, with sale

secured of every picture. They pass from hand to hand, and occasionally absurd prices are reached. It is like the tulip mania in Holland—only not so well justified, for tulips are always beautiful, while some of the pictures are far from it. Every spring-time a certain number of collections are brought to the hammer, and it is often found that the prices realized are six, eight, and even ten times the price first paid. The capitalist buys as he buys stocks.

Ruskin, in one of his piquant letters called *Fors Clavigera*, alludes to the sale of pictures at high prices in the following terms:—"Now it is perfectly true that you may sometimes sell a picture for a thousand pounds, but the chances are very much against your doing so—much more than the chances of a lottery. In the first place you must paint a very clever picture; and the chances are greatly against your doing that. In the second place you must meet with an amiable picture-dealer; and the chances are somewhat against your doing that. In the third place the amiable picture-dealer must meet with a fool; and the chances are not always in favor even of his doing that."

THE GATES OF PARIS being again opened to the world, there is much interest in the investigation of her literature during the period of war. The quantity is larger than we could have expected, but with the exception of a few scientific novelties in the sphere of medicine and natural science, there is a real dearth of anything of interest. In the matter of jurisprudence and theology there is absolutely nothing, and indeed the same may be said of solid works in all branches of knowledge. Politics and social suffering are the pivots around which all the literature seems to turn, and a blind rage or an absolute cynicism seems to form the spirit of nearly everything that leaves the press. The present revolution appears to have produced no Mirabeau or Rouget de Lisle. Victor Hugo exhausted himself in silly egotism and hollow phrases, and was only outdone in rhetorical flights by the irrepressible Gambetta. It would seem to have been a splendid opportunity for the favorites of the people to produce something grand and inspiring in the line of threats to tyrants, but the epoch is barren of everything but almanacs, wheezy odes to victory, and satires on Napoleon. There are a few valuable treatises on the treatment of the wounded and the hygienic needs of Paris, as well as plans for raising the siege and driving away the Germans. There are, moreover, a flood of pamphlets and caricatures, and a multitude of new journals bearing the strangest titles; these latter have already had their day, and their antics have passed into history.

LITERARY PORTRAITS, after the manner of Sainte-Beuve, are becoming very popular abroad. The activity everywhere being developed on the continent produces a growing interest in those men who are representative, and the people are anxious to make a nearer acquaintance with those from whom they learn, or under whose literary or political guidance they have placed themselves. The journals of the day give oc-

casional traits of these personalities in connection with their labors, but these are fragmentary, and therefore unfinished and unsatisfactory.

In accordance with this feeling, a German publicist of note, Von Wurzbach, announces a forthcoming series of "Portraits" of famous contemporaries, or, at least, of characters quite recently deceased, who have adorned the fields of literature, art, science, or politics, and given to them a characteristic trait or coloring. The first series is to consist of twelve numbers, each one containing a complete biography of sixty or seventy pages with portrait, and to be sold at the marvelously low price of one shilling gold, so as to bring them within the reach of all, and insure a wide circulation. Each number is complete in itself, and may thus be obtained by the admirers of its subject without the necessity of buying the whole. The series begins with Uhland, announced as the greatest lyric and political poet of the period. His recent death seems not to have diminished his influence with the people. Then follows Vogt, as the most active champion in the field of "liberal" science in its present interesting contest with religion. He is just now the most daring and reckless of the antagonists of the Bible in the arena of German thought; but he is at times as visionary in science as in politics, and spoils his cause by his manifest impracticability. Lasalle, though little known among us, is now exerting a large influence in the socialistic movements in Germany, and in the renewed political activity of the country is destined to be heard beyond the boundaries of his own land. Dumas, son, then comes in as the champion of the modern drama; Rossini as one of the most creative spirits in the realm of tones, and Gutzkow as the most significant representative of German novelistic literature. The series closes with Kaulbach as the great historical painter of the epoch, and Wagner as pathfinder in the sphere of dramatic music; Dawson as one of the most prominent dramatic artists of the present, and lastly, the famous Countess Hahn-Hahn as type of the most interesting feminine individualities of the period. This rare chance to get a view of the more intimate life and character of these prominent personages will doubtless be embraced by many, and a large sale of the series is expected.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN of Berlin is to be adorned with a splendid victory column to be crowned by a statue of *Borussia*—the Latin name for Prussia. The work is now in the hands of Drake, the most eminent sculptor of the Prussian capital. The column will be about one hundred and twenty feet in height, resting on a quadrilateral substructure fifty feet high. *Borussia* herself, to crown such a column, will need to be colossal, and we are told that she will be about thirty feet in height. She is represented as a young woman of mighty form and noble features, and is clothed not in armor but in antique garb. Her garments are gathered around the waist by a broad girdle, the front folds of which are ornamented in high relief by an eagle with outspread wings. The figure rests lightly on the left

foot, while the left hand bears the national standard, and the right a laurel wreath.

HUNGARIAN LITERATURE is making rapid advances since the political resurrection of the nation. We perceive no less than three new works just from the press, and all of historical or political importance. The first is entitled *Hungary under Maria Theresa and Joseph the Second*. It is a vivid portraiture of the struggles under these rulers, and a succinct account of the conflicts for provincial independence against the efforts for centralization. The second bears the title: *Count Andrássy and his Policy*. Its object is to defend Andrássy, the Hungarian Premier, in his conflicts with Von Beust, the Austrian Chancellor. It represents him as much more inclined to maintain the peace towards Europe and the Germans than his noted rival. And lastly we have: *The European Mission of Hungary*. The drift of this work seems to be the ambition of Hungary to extend her influence back over Europe rather than down the Danube and over Turkey. The real mission of this gallant nation seems to be to form a barrier between the Mohammedan and the Christian, and her statesmen are divided in their views regarding their neighbors, some seeing a wider field of influence with the Turk, and others clinging to the history and culture of the Occident.

TURKISH LITERATURE has just been enriched by a reprint of the oldest intellectual monument of the Turks of Inner Asia. It was found by Vambery, the famous wanderer of the Steppes, and by him deciphered from its ancient and obsolete script. It is a guide to rulers, and its wisdom is imparted by four characters bearing the names of Reason, Justice, Fortune, and Contentedness. It seems to be a production of the eleventh century, and is a sort of didactic poem penetrated with the spirit of Islamism. A few of its rules

for prudence and virtue will give us an idea of the general spirit of this monument of Turkish wisdom:—"He who forgets death conquers his enemy. If a prince finds pleasure in the Sweet, his people will soon find their lot to be Bitterness. A ruler punishes the crimes of the people, but who is to punish the crimes of the ruler?"

A PERSIAN POEM has just been discovered in an old manuscript in the library of Breslau, in which the story of Tell and the Apple is distinctly told. It is supposed to have been brought to Europe by the early Crusaders, and to have formed the framework for the famous epic of Switzerland. The tale runs thus:—"A mighty king once loved a page so tenderly as not to permit his absence for a moment, and he adorned him with a splendor outshining that of all other pages. But when the king amused himself in archery the poor page almost died of terror, for the arrow's goal was ever an apple on the page's head. The arrow always split the apple, but the suffering page was blanched with deathly fear."

THE FLEMINGS of Belgium seem greatly excited in regard to their vernacular, which is closely allied to the Holland Dutch. Of late years the French language has made such strides in Belgium as to exclude the native tongue from the courts, the schools, the churches, and the large cities generally. Just now there is an exciting movement on the part of the lovers of the ancient tongue to reintroduce it into the Chambers and the schools; and orators and poets are trying their hand at it with a view of reviving a love for it. The latest announcement is a book of poems in Flemish, by two sisters named Loveling. The critics praise the ingenious manner in which the language is handled, but complain of an excess of sentiment.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

THE ALBERT-TYPE.

FOR a long time it was assumed by most people that the mission of photography was accomplished in giving us unstable reflections of things animate and inanimate on plates of silver, of glass, and on paper. One thing more might be secured, they hoped,—permanency for these sun-pictures. Few, even of those most sanguine of results from the new art, fancied that within a score of years it would become what it now is,—one of the leading art-industries of the world. And yet it would seem that we are but at the beginning of the great results which are to owe their existence to the parent art—Photography. We are strongly impressed with this by what is being accomplished by the photographing process, lately invented by Joseph Albert, of Munich, photographer to the King of Bavaria and Czar of Russia, and now practiced in this city by his accredited agent for the United States, Mr. Edward Bierstadt, at the rooms of the Photo-Plate Printing Co., Broadway. This new process promises to make

a complete revolution in the art of illustration, by enabling us to print, in an ordinary lithographic press and with photographic accuracy of light and shade, all objects which can be photographed; and this, too, with a rapidity equal to that with which the commonest lithographic work is done. The process may be described, in general terms, as follows:

The operator is provided with a "negative"—say of a portrait—one, if you like, which the photographer has already printed with, by exposing the sensitive paper underneath it to the action of the light. On a piece of thick plate glass as large as the "negative," or larger, if he wishes to increase the margin around the head or bust or figure, the operator now pours a preparation of gelatine and bi-chromate of potash. This he does in a chemically dark room,—one illuminated with yellow light only. When the gelatine on the plate is sufficiently firm, the "negative" is laid upon it and exposed to the light. The bi-chromate of potash being, like the salts of silver in the paper process, sensitive

to the action of the light, a certain chemical change takes place in those portions of the gelatine upon which the light falls. This change renders the gelatine insoluble in water in precise proportion to the amount of light to which it has been subjected. As for example: the high lights of the negative, *i. e.*, facial prominences, linen, etc., etc., being opaque, the gelatine immediately underneath is unchanged, remains soluble; whilst that beneath the transparent portions of the negative, the black, becomes insoluble; the intermediate shades are of course represented by degrees of solubility. When the exposure is sufficient the plate is laid in a water bath to remove the bi-chromate. This done, it is removed from the bath and allowed to dry thoroughly, when it is ready to print from. The plate, being now placed in the press, is carefully wetted with a sponge. The insoluble gelatine, owing to the chemical change, rejects the water; the other portions receive it in proportion to the absence of the change. It will be obvious now, that when the roller, covered with fatty ink, is passed over the plate, the ink will be received most freely by the chemically changed gelatine, and by all other parts in the degree in which they rejected the moisture from the sponge; and thus we have the plate in that condition which when printed from gives us a result as correct in every way as the familiar photographic print. From one of these plates as many as two thousand prints may be obtained, and a boy or girl may turn off five hundred daily. As the "negative," or original picture, is in no way injured by the process, gelatine plates can be prepared *ad libitum*; so that by adding to the number of plates, an edition embracing many thousand copies of any subject can be printed with great rapidity, independent of light or weather, to which the sun printing process is so amenable. Mr. Bierstadt has already four presses employed, from which he is turning out most satisfactory work, including portraits, copies of drawings, and quite lately excellent *fac-similes* of important maps of great size and wonderful detail. Yet no steel plate could have given reproductions of this work so accurate as those produced by this process at a mere fraction of the cost to engrave them.

It will thus be seen that a new era in illustration is begun, which must be prolific of great results.

Those immediately interested in the process hope to see the day when the plate can be used in conjunction with letter-press; and talk of the "coming newspaper," appearing in the morning with pictures of the riot or procession of yesterday, in which the very faces of the participants can be readily recognized.

THE MORSE TESTIMONIAL.

To few men is it given to wear the crown which their life-struggle has fairly earned. Few inventors receive from an ungrudging world a full acknowledgment of their genius and a grateful return for their service to mankind. But to one man all this has come in our time; indeed, it happened but yesterday. An old man—a genius—whose invention had revolutionized

the commercial and social interchanges of the world, stood among a vast concourse of those for whom he had created an industry, and with plaudits and music, and banners and flowers, and eloquent voices, received his crown. The young maiden who dictated the first message: "What hath God wrought!" had had only time to become a young matron meanwhile, and sat with moistened eyes to witness the triumph of her old friend. How fitting the response to this first message in the words: "Glory to God in the Highest: on earth peace, good-will to men." It all reads like a poem, because the story of a great life is rounded, and justice is done to genius and to toil; and an age that has had much said against it, and a country prone to forgetfulness, have vindicated their claim to respect. Blessings on the old man, and on the land that thus rewards him!

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

THE Modern American child is quite likely to take whatever of privilege he can lay his hands on, but he certainly has rights to which very little respect is paid, and which his own little hands are quite powerless to achieve for himself. Mrs. George Vandenhoff tells us all about it in her lecture—a lecture which ought to be heard wherever children are reared. Particularly she tells us about the right of children to a healthy parentage and a happy childhood. The carelessness with which men and women abuse their bodies by all kinds of excesses, and then assume the functions and responsibilities of fatherhood and motherhood, together with the reckless cruelty with which they introduce these innocent ones to a childhood of vicious or miserable conditions, are subjects that need to be talked about and considered all over the land. It is a momentous thing to call into existence a human being, and to become, in a very important sense, responsible for the conditions through which it is to reach its own self-government and self-support. How thoughtlessly this is done, all the frivolous associations of courtship and marriage bear witness. The appeal which our lady lecturer makes on this, and on many other points, is timely and Christian, illustrating as well her own culture of mind and heart as the general progress in the methods of reform.

SOME FIGURES.

WE commend some facts and figures lately collected to our social reformers, begging them to inform us what bearing they have upon the question of female suffrage. Last Summer Mr. Thomas Meehan, one of our best American botanists, told the American Scientific Association, that in the case of pines and of some other trees which he had examined, in which the male and the female flowers or catkins are borne on separate shoots, only the most vigorous shoots produced female flowers, while, if a tree happened to be stunted, with thin spindling branches, these depauperated shoots produced only male blossoms. It was evident to him that the female element was in these cases much more

vigorous than the male. This seemed quite the contrary to what we know of the comparative vigor of the two sexes in the animal kingdom. But now we are informed on the best authority that in the human family the female sex has more natural vitality and vigor than the male; and figures seem to prove it. Why is it that in every country that has ever taken a census, and that, too, irrespective of the ravages of war, there are more females than males, while, on the other hand, there are always more males born than females? In England, during ten years, there were 104.5 males born to 100 females; in France, during forty-four years, there were 106.2 males to 100 females; in Prussia, 108.9 males to 100 females. But the male children die off faster than the female, showing that they possess less natural vigor of constitution. In the case of still-births the proportion is from 135 to 145 still-born males to 100 females; and during the first four or five years of life, while their treatment is precisely the same, 126 boys die in England to 100 girls, and in France the proportion is still more unfavorable. As a result of this smaller vitality men soon lose the advantage of numbers which they have at birth, and in savage or civilized countries the females preponderate. Still Nature does her best to correct the disturbed balance. Is it not she that a few years ago taught our women to kill themselves off as rapidly as possible by avoiding the fresh air, and by tight lacings and thin shoes, and are not the present reforms in these matters a "reform against Nature?"

WAKE-ROBIN.

ON a summer Sunday, some years ago,—how many we do not know, and have no right to guess,—a boy lying on his back in the woods saw a strange bird flying over his head. He saw it but for a moment, noted a white spot on its wing, and it was gone. The boy's brothers were lying by his side, and doubtless saw the same bird, but to them it was simply a bird whose name they did not know. To him, it was a messenger from a world into which he must enter: so subtly and so surely is Wisdom known of her children, wherever she finds them.

This boy was John Burroughs, "seeker of birds" from that day forth: and because of that little bird's chance flying over John Burroughs' head on that Sunday afternoon, he has written, and we hold in our hands to-day, a most delicious book for summer reading, called "Wake-Robin." (Hurd & Houghton.) "Wake-Robin" is the common name of the white Trillium, which is in bloom in all our woods when the birds arrive. Mr. Burroughs finds in it, therefore, a fitting title for a book mainly about birds; but he gives this explanation half apologetically, and says that a "more specific title" would have suited him better. If he had found that "more specific title" his book would have lost, to our thinking, a part of its subtle charm. Nothing could be more daintily delightful on a title-page than is the word "Wake-Robin," (with its initial letters in scarlet, red-

breasted, as one might say), and with a canopying bar overhead, in which a tiny Jenny Wren, under a sunshade, listens to the love-making of Robin himself. It is to be questioned whether "specific titles" to books are not mistakes in nine cases out of ten, as indeed all specifics are in danger of being. At any rate, the books most enchanting in atmosphere and spirit are the books to which it is impossible to give titles which are technical or specific. Such books are also difficult to describe or analyze. *Wake-Robin* is especially so. With comparatively little which could be called exact ornithological information, it yet is so graphic in its touches that one rises from it feeling as if he knew all about every bird mentioned in it. This is because the "touches" are from the hand of a student who might have written an ornithology if he had chosen. But many men have written ornithologies who could not have written *Wake-Robin*. Mr. Burroughs loves all nature, and is at home in all her ways.

"I sit down, with hands full of the pink azalea, to listen," he says. That is the difference between the mere man of specialties and the lover. The man with his hands full of pink azalea will hear more than he who passes the azalea by: "secrets lurk on all sides; there is news in every bush," for him. To him also will be given a fine felicity of descriptive phrase, such as lifetimes of patience less warm-hearted could never compass. This is perhaps the most notable charm in Mr. Burroughs's book. Witness these few sentences taken almost at random:

"That free, fascinating, half work and half play pursuit,—sugar-making." "Even the hen has a homely, contented carol." "Few writers award any song to that familiar little sparrow the Socialis; yet who that has observed him, sitting by the wayside, and repeating with devout attitude that *fine sliding chant*, does not recognize the neglect?" "It is Downy beating a reveille to Spring;" (the woodpecker's note early in March). "The strange clairvoyant call," (of the cuckoo). "The poet of the plain unadorned pastures," (the field-sparrow). "The parodist of the woods," (the cat-bird). "The ground warblers all have one notable feature,—very beautiful legs, as white and delicate as if they had always worn silk stockings and satin slippers." "A little grassy lane, golden with buttercups, or white with daisies, or wading waist-deep in the red raspberry bushes." "That scene-shifter, the wind." "What can be more welcome to the ear than these early first sounds? They have such a *margin of silence*." "The flowers that overleap all bounds in this section are the Houstonias. By the first of April they are very noticeable in warm, damp places along the borders of the woods, and in half-cleared fields, but by May these localities are clouded with them. They become visible from the highway across wide fields, and look like little puffs of smoke lying close to the ground."

All lovers of the Houstonia will linger with delight over this sentence. We know of no other which gives

fitting picture of the evanescent look of that lowly fairy blossom.

The chapter, "In the Hemlocks," closes with this paragraph: "Mounting toward the upland again, I pause reverently as the hush and stillness of twilight come upon the woods. It is the sweetest, ripest hour of the day. And as the hermit's (the hermit thrush) evening hymn goes up from the deep solitude below me, I experience that serene exaltation of sentiment of which music, literature, and religion are but the faint types and symbols."

This paragraph reminds one, in its "serene exaltation," of some of the prose which Col. Higginson writes when he writes of Nature. We cannot give it higher praise. In fact, we recognize all through the book so much and so rare kinship of occupations and loves, and even of expression, between the two men, that it is a surprise to find Mr. Burroughs making a hardly courteous mention, and an interpretation not quite fair, of a statement in the *Out-Door Papers* in regard to the trill of the hair-bird. The sentence referred to is perhaps ambiguously worded, but it certainly does *not* say that the trill of the hair-bird is "produced *by*" the fluttering of its wings on its sides, but that it is produced "with the aid of" a fluttering motion of the wings, like that which insects make in chirping. Whether this motion of the wings has or has not anything to do with the trill, it has certainly been observed to take place at the same time.

It is a little unfortunate that in the same sentence where Mr. Burroughs mentions this supposed mistake of a brother lover of birds, he should have overlooked so considerable an error (typographical, we presume) as the printing of the hair-bird's generic name "Fringilla," instead of "Fringilla."

There are other beauties, other portions of "Wake-Robin" which we had meant to notice; but we must leave them to speak for themselves to the fortunate finders of the book. All lovers of woods will be sure to find it sooner or later; and to all those poor souls, spiritually halt and maimed, who do not love woods, we recommend it as heartily as we would recommend crutches for cripples, or glasses for eyes blinded by shortness of sight.

LITTLE MEN.

WHOEVER wishes to enjoy a vivid sensation can do so by ordering a copy of Louisa M. Alcott's new book, *Little Men* (Roberts Bros., Boston), and opening the package in presence of children who have read *Little Women*, but do not yet know "Jo's boys." We enjoyed this sensation last week. We shall not forget it. The three little girls who gathered around our chair seemed multiplied into dozens by their darting and climbing and crowding to get a glimpse of the pages; the three little voices, usually the gentlest and sweetest little voices in the world, rose into a Babel of clamor.

"Oh, let me have the first reading!"

"No! I spoke first."

"Oh, that's too mean. You had first reading of *Little Women*!" and the book bade fair to be an apple of discord.

"Nobody is to have the first reading. Nobody can read all the time. You must take turns;" decided the wise mamma, impartial referee in all troublesome questions. And "turns" it was! From 6 A.M. till inexorable bedtime, not an hour in which some child might not be found curled up in some corner of that house, so buried in that book that she could only be roused sufficiently to ejaculate, "Oh, it's perfectly splendid!"

"I wish Miss Alcott would write a new book every week," said one.

"Why don't she?" said another; "I'm sure she could. I've read *Little Women* all through, eleven times, and this is nicer than that."

So it is. Charming as was *Little Women*, *Little Men* is in many ways better. Artistically, it is done with a more even hand; morally, it has a distinct and surer aim. It is not possible for any earnest and loving mother of boys to read the story of Jo's family without having her work made easier for the rest of her life. It is one of the best of the many good points in Miss Alcott's writing, this teaching fathers and mothers by winning the children first. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings she perfects her lessons, and so subtly that nobody suspects he is being instructed. Didactic would be the last adjective ever applied to her stories. People often resent even the word "instructive," used in description of them. It is better so. The beautiful healing will sink deeper for being undetected. If the titles had read "Little Women; or, How to Make Home Happy," and "Little Men; or, How to Bring up Boys," the pride of the Natural Man and the Natural Woman would have taken fire instantly, and have rejected the gratuitous advice. But no one who loves and comprehends children, and (therefore) grieves over the sad failure of the average parent, the average home, can read these stories carefully without seeing that they are brimful of cure for the common evils and mistakes in family management.

Another notable charm in Miss Alcott's stories is their absolute fidelity to real life. She is entitled to greater praise as an artist than has been bestowed upon her; ultimately she will be recognized as the very best painter, *en genre*, of the American domestic life in the middle classes; the very faithfulness, the aliveness—there *ought* to be that word—of her pictures prevents their having full justice done them at once; also the fact that, thus far, they are only simple "studies," and of very narrow range. It is so with Teniers's and Gerard Dow's pictures. One can look at them for weeks and enjoy them, without fully finding out how true they are. But go to the Pinacothek on a festa day, when the peasants are allowed to go in, and you start with surprise! You think they have stepped out of the very frames on the walls!

That Miss Alcott has sufficient artistic power to suc-

ceed in a longer story, with more variety, incident, and machinery, it would not be safe to infer: she certainly had not when she wrote *Moods*. But between that and her later works is an almost immeasurable advance: we say immeasurable, because it seems a positive change in *kind* as well as in quality of work. However, while she will give us simple stories which all boys and girls read with delight and profit, and all fathers and mothers laugh and cry over after their boys and girls have gone to bed, we may well be content, without desiring that she should attempt that almost impossible thing, the American Novel.

THE YOUNG MECHANIC.

THE highest enjoyment of a genuine boy is to do something that men do. If he is too small to do the real thing, he "makes believe,"—goes through the motions with imaginary tools, busying himself for hours together with a serious enjoyment older heads have little conception of. So long as imagination rules the little brain, such mock-labor answers every purpose. But the time comes when the would-be workman must see tangible results. His labor must be productive—of chips, at least. Happy is he then if he owns a knife and is master of a place where whittlings are permissible; thrice happy if he knows some lazy, genial Rip Van Winkle who will guide his feeble efforts in the manufacture of wind-mills, water-wheels, bows and arrows, darts, pop-guns, fly-traps,—all the implements of juvenile savagery. Parents mistake in neglecting to provide the necessary means for advancing these early lessons in the constructive art. The cost is slight, and in no way can money be more profitably spent—not even on books and schooling—than in aiding the boy to find pleasure in so wholesome, rational, and instructive a pursuit. Even if he will never need to turn his mechanical skill to the stern work of earning daily bread, it will be to him a source of beneficent enjoyment, a relief from other labors, all his life. With a pocket-knife, a gimlet, a hammer, a square, a small saw, and the *Young Mechanic*, all costing perhaps five dollars, a boy may be started on a course of constructive enjoyment practically limitless. The last-named book (G. P. Putnam & Sons) is, we trust, the precursor of a new line of juvenile literature specially adapted to the necessities of Young America. At first sight we thought the author had forgotten that average boys had very little money to spend on even such profitable luxuries as carpenters' and turners' tools: but we misjudged him. "Small boys need few tools, but much perseverance," is his motto; and he cleverly explains how to make the few tools mentioned above, or even fewer, go a great way in training the young mechanic. The elementary processes of wood-working are introduced by degrees, until the pupil has gone from the simple to the complicated, and mastered the main principles of the art of carpentry. Then the author's favorite instrument, the lathe, is introduced, and the tools, materials, and processes of turning are clearly described. In the last chapters the author explains the principles and construc-

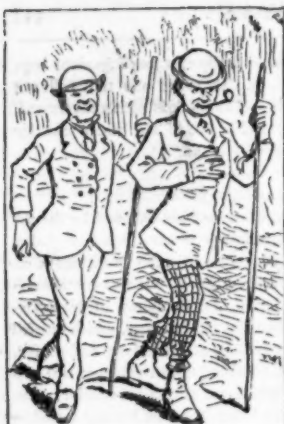
tion of a steam-engine so deftly that any ingenious boy, following his directions, can make one that will not merely run, but work. The book is neatly illustrated, printed, and bound; and is one of the best works for a boy's library that can be found.

LANGE'S JOHN.

A CERTAIN mournful interest is awakened by the appearance of the *Commentary on the Gospel of John*, as one of the series of volumes in the great work of *Lange*, (Charles Scribner & Co.). It was on this volume that the Rev. Dr. E. D. Yeomans, of New Jersey, was engaged when the fatal disease, which carried him away in the very fullness of his activity and power, discovered itself. A touching note to the general editor, Dr. Schaff, in which the Christian scholar relinquishes reluctantly the labor in which he had found so much delight and profit, is given in the special introduction to the present volume. The work which was interrupted by the death of Dr. Yeomans was committed to skillful hands; but it has also received, no doubt, a greater share of the attention of the accomplished general editor than would have been thought necessary except for this interruption. How laborious and careful has been the attention which Dr. Schaff has given to it, is evident at a glance. The copious additions to the commentary, in the body of the work and in the margin, bearing his initials, are so numerous that it is in effect a new work—made over again in its American form, and enriched with the latest results of biblical discovery and scholarship which have accumulated since the German author dismissed it as complete. Those who know Dr. Schaff will recognize it as a cause for peculiar congratulation that the Gospel of John, which pre-eminently among all the books of Scripture needs not only the keen eye but the loving heart for its interpretation, should have had his personal attention and supervision to so great an extent. He has the German thoroughness without the German obscurity. We need only add that the study of the Gospel of John was never more important or more full of vital interest than it is to-day. And not only clergymen but thoughtful laymen will welcome any such assistance as the publication of this volume offers.

THE WONDER LIBRARY.

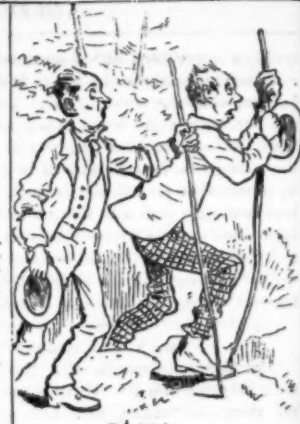
THE latest volume of the Wonder Library (C. Scribner & Co.) takes up the survey of *European Art* begun in the volume on Italian Art published last year, and critically reviews the masterpieces of the Spanish, German, Flemish, Dutch, and French schools. The names of over two hundred painters appear in the index in evidence of the wide range of the author's studies. The list of illustrations comprises eleven well-cut engravings after Murillo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Claude Lorraine, and others. Calling for no technical knowledge of art, and aiming at general instruction rather than minute criticism, this work, like its predecessor, serves admirably for the purposes of a popular series.



1st Mile



2^d Mile



3^d Mile



4th Mile



5th Mile



6th Mile



7th Mile



8th Mile



Recuperated